TERESINA IN AMERICA.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ONE great difficulty in writing about America is the almost utter impossibility of clearly defining the moral and physical characteristics of the inhabitants of that vast territory. They are so various, they cannot be generalized, and it is not easy to classify them. For instance—the Northerner is in no respect like the Southerner. They are distinct peoples, with differences far more strongly marked than any that exist between the English and the Scotch. The Western man, again, is, in his habits, thoughts, and appearance, unlike either Northerner or Southerner.

These three grand divisions include numerous minor ones, each clear and distinct, and, to a traveller, only moderately observant, very striking.

The Californian presents a curious contrast to the rest of his countrymen, and has a very

prominent character of his own. He is made up of a score of nationalities; is most positive, too, in his assertion of that fact, and he has no love for the Down-Easter or New England man. Then there are the Louisianians; French in their manners, and still retaining much of their ancestors' national feeling of animosity towards the English. The Floridans, also, who came from Spain and Minorca, and yet preserve many of the habits peculiar to those countries. The Germans are very persistent, too, in keeping up in their adopted home the old customs and practices of the Fatherland.

Through the whole of this singular combination of nationalities, is spread the leaven of "Negrodom," with its folly and immorality; while last, perhaps not least, the immense influx of Chinese, who, though at present holding themselves aloof from the "red-haired devils," and carefully providing for their return journey, when dead, to the Celestial Empire, must, nevertheless, as they flock in by thousands, exercise a strange influence on the Californian population. Some years hence, probably, the Chinese question may become a problem as difficult of solution as is the "Negro question" of the present day.

With all this diversity of men and manners, it is not surprising that an author, however truthful and exact his descriptions may be, should find himself assailed, equally by North, South, East, and West, for misrepresentation. For the egotism, which is at least common to all of them, induces the idea of universality; so that each believes—however ignorant he may be of the others—that nothing can be called American that differs from his own individual knowledge and experience of men and things.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon fulfilled his object, and contented himself and his readers by a rapid and graphic description of the outlying portions of the United States, and of a few salient points of character. But there were many Americans to whom all he said was no less a revelation than it was to the English; while, judging from the offence Charles Dickens gave by his neatly touched off delineations of Western life, one must infer that, up to that time, the characteristic traits and peculiarities of the inhabitants of that part of the country, were unknown to, or had been unnoticed by, Americans generally.

But these writers, though they deviated not from the truth, described only certain phases of

character that came directly under their notice. Their descriptions cannot, therefore, be received as applicable to all Americans, notwithstanding that one of them left it to be understood that they were.

The author of the following sketches has travelled twenty thousand miles through the most important districts of America, with the one object of seeing the country and understanding the people. She has visited most of the largest cities, and has known, and had favourable opportunities of conversing with, their leading inhabitants. She, however, begs that the reader will bear in mind that, because when recording her impressions she speaks in general terms of Americans and American habits, she would not be understood as asserting that conduct she ridicules, and practices she condemns in particular localities, prevail throughout the whole extent of the country, or that every individual in it must necessarily possess those identical traits of character which she has attempted to depict, and which came prominently under her own observation during her two years' sojourn in the land.

TERESINA IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK.

NEW York has been often described, so often indeed, that it seems almost needless to say anything about it now-a-days. But a series of sketches of America cannot be considered complete that does not notice, more or less fully, the "Empire City,"—as the idol of America is called.

As "the eye of the maiden is to the hand of her mistress," so is the heart of the American to the city of New York, for is it not the Temple of Mammon the Great? Is it not the city of his altars, the well-beloved seat of the "Almighty Dollar?" And is it not crowded with his eager worshippers? Is it not there that marble temples commemorate his bounties, and "brown stone fronts," in countless avenues, propitiate

him and his high priests? Talk not to me of Juggernaut: men may lay their puny bodies on the burning sand and have them crushed into shapeless masses by his ponderous wheels, but here, men lay their souls, as well as their bodies, in the path of Mammon, and meet their double death with smiles of joy—for are not his wheels of gold, of solid yellow shining gold? His mark is stamped not on the forehead only, but glows in the eyes, on the lips, and on every feature. The hand sympathises with it, and every gesture is *en rapport* with the fire which burns within the soul of the eager devotee.

The light of Mammon gleams on nearly every face in Broadway and Wall Street, as the "light of battle" illumines the faces down the long line, when the batteries open on it and the officers wave it on. All is earnestness in New York; there is no dilly-dallying or loitering there. Every man presses on with steady eye towards his goal, and at the end of the day he wends his way homeward, with eyes fixed and thoughts intent on how he shall force his way through the crowd on the morrow, and flinging himself before his advancing god, receive his deadly favours.

What is the frenzy of the most enthusiastic fanatics to the fever which can thus whirl thousands and thousands of men and women, day

after day, through years of anxious toil; which can make work seem pleasure; degradation, honour; and ruin, both of mind and body, success? Which can thus fix, on a whole city of a million inhabitants, a stamp so indelible and a character so distinct, that the cry, "worshippers of money!" rises, instinctively, to the lips of every intelligent stranger.

Behold the buildings of magnificent front—lofty and imposing in their wealth of precious marble; behold the silks and velvets—meant only for the drawing-room or barouche, dragged through mire and dust with sweeping indifference; and, if you are a worshipper of gold, fall down and do homage, for all these are the ensigns of the God of America. But if you are a worshipper of solid worth, pause; for the buildings are only veneered; the wearers of silk will be penniless in a few years, perhaps in a few months, and ere long will become common clay, forgotten by all the world, because they will have done nothing for it to remember, and have built nothing which will outlive themselves. These people, when they commenced their career had but one object in view, and have had but one design throughout their lives, viz., to win favours from their God. If they *have* won them, shall they not display them? or if they have not, shall they not feign that they

have? as the pretence will bring them for awhile the power and reverence they have striven for.

How often in passing along an English thoroughfare would the word "pounds" strike the ear? once, perhaps, but more likely, not even once. But walk up Broadway and observe how many times the word "dollars" will ring out, and you will then have the key to the manners, customs, thoughts, and actions of the inhabitants of New York.

To describe the public buildings of New York, its park, its Fifth Avenue, and its caravansary of caravansaries, its darling Fifth Avenue Hotel, would only be doing what has been done scores of times before—truthfully and untruthfully; in the latter case perhaps in the most interesting manner. In point of public buildings it is far behind Philadelphia: its streets and pavements are not to be compared with those of St. Louis, New Orleans, or Philadelphia; its churches are surpassed by many in the cities just named; its wharves and landing stages are admitted by its own citizens to be a disgrace. Of New York morals, both public and private, perhaps the less said the better—*vide* the public prints and Congress—but in the matter of dollars it reigns supreme—and nothing more is needed to make it the worshipped of all worshippers, the sun and centre of American life.

But although in this respect New York sets the example and furnishes the model for nearly the whole of the United States, it is less American, and more cosmopolitan in its feelings and habits than any other city of the Union. With a population half of which is foreign-born, this can hardly fail to be the case; as national characteristics are slow to fade out, and many of them are very infectious. New York is New York and nothing else. Although in America, it is not American; although including in its population more Germans than any city in the world, except Berlin and Vienna, it is not German; and, although controlled in its municipal affairs by Irishmen, it is not Irish. Its magnates are of all nations, American, Irish, Scotch, German, Dutch, and French, and its customs partake of the same mixed character.

Of late, a rage for everything European has seized the New Yorkers, and through them, of course, the rest of America. Hotels, on the European plan, and clubs, as nearly as possible on the Pall Mall plan, have been inaugurated, and both have found favour, but more particularly the latter. For Hotels "on the European plan" do not afford so much opportunity for public displays of toilet, and are therefore not likely to be as popular as the hotels on the old plan. "Our aristocratic circles" is now a

favourite expression with the newspapers; liveried servants are to be seen on Fifth Avenue, and some of the more advanced spirits among the New Yorkers have really succeeded in persuading themselves that they are aristocrats.

In military matters New York inclines to the French style; her volunteer corps being as *Frenchy* as a total absence of anything French will admit of; while in civilian dress the extreme English is affected. Whether New York will ever strike out an independent course for herself remains to be seen, but at present she is "blown about by every wind of doctrine," and pays the penalty of being cosmopolitan by being unable to call anything her own.

A visitor to New York may pass a few weeks there very pleasantly, provided the amount of money he will have to spend is a matter of indifference to him. He may see the American hotel system in its glory at the Fifth Avenue, and at the St. Nicholas; he will see New York theatres, New York "mansions," New York men and women, and New York manners; but if he forthwith returns to Europe, he will carry with him a very erroneous idea of the Americans, and American life generally. To acquire a knowledge of the latter, he must wander through the length and breadth of the United

States. I say "wander," advisedly, for he must not hurry, and when North, South, East, and West have been thoroughly explored, he will be able to form for himself, if not for other people, some idea of what that wonderful conglomeration called America really is.

CHAPTER II.

HORACE GREELEY.

HE first person who called upon me in New York was Horace Greeley, and, as he has left us "for the better land," as he himself would phrase it, I cannot refrain from penning this slight sketch of him.

It is not usual in America to carry printed visiting cards, but to write the name on a blank one, with which any hotel or stationer will supply you. The waiter having presented me with a card, upon which were some curious hieroglyphics, as though a couple of flies had disported themselves thereon, I turned it in all directions, thinking it might perhaps be Chinese, and required to be read backwards, or that it was some curious acrostic, which should be read at right angles, or from corner to corner.

All these attempts, however, failing to enlighten me, I said to the waiter—

"What does this mean? Have the flies been crawling over the paper, or is it Sanscrit?"

"It is the signature of Horace Greeley," he replied, with a grin; "he is waiting to see you."

The waiter evidently enjoyed the joke. No doubt he had often seen persons as perplexed as myself. But he went down and told the clerk of my dilemma, who forthwith began talking of it to his customers at the bar; and the next morning there was a full account of it in all the opposition newspapers.

Horace Greeley was one of the old-school Americans, of whom so few are now left. He was of that stock which made the country's greatness—men who were patriotic, earnest, benevolent, simple, consistent—he was in mind and person the model for a patriarch. Long white flowing hair surrounded a finely shaped head, and a white beard fringed a frank, healthful face of womanly sweetness. His eyes, which had no merit of form or colour, were yet the windows of his soul through which his every feeling gleamed. His features were too small to be handsome, but beauty radiated over them. He usually wore a light-coloured coat, which, however, he seldom succeeded in getting thoroughly into; and lace-up shoes, that rarely were laced. I think it probable that he affected also long white stockings, which had a general tendency to come down. His bruised white hat was generally placed so far back on his head, that it

was believed it stuck there by some marvellous interposition of Providence. Yet, withal, he was a personage one could not help loving even at first sight—virtue and good nature being so apparent in his pleasant countenance.

Sad it is to think that such a man was "done to death" by the revelations that must at length have forced conviction upon him of the selfishness of his country, and its utter want of principle. He could not see—and scarcely could understand—evil. When, firm in his inmost desire to be the Father of his country, he was induced to stand for the Presidency, the fearfully villainous machinations, deceits, egotism, peculations, frauds, briberies, &c., which the elections periodically bring forth, were thrust upon him individually. This overpowered one of the finest brains the country can boast of, and broke that great, glowing heart! Few Horace Greeleys in the United States now, I fear!

For some years past he had practically separated himself from *The Tribune*, though he kept the superintendence of it. He devoted himself chiefly to writing letters, addressed to young men, and reading them at the various institutes. It was a moral and intellectual treat to hear him, though he had but little elocutionary power, and but a poor voice. But he possessed the eloquence of truth and sincerity, which

touched every heart, and a logic which appealed to every brain. He was a man who excited almost universal love and veneration; so that when, during the course of the presidential election, he found that, from pecuniary motives, he was reviled, ridiculed, spat upon—despised he could never be—and that contumely and insult were heaped upon him, the vile calumnies seemed to fall too hardly. They burnt into his breast and festered there, until the noble, guileless heart burst asunder with the agonizing bitterness of unjust ignominy. Like King Lear, he tore his silver locks, and exclaimed—"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, than the sea-monster!" His colossal intellect was shattered to its base, even before the mighty Reaper could gather him to his rest. The disappointment of his life's work was too appalling, and madness fell upon him!

Horace Greeley had been the patriotic *father* of his country—of the broad lands which extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His opponent, Ulysses Grant, was the scourge of one half of it. The scourge was raised on high—the friend was sent into the gutter! Let it not be supposed that I would depreciate the many fine qualities of the President of the United States: I merely relate what occurred, and lament.

CHAPTER III.

BROWN STONE FRONTS.

THE worst symptom in American life is its superficiality, morally and socially. In the go-ahead class of Americans there is a desperate love of ostentation, of show, of sham and make-believe; and a corresponding disregard of reality, worth, solidity, and earnestness.

In New York, where this characteristic is especially conspicuous, most men's ambition is to live in a house with a "brown stone *front*." It is called brown stone, but is of a reddish chocolate colour, and is one of the handsomest stones I know. No matter what the rest of the house is built of—wood, brick, or plaster and daub—it must have a stone front, and *look* like a stone building. If it cannot be actually veneered with "brown stone," it must at least be plastered to resemble it. Houses are advertised, without any other recommendation than that

they have a brown stone front. That is considered the *ne plus ultra* of earthly habitations —the summit of all desires—the crowning effort of the love of make-believe. If his house *looks* like a nobleman's mansion in front—and you could not pay him a greater compliment than to tell him it does—the New Yorker is satisfied.

A lady about to marry would make any sacrifice of herself, if a brown stone front were only thrown into the matrimonial bargain. Speaking with a gentleman of the various lots in life one would like to have chosen, I said I should like to have been a sea-captain and live always at sea; he said he would like to have a comfortable income and live "in a brown stone front, on Fifth Avenue." An American lady, a mere casual acquaintance, lamenting to me over her own unhappy married lot, complained that her husband was twice her own age. I remarked—

"You must have been aware of that before marriage."

"Oh, yes," she replied; "but ten years make a great difference in a man turned of fifty; and besides, when I married him he lived in a brown stone front, while my lover, who was young, had not then made a position, and there was no knowing when he would, so I married——"

"The 'brown stone front,'" I interposed.

She laughed and said, "If he only had it now I should be content, in spite of his age."

The "brown stone front" being obtained, the next object seems to be so to furnish the house that it may resemble, as nearly as possible, a royal residence. But every article is painted and varnished to look like what it is not. What is apparently massive oak carving betrays itself as deal; enormous mirrors reflect one foreshortened in a most singular way. The very "Utrecht velvet"—with which even a New York washerwoman, so great and so general is the love of display, will have her chairs seated—is a compound of some trash that Utrecht would scorn to recognize. Most of this ostentatious class go to Europe for no better purpose than to *say* they have been, or to gather ideas for making the grandest display on their return home. Numbers of ladies visit Paris with no desire beyond that of seeing the fashions, and taking home something newer than their neighbours have got. To endeavour to dress like a Frenchwoman is laudable enough, but the first two essentials of *her* dress—appropriateness and unpretentiousness—are always conspicuously absent in the American ladies' toilette. When in Europe they go to state balls and concerts, attend drawing-rooms and aristocratic *réunions;* they see and hear of princesses, duchesses, and other women of fashion, who are clothed in purple and fine linen, ermine, velvets and satin,

with diamonds, emeralds, pearls, &c., *ad libitum* —all delicious for a woman to contemplate—and straightway on their returning to their country come down dressed up to this mark, as nearly as circumstances will allow, to the breakfast-tables of a common *restaurant*, having partly ruined their husbands to effect their display. American husbands, by-the-way, are models in this respect. They do not complain at extravagance if it only makes a show. On the contrary, the more recklessly money is lavished the more they exult over that fact. "You will find my wife a smart woman," said a husband, glorifying himself and his better half; "quite an elegant lady. These sixteen boxes are her luggage. She spent in Europe thirty thousand dollars on dress." I could have sworn that they lived in a "brown stone front," and that the wife would display her diamonds at the cabin dinner, and so it turned out. Of course there are Americans—both men and women—of talent and genius who visit European cities for the study of art and of science, and who wish to contemplate the marvellous works of bygone ages, while others seek general improvement or the mere excitement of travel. The greater part, however, visit Europe for the "*say*" of the thing, and because it denotes that they have wealth to squander.

This disposition to ostentation throws an air of flimsiness over all their undertakings. Their buildings have all the same showy, meretricious appearance. Many of their pretentious "white marble" buildings are only veneered to the depth of a few inches. If an earthquake could shake America, they would all fall down like a tower of cards; or if the nation were to decay like the Roman Empire, there would not remain a vestige in half a century to mark the spot where her cities had stood.

There are some substantial blocks of buildings in Broadway and other parts of New York for warehousing purposes, such as we find in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. The churches are mostly pretty, tasteful structures, but there is not a cathedral to compare with those of the French, German, and Italian cities. The cathedral in New Orleans—the finest religious monument in the country—was built by the Spaniards. There is, in fact, nothing grand or splendid in point of architecture, solidity, or size. The capitol at Washington has a very shabby back or front (or whatever it is) of brick, the entrance to which is by a small, mean door at the top of an ordinary flight of steps. The Fifth Avenue, where are congregated the much-coveted "brown stone fronts," is, *in front*—a very handsome-looking street—the rich colour of the stone

being in itself a beauty unrivalled by any building material as yet in use. If New York were built of that stone entirely, as Aberdeen is of granite and Bath of white stone, it would, indeed, be superb. But the houses behind the stone fronts are mere shells; and it is only in Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue that these stone fronts even predominate. There are, however, some few exceptions to the general want of substantiality. One is a real stone and marble mansion, back, front, sides, and all, which a Scotch capitalist is building for himself. This mansion is called a palace—*faute de mieux*—for ostentation extends even to the naming of the most ordinary things—the "Silver Palace Sleeping Car," to wit. How mellifluous that sounds, but what a horrid place of torture is the reality!

The class of people I have been describing would, I am aware, be termed "shoddy" by every American. You would be told they were merely *parvenus*, a "fungus-growth of the war," and that you had *not* seen "our best people." You might reply that you had had letters to senators, judges, admirals, generals, governors, &c., and the answer would be that they were "the wrong ones." Where, then, are you to look for the right ones?—there being no independent gentlemen living on their incomes as in other countries. Individuals and families—

"our best people"—may, indeed, sometimes be met with; not in society, for there is none, but quite promiscuously, in all sorts of company, there being no exclusiveness in America.

If a woman can afford to wear a good dress and sit at the same table, she will consider herself the equal of whoever may be present; and there is no conventionalism to put her down or to subdue her. She may eat with her knife, and stretch with it afterwards into the butter at arm's length, without attracting any sort of notice. Indeed, I never heard of a woman being silently tabooed in this country for being vulgar and ill-bred, nor could such ostracism be resorted to; for the few could not control the many, and refinement and good-breeding in America are the exception and not the rule. And so it must necessarily be when the presidential chair can be occupied by men taken from field labour and tailors' shops, and their wives from the kitchen. Society must have a nucleus somewhere, and if that be not in high places, where power and wealth congregate, it is useless to look for it lower down the ladder; unless, perhaps, among artists and literati, and their number is so small in America, that they do not form a society, but merely, as in Boston, a *coterie*.

Rarely does an American possess a "country

seat;" for, as all the wealthy people are in business, they congregate in the cities. The great showman, Barnum, however, has gone on the European system, and built himself a handsome country home, to which he retires to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. And no doubt the little Barnums, if there are any, are destined to form the American aristocracy of the future, and might appropriately assume the title of "Princes of Humbug." There are houses of the "villa" description in the suburbs of most towns; generally they are of wood, and in a semi-Swiss or Italian style.

Although aspiring to be, in the future, the greatest nation on the earth, the Americans are too impetuous, too hasty, to do much for posterity. Their efforts are too diffused, and their results too ephemeral. They think more about themselves than about their children. They change the old adage, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," into "Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof;" let those that follow pick up the scraps or make for themselves. They build their railroads to carry them, perhaps, as long as they live, if they do not live too long. Thus, throughout the country, wherever wooden sheds can be run up to serve for the time, not a decent station is ever made. The railroads barely suffice to carry the train along;

and it has not unfrequently happened that the passengers have had to turn out in a body to repair the line ere they could proceed. Americans being ever in a state of eager hurry, admire nothing so much as what they call "smartness." Keenness, quickness, sharpness, activity, seem to them the most desirable of all qualities, and they are doubtless the chief characteristics of the American. Fulton launched the first steam-ship on the Hudson, but Papin, a German, first patiently and toilsomely worked out all its intricacies. Professor Moss is said to have been the first who made electricity speak intelligibly; but much study and "midnight oil" had been devoted to it by others, ere this discovery could be brought to bear fruit. I assume that Americans are more rapid than profound, more ingenious to apply than studious to discover. They have endeavoured, by a sudden jerk, to invest their new country with all the results attained by the mother countries only after centuries of toil, industry, patient thought, and experience; but their haste has been in a great degree fatal to their project.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

IT may seem superfluous, in these days of intimate relations and rapid communication with the United States, to discourse upon or describe the American character. But probably there are still many whose ideas on the subject are as limited and imperfect as were those of the author herself, before visiting the country. For, comparatively few English men or women go to America, for the mere purposes of travel and observation; and even those few remain too short a time, and are too strictly enclosed by the conventionalities of visiting and organized sight-seeing, to be able to take a comprehensive and unprejudiced view of the vast and varied field of American character. Charles Dickens and Lord and Lady Amberley were the only compatriots, as mere travellers, the author met

with, on her journeyings North, South, and West.

Those who go to America, in most instances, go to make it their home. With Americans it is quite the reverse. Their first and strongest desire is to travel; and the next is, to travel in Europe. It is with them a passion, a mania, a kind of craving necessity. It is a desire without a reason. "I must see Europe before I die" is its audible expression, over and over again repeated. The fact of having been is what they wish to accomplish, and nothing else. I have heard some Americans say they would so like to see something "very *old*," which is but a vague idea, at best, for a voyage to Europe. But whatever the motive, it is the desire of every man, woman, and child in America; and timid women, who would not have dared to enter a street-car alone, and who have never been a hundred yards from their door-sills unattended, have been known, upon having saved enough money for their purpose, to set out on the European tour with all the confidence of "our special correspondent." Every girl longs to go to Europe for her marriage tour; and of two *prétendants*, the man who proposed such a trip would stand the fairest chance of winning the bride. I believe there are thousands who would marry for that alone; some conscious of

the motive and some not, of course. If a man is successful in his speculations — and what American does not speculate ?—or if he "strikes oil;" has a good harvest or cotton crop; floats a bubble company, and succeeds in selling his shares before it bursts; discovers a mine, or sells an invention for doing something twice as fast as it has ever been done before, immediately he promises himself a trip to Europe. It is the reward of merit, or, in other words, of "smartness." For a man to become prominent in his own country without having had the baptism of Europe, would be most remarkable; he would, to say the least, have laid himself open to the charge of eccentricity. It is an epidemic—this desire to see Europe. What else can it be ? It is not curiosity, for scarcely one in a thousand gives himself time or opportunity to examine, or even to *see*, anything that might be novel or interesting to him. How few Americans ever visit Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Lille, Toulon, Bordeaux.

American travellers rarely bring letters of introduction. Disregarding them in their own country when presented by others, they probably do not anticipate that English people are more tenacious than themselves, about whom they receive. Life in England being within closed doors, not in public rooms, as in

America, few American travellers ever see any English society, except such as may be enjoyed in taverns and bar-rooms; while American ladies often return to their own country without having made the acquaintance of a single English *lady*.

English people have certainly but little real knowledge of Americans; their ideal generally being a man with ill-fitting clothes, lank dishevelled hair, and a strong nasal twang; while the imaginary American woman is gaunt and bony, sallow-complexioned, loud-voiced, elbowing her way through the world, and (as she herself would express it) "sticking at nothing." Such individuals are no doubt to be met with in full form at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and at all places of public resort on the continent. But they are no more to be regarded as types of the American nation, as a whole, than is a cockney commercial traveller to be considered a representative of the people of Great Britain. Like the American in question, he would represent a class, and that would be all. Thus the Americans, although they are our cousins and grandchildren, are greater strangers to us, generally, than are the inhabitants of most foreign countries.

In America, you may have fifty letters of introduction, and not one of them bring you a

particle of civility, or sometimes even a return-call; while, on the other hand, a person will make your acquaintance casually in the public-room, or "ladies' parlour," as it is called, of the hotel, or be introduced to you by the *landlady*, and show you every attention that may be useful to a stranger; or they will come and call from merely seeing your name in the paper, and perhaps proceed to introduce you all round. Every one will then ask you how you like the United States system and social life, with the same serious and inquisitorial look as if he were a doctor probing you for symptoms. Politeness forbids you to say you don't like it at all; and so you find yourself repeating the fib over and over again, until you become heartily ashamed of the falsehood, and wish you had faced the truth, and said that as yet you had seen nothing to like—which must, in fact, be the case with Europeans on their first arrival in America.

If you have come from France, you miss all that elegance, polish, and suavity which characterize French society. If you are direct from England, you seek in vain for its quiet, sober, well-regulated comfort and genial hospitality, and it would puzzle even the panegyrist to say where is the compensation for these shortcomings. Wherever I have travelled, hospitality, according to the custom of the country, seemed

to be the first and common duty, and only in those lands, the Cannibal and Fiji Islands, where they *eat* their guests, is there such a dearth of hospitality as in America. They have no custom of visiting at a friend's house for a week or a month or so. It is rare indeed to find guests staying at any house; if you do, be sure they are paying for their board. Even when the guest is a member of the family and makes no actual payment, a good deal of barter has to be practised to make things pleasant. There are no Christmas gatherings nor summer junketings. If a gentleman takes ladies for a day's outing, he will probably ask them to defray expenses some time later, without any idea that he has committed a breach of etiquette and hospitality. A gentleman once presented me with a magnificent bouquet, at least I thought he had, but as the bill was sent in to me on the same handsome scale, I found he had only *ordered* it. If a stranger be invited to spend the evening at any house, he will be entertained with a long talk on the merits and wonders of America; and though there may be singing, music, and card-playing, besides *dancing* in which few English ladies would join, and no French girls be allowed, as it partakes too much of the *Bal Mabille* style, yet all festive entertainment is absent. One, two, three, five hours you may remain and enjoy

yourself, if you can. But it is a fast and not a feast you are bidden to. For you are offered neither bite nor sup. You may, if you like, steal into the corner where the inevitable pitcher of ice-water stands and refresh yourself there. Two or three glasses are placed by it for the use of the whole company, after the fashion of Miss Sinclair's fountains for cabmen and ragged schools in Edinburgh. The guests may expend as much time and energy as they like in amusing themselves and their "hostess;" but she will expend no money nor provisions on them. I remember seeing in *Punch* a sketch supposed to have been taken at the Vegetarian Festival at the Crystal Palace. One man is taking his departure; another seeks to detain him, saying, "Don't go yet, old fellow, don't go and—— I'll stand *another lettuce*." The American says, "Come to my house, old fellow, and dance, and sing and talk for the honour and entertainment of me and my guests for four or five hours and —— I'll stand a *glass of ice-water*." Why the vegetarian's offer was reckless prodigality compared with it!

In New England, however, they still retain the old-fashioned Northumbrian tea, all seating themselves round a table covered with a white cloth and an endless variety of cakes. These, with the peculiar American disregard of euphony, are

called by the ugliest names conceivable; they are followed by numerous other indigestible compounds; so that you are no longer at a loss to account for the sallow complexions of those who are devouring them so eagerly, with bitters and molasses; the everlasting ice-water is handed round with the tea, and is *mixed with it* by some persons. On the table is placed a variety of pickles, hot-peppers, preserved fruits, and dry smoked uncooked beef, which is cut up into very fine shreds and forms thus a very good relish.

Wines or spirits are rarely offered at any entertainment, not even at weddings. A marriage in America is a considerably drier piece of business than a funeral elsewhere; sometimes the marriage takes place early in the morning—six or seven o'clock—and bride and bridesmaids go shivering to the altar, in the cold semi-twilight, in what they call their "travelling suits," and armed with large umbrella over-shoes, waterproofs, and all the disagreeable appurtenances for setting out on a long journey. Their breakfast is a scramble of hot dough, beef-steaks or some other "hunting" breakfast fare of the time of Queen Elizabeth. After the ceremony there is no feast, no drinking of the bride's health and groom's happiness, no blushing bridesmaids, no fun or festivity whatever. "All

going merry as a marriage bell," is a mere fiction; there are no bells, or if there are, they ring no joyous peals. Usually marriages take place in the house or before the magistrate, but it is just becoming *fashionable* to have the ceremony performed in a church, with veils, bridesmaids, &c.

It is said that the English can do nothing unless eating and drinking enter into the programme; in America they do everything without it. Which is the better custom? Having gout in view may admit of argument, but there can be no two opinions as to which is the more hospitable one. A French gentleman of distinction, describing American customs to me, remarked as the culminating point of everything *outré*, "*On m'a offert un verre d'eau! Voilà tout.*" Had it been *eau sucré*, or flavoured with *fleur d'orange*, he would not have felt it as a slight; but simply *un verre d'eau* excited his disgust. Probably one of the causes of this Lenten fare is the ultra-prudism about drinking wine. Few ladies are bold enough to acknowledge that they take anything of the kind, and I have absolutely heard a lady declare, when her sister lay dying, that unless she had positive proof that the brandy, which the doctor had ordered, was indispensably necessary to save her life, she would not allow her to take

it. Many ladies procure medical certificates that they may be allowed to indulge a little, otherwise they take it *sub rosâ*. For a lady would lose caste immediately, if she were seen with a bottle of wine placed by her *serviette* as in France. In the great cities, reckless men and fast ladies, who are beyond the pale of salvation, "past praying for," may be occasionally seen indulging in champagne; but in the provinces of the New England State, in correct society, a lady would be tabooed completely if she were to take wine with her dinner; and gentlemen set the example by not ordering it.

All this would be highly commendable were the result a sober nation, superior to the allurements of dissipation. But, the actual consequence of this extreme abstinence in public is over-indulgence in private, and drunkenness among the better classes is more prevalent than in any other country. It is a mere prudish affectation of a virtue which they do *not* possess, and is of precisely the same character as the mock modesty of American ladies, who would appear overwhelmingly shocked (if they did not faint) at the word "leg" used in their presence. You must say "limb" of a fowl, and the word "breast" must be avoided, if possible; yet the same women have freely

displayed their own legs, when skating in crinolines and short petticoats.

The Germans have determinedly adhered to their *Lager Bier* in defiance of the forbidding looks of their would-be-thought Puritan neighbours. To a stranger who has possibly never in his life sat down to his dinner without wine, it appears a little shabby and inhospitable to have a pint and a half of water set before him instead, and it is a long time before he can accustom himself to eat a dry dinner, *à la* horse.

With the exception of Turkish hamals, Arabian camels, and locomotives, I never saw anything take in so much water as an American woman. Three pints of iced water with breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, is a very moderate estimate, and when the meal is over, she betakes herself to the first water-tank or fountain at hand, or if there is none, rings her bell. The boy, knowing full well what it means, rushes up to her, bearing three or four quarts of ice-water, which is to be her supply until the next meal. A lady, one of the *élite* of society, travelling the same route with us for several days, amused us very much by the race she made for every fountain we approached. In the railroad-car, or the steamboat, at the stations, in the vestibule of hotels, in the streets; wherever, in fact, there was

water to be had, she stopped to drink, filled the large goblet to overflowing, thrust her left foot forward and the right arm back, waving it gently in time to each gulp. Often she took a second glass, remarking, when she had finished it, "I drink a deal of water." The observation was evidently superfluous, the fact was beyond contradiction.

I used to be amused when presenting letters of introduction, by noticing what evasions the persons to whom they were addressed would have recourse to. They would receive me with that cordiality and frankness which is one of the charms of American intercourse.

"Happy to make your acquaintance. My friend tells me you are most accomplished. We are proud to have you in our city. I guess we can show you as much intellectual society as in any city of the United States. We shall be delighted to have you come to us to entertain you, and make your stay agreeable. We must show you all our lions. Our cemetery is as fine as anything you'll have seen yet—splendid monuments. Guess you know something about sculpture? Been in Italy, my friend tells me. I doubt if you'll find them much a-head of our cemetery. You are stopping at the 'Phynix House'—first-class hotel—nothing much to beat it. But you must come to us; you English like

home comforts, and we can show you something of that. We want to give you a favourable impression of *our city* and people."

After this conversation, one hears nothing of these friends for four or five days. You may have other letters of introduction, which call forth the same welcome, and you begin to wonder how you can distribute yourself amongst so many friends; but you will get a note or a visit to say how they regret, "We cannot have you come to us as we had hoped, as we are to have painters in the house, but we shall like to make your stay agreeable, and show you the beauties of the place. Guess you like buggy-riding?" Then another finds it "Right provoking that her sister-in-law with four children have just arrived, and 'crowded' them up so, she could not make you as comfortable as she should like to," but she hopes you will come up some evening, as the cars run within two blocks; she knows it will "be a real intellectual treat to have me."

Not meeting the great intellectual lights I have been promised, I am told it was unfortunate I came at this time, as the great Professor Jellybobs is visiting the Springs. The buggy-ride also does not come off, as something happens about this time to one or all of its *springs*. Perhaps I go to an evening party

where I am entertained with ice water, but find that I have to *entertain* the whole company with music and singing, and even reciting. Every lady refuses to touch the piano, but flatters me by saying that I played such good dance music she would like to take a turn. Tables and chairs are soon bundled out of the way, and off they all go in a waltz.

Finally, I had to take a carriage and drive out alone to see *the cemetery*, which was usually very pretty, with flowers and evergreens and monuments without any special artistic beauty, and similar to scores of others I had seen in America. What struck me as most extraordinary was, that wherever I went I arrived at an unfortunate time. "If I had come last week, or could have deferred my visit for another month, my friends could have given me a reception which would have astonished me." At one city in particular, where I had, I remember, a great number of letters of introduction, one and all to whom they were addressed lamented that I had not come a week sooner. They usually inquired to whom I had brought letters, and upon my mentioning, amongst others, Judge N——, they would exclaim, "Well, that's a pity; he died only a few days ago, choked by trying to swallow an oyster. I tell you, madam, that oyster was nigh half a foot long, and could

not be got either up or down. The doctors cut his throat, but it was no use, they could not get it out. Yes, madam, I tell you it was a great oyster! A pity you did not come last week, you would have seen the most *elegant gentleman* in the States. He would have been delighted to make your acquaintance, and would have entertained you like a prince. Every delicacy of the season at *his* table, and flow of intellect as well; and although we should have done our utmost to make your stay agreeable, we do not feel up to the mark just now. It is a *real* pity you could not have come a week or two sooner." I said I regretted I did not know that Judge N—— had not the capacity to swallow an oyster half a foot long, or I would have hastened my journey. After hearing this absurd story repeated at least twenty times, it became difficult for me to control my facial nerves, and to look grave for the occasion. The oyster case, however, was a fact, though I failed to see the connection between it and not entertaining a stranger.

In another city the excuse was a broad audacious fiction. My friends there had gone a little further than usual in their hospitable invitations, and the day and hour had actually been fixed for my visit. My boxes were being placed upon a carriage, which I had to pay three dollars for,

when a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family I was about to visit, rushed up to me, seemingly very much excited. He said—

"My friend, Mr. B——, has suddenly been subpœnaed on a jury, and he has commissioned me to wait upon you."

"Oh," I replied, "I am sorry, but it is not of much consequence. I suppose he will be at home to-night or to-morrow."

"Well," he said, "I reckon"—(he was a Western man)—"that's not the worst of it—they've got a corpse in the house."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "I trust no member of the family is dead?"

"Well, not just that—at least, none of them you know; but Mr. B——'s brother-in-law's father has died down away in Arkansas, and they are sending the body on to be buried in Tennessee. You wouldn't feel, I reckon, like stopping in the house with it, would you?"

"Certainly not," I replied, quite shocked. "I could not think of inconveniencing them under such circumstances. Pray express my sympathy and condolence."

"Well," he said, "I reckon there's not much need of that, as they never saw him in the flesh. But we'll just have your boxes taken off the carriage."

It came afterwards to my knowledge that the

jury and the *corpse* were both *myths*, the lady having declared to a friend that she had neither servants, glass, nor plate, and therefore could not receive me, yet she had come to visit me in a carriage and pair.

The funny excuses I received were endless, varied, and general. But I am bound to say that some families received me most hospitably and with warm kindness, and that I met with individuals both intellectual and gracious, of whom I still retain an affectionate remembrance, so if friends were *few*, they were really sincere.

One very prominent feature in the American character is the love of *hazard*—the speculation of gambling. This love of risk and chance has both its good and bad side. It creates enterprise, but it destroys permanency. An American will not adopt a business or profession, and plod with it through life, no matter how fair an income he is making by it. There seems to be a necessity for him to speculate in something. If by chance he is connected with shoemaking, he will invent a new kind of ladies' boots to lace half way up the leg, and call them "gaiters." There is no demand or need for them at all. They are also very inconvenient; no improvement on the old ones. Nevertheless he has a few thousand manufactured and distributed to the leading bootmakers, with a very

high price set upon them, higher than any other boots. Then he advertises them, vaunts and extols them, spends every dollar he has or can borrow in this process, gets them shown off on false legs, sometimes on real ones. "I reckon I have put out ten thousand dollars on this venture, and I am bound to make twenty." And in a very short time the whole of the female portion of America are walking about in the said "gaiters." Trade and commerce is carried on in this same speculative way. There is no end to the inventions by which a heap of money is to be made at one *coup*, rather than by patient working for moderate profits.

A gentleman told me that he had once made twenty thousand dollars upon a cargo of onions which he bought for a trifling sum in one of the Pacific Islands, and carried to a large mining district, where they were too busy picking gold to attend to the cultivation of onions; nor did they need or think of them. They had lived for a length of time without, and had well nigh forgotten them. But when it was announced with a great flourish of trumpets that a hundred thousand bags of onions had arrived, every one "concluded" "they felt like having some." But the excitement and speculative ardour had to be fomented; and the first applicants for the onions had to be refused, being

told that they could only be sold in certain large lots. Disappointment aroused competition, and the onions rose in value in the market. Onions seemed at once to become a necessity of life, and no doubt the miners scented them afar off, and determined to have them at any price. You could not find a surer way of securing an American purchaser than to tell him the article was too expensive for him. "I reckon I have as much right to eat onions as any man in these parts; and onions I'll have, if I pay a dollar apiece for them." In fine, such was the result: the onions sold for *one dollar each*, "though of course," said my friend, "there were not nearly so many as I had set forth; I only wish there had been." Government places are speculated for, much in the same way. For instance: a man is in business as a tailor, when it occurs to him that, as he has a large custom, he could get himself nominated as a candidate for the post of senator, governor, postmaster, &c. He spends a great deal of money in bribery, coaxing and talking his friends into the idea. He reckons, or calculates, that if he gets the berth, he can make more money out of it in four years than he could out of tailoring in six. Then comes the excitement—the gambling delight. If he is not elected perhaps he is ruined. But the fear of bankruptcy never deters an American from

speculating. If he loses one fortune he sets to work to make another. He will turn lecturer, retailing some one else's wisdom as his own; set up a newspaper, so libellous and scandalous that everybody buys it; or he physics the people with some new pill, or poisons them with some new candy.

There is a versatility in his genius for speculating in money, which is unappreciable in Europe. Whilst the ruined Englishman would be lamenting over what was to become of his wife and children, the American poetically suggests she should sell her jewelry, her furniture, or go to her mother whilst he goes to Chicago or Cincinnati, where he thinks he is bound to make money, and where, when he gets a bit straight, she can "come to him," and bring the children.

This is one reason why husbands and wives live so much apart in America. The wife goes to her mother, and speculates on her own account in a boarding-house, if she can succeed in inducing any gentleman to lend her the money, for the loan of which he takes out his board. He also gets a number of his friends to lodge in the same house. If the husband in Cincinnati does succeed in making money, the wife will "go on to him;" but if he does not, or spends it on some one else, she "concludes" to remain with the

rich friend, and notifies him to that effect—namely, as he does not seem able to support her, Mr. ——— can; and she is decided to break off with the old love, and take Mr. ——— in marriage.

It is unnecessary to allude to the speculations of Wall Street. The country is kept in a ferment by the reckless spirit of risk. "I will make twenty thousand dollars, or I will lose every cent I have," says an American with the greatest *sang froid*. Newspapers write sensational articles calculated to provoke shooting or whipping, as a mere speculation to sell the paper. The writer knows that if he can produce an affray hot enough, he will sell so many more editions of his paper. He takes the risk of being shot or flogged himself, and sits in his office with a loaded revolver near his inkstand. The indignant sufferer from the article walks in —inquires if he is the writer of the obnoxious article. The editor places his pen in his ear, lays his hand on the revolver, and admits he is. The aggrieved is thus reduced to bullying abuse, and cannot proceed to violence, as he would at once lose his life; the editor coolly waiting with his finger on the trigger.

The next morning the paper has two columns descriptive of the affair. It surpasses all the other papers in interest, and sells five times as

many editions. The speculation has succeeded, although the editor has risked his life, and in some cases has even lost it; for his foe has waited for him, and taken him when unaware of danger, and shot him down.

There are few editors who have not had affairs of this kind, accidental or provoked, and upon some of the Western papers they employ what is called "The Fighting Editor," who fathers all the objectionable articles.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLESTON, S. CAROLINA.

HE summers in New York are extremely hot, the winters extremely cold. It was because of the near approach of the latter, with its sleighs and fur robes, that we determined on commencing our tour by way of the sunny South—the repulsion of a New York winter proving more powerful than the attraction of a New York fashionable season.

The first Southern city we entered was Charleston, which, after having visited a score of others, still seems to me the most interesting and the most worthy of description. The first glimpse I had of Charleston filled me with that sort of tender pity which is felt on entering a beautiful cemetery; that sort of feeling which inspired Hamlet when he apostrophized the grave of Yorick. It was just after the war of Secession, and there was a sad, suffering, woe-

begone look about the place, that appealed to the heart, as well as to the sense of poetic melancholy—a thing sufficiently rare in America.

The battered walls, and broken pillars of churches standing in desolate dignity, for pillars, even in ruins, always seem as though they dared to be free; the roofless houses, the paneless windows, and the stagnation reigning over a city once so beautiful, wealthy, and full of vitality, could not but strike the stranger with a sense of desolation, and even of awe; though he should not have read in the faces of the inhabitants the history of hope departed, of strife in vain, of useless sacrifice, of poverty and humiliation, bitter contempt, and smothered hatred. And all this was plainly legible on the countenance of every Charlestonian.

> "A pleasant spot 'twas said to be in days of yore,
> But something ails it now—the place is curst."

Most of the houses are built in purely Southern style, with piazzas and verandahs all round, often made of wood; so that they easily fell into ruin and decay when neglected. But others were of handsome stone, especially those situated on what is called "The Battery," facing the harbour. These stately mansions seem to have fronted the whole tide of war, and to have bid defiance alike to time and tide, fire and

shell. Nearly all of them had been abandoned by their owners. In some few cases, ladies, who alone of their families had survived the terrible havoc, were even then secluding themselves in the back apartments. They had barely sufficient food to sustain life, and performed for themselves the most menial offices; scarcely ever venturing abroad into the garish sunlight, and carefully concealing their destitution from all.

The stone gables and pilasters bore evident traces of the enemy's fire; but considering the length of time that Charleston was invested and shelled, it is only astonishing that any Charleston was left to tell the tale. The streets must have been beautiful in summer, from the avenues of trees which lined them on either side. Everywhere in the garden or other convenient spots, magnolias spread their broad, glossy leaves, and perfumed the air with delicious odour. The wild orange and cactus, with many other tropical evergreens, abounded and lent a charm of poetry to that air of misery, which otherwise would have characterized a town so battered as Charleston was; but with this rich floral setting, she still wore a melancholy smile in the midst of her ruin.

Along the esplanade, or "The Battery," is a fine sea-wall, which was the former fashionable prome-

nade of the inhabitants of Charleston; it was then generally deserted, except by a few negroes on Sunday. Charleston is situated at the mouth of two rivers, the Cooper and the Ashley, on a pretty bay in which lies Sullivan's Island, Forts Moultrie, Pinckley, and Sumpter, so celebrated in the civil wars of the United States. Fort Sumpter was the bone—or rather *rock*—of contention from the beginning to the end of the war. From Fort Moultrie rose the spark which set the whole land in a blaze, and half buried it beneath the smouldering ashes. Little did the haughty Carolinian, when he heard the "boom" of that first shot ring over Charleston, dream that it was the knell of his pride and power—that his proud splendour and fierce unrelenting sway should by that shot be hurled in the dust, in which he was then grinding, with his iron heel, his cowering slave. "How are the mighty fallen!" What a story of terrible retribution was written in bloody cipher, on many a ruined wall and fallen stone in Charleston!

On commencing these sketches of America, I had formed the resolution of avoiding the vexed subjects of war and politics; but on becoming better acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, I found that to have dismissed war and politics entirely from consideration, would

have been to materially interfere with that correct view of men and things, which it has been my earnest wish to give. In the South, especially, scarcely any conversation was addressed to me which did not include those subjects. "How do you like our city, madam? Ah! you ought to have seen it before the war." That was the constant refrain, and then would follow the speaker's particular notions on this point. If I inquired what was the commerce or population of a place, it was always with the same result.

"Well, there is nothing much doing now; no crops to speak of since the war;" or, "I reckon the city is full of Yankees. Do you mean with or without the Yankees?"

If I inquired the value of produce on land, they invariably began by telling me what it was "before the war." In fact, the late war, with its horrible results, had so impregnated their minds, that it was impossible to ignore the hold it had on them, and the influence which the memories of it exercised upon their daily life and course of thought.

Above all stalked that dark Frankenstein of the South, the negro—their own creation, and now their endless bane. And, as the position of the Southern man has been vitally affected by, and is still intimately involved with, the altered

status of the negro, as that negro is, at the present time, the great instrument wielded by the North for the political torture and oppression of the South, we must, in noticing the South, of course notice the Southern man, and, to understand his position, that of the negro must be considered; to comprehend which, politics must be pretty fully discussed.

A stranger sailing direct from New York to Charleston will be greatly struck with the change which forty-eight hours can produce, as much in the inhabitants as in the climate. The South Carolinian seemed almost of a different race. Tall, thin, well-formed, sinewy men, sallow complexioned, with long features, long, dark, straight hair, and deep-set eyes of a most peculiar grey. Actually they are of a light pale colour, but at a little distance simulating a *dark* mysterious hue, as though they had more in their depth than could be read at a single glance. They have a carriage differing far from the hurried shuffling tread of the business and money-making man of the North. It tells of rule and authority. 'Tis the steady, stately footfall of a man conscious of the ownership of the land upon which he walks. This carriage struck me as resembling more that of the Circassian than that of any other race I can call to

mind, the Circassian being the highest type of manly beauty; for much as the beauty of their women has been vaunted, it in no way excels that of the men. Their figures are the perfection of symmetry, averaging six feet. The dark, flashing, dauntless eye bespeaks the unconquered warrior soul.

To return to the Southerner. There is more dignity—more native polish—about him than the Northerner. His demeanour conforms more nearly to the established idea of a gentleman. The Northern man appears to have adopted a semi-French manner, which sits uneasily upon him; but the Southerner has a bearing of his own, which is graceful and becoming. Their long frock-coats, and broad-leaved hats of straw or felt, are suitable to the climate, and the latter far more becoming than the hideous "chimney-pot." In summer they wear no vest, and with their broad white shirts and white trousers they only lack a *ceinture*, or sash, for the dress to be really picturesque. There was a look of deep depression on the face of every man in Charleston; and although I should never wish to have seen him in all the glory of a slave-owner, yet to behold him in the ruins of his former power was very painful.

The siege of Charleston having lasted nearly

the whole four years of the war, few of the houses escaped quite intact. Even those that appeared to be uninjured, were so much shaken in their foundations, that doors and windows had fallen from the perpendicular, and so gave a general look of wreck and disorder to the city.

A terrible fire which devastated Charleston at the commencement of the war, added much to the desolate appearance, for no attempt had then been made to rebuild the portion destroyed. This fire spread diagonally across the city from one end to the other, sweeping everything before it. Persons who heard the fire-bell ringing a mile away and gave themselves little uneasiness, as the fire was not in their district, were afterwards obliged to flee for their lives. The burning embers fell so thickly over all parts of the city, that it became dangerous to walk from under cover. Two of the finest churches in Charleston were destroyed. And the State house, in which the vote of secession was carried, was burnt also.

St. Michael's church, the oldest in the State, was looked upon with great veneration by the inhabitants; not for its beauty, for it was one of those ugly English churches which years ago were considered the proper thing by our Puritan ancestors: the "rebuke-to-vanity" order of architecture. It has a chime of bells which

every Sunday ring out the *refrain* of their own vicissitude, not

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London;"

but

> "Peal again, O Charleston bells,
> In spite of Yankee shots and shells."

Those bells have a remarkable history. They were cast in England early in the last century, and continued to be the pride and glory of Charleston until they became a mark for the shot from Morris Island, then in the occupation of the Federals. So many shells were sent whizzing around these devoted chimes, that no less than thirty had hit the house next door, the hotel in which I stayed. But the steeple seemed to bear a charmed existence. The Charlestonians however, being a people of little faith, decided to take down their precious bells, and convey them into the interior of the country, where they hoped they would be out of danger. But sometimes our seemingly wisest precautions prove our direst snares. The bells were taken to Columbia. The steeple was never hit, or at most was but slightly grazed by all the fire of the batteries; but Sherman's troops ran riot over the unfortunate Columbia,

the flower of South Carolina, and wantonly seized and broke up the wandering bells, and many a house and home too. The horrors of war came to an end at last, and the affectionate care for the bells returned; the fragments of them were collected and despatched to England to the same firm, which more than a hundred years ago, had sent them out to chime in a foreign land. By a reference to the books of the establishment, the exact weight and calibre which the bells had formerly borne, was ascertained. The metal was recast and the bells again shipped for Charleston. But further vicissitudes awaited them. They were seized at the Yankee Custom-house, and a duty of several thousand dollars was charged on them. The impoverished Charlestonians were unable to pay it. Thus, they lay impounded for many months until the ladies, with their usual zeal, contrived by means of bazaars and concerts, to realize a sum sufficient for the release of the bells from durance vile. Restored to their belfry they once more ring out,

> "Peal again, O Charleston bells,
> In spite of Yankee shots and shells."

From this church tower during the still hours of the night, comes the tristeful cry of the

watchman, "Past twelve, all's well: bright starry night," or "stormy night." An old English custom, now rarely met with, except in some far away town to which the modern policeman has not penetrated. It is curious to note these old mother-country customs, amongst a people so ready to repudiate any affinity with it, and who are themselves unconscious whence they derive them.

The Charleston ladies have a habit of wearing loose shawls about in the house, not for warmth, for they are constantly hanging off instead of on their shoulders, as was the fashion with our grandmothers, and is portrayed in English pictures of that date.

Charleston maintains its freedom, has its full quota of churches of various denominations, and as in all other Southern cities, duplicated into white and black. White Catholics and black, blue Presbyterians and grey; the "blue" referring to the shade of their opinions, the "grey" to tints of race.

By the kindness of the general officer in command, we were permitted to make a tour of the different forts and fortifications, and particularly of Sumpter and Moultrie, now so celebrated in history. The key of the South so fought over and wept over, taken and retaken, and bombarded for four years, Sumpter was

nothing more than a ruin; but a ruin of different kind from the ruins of the city of Charleston, ruins

"That weep o'er the unreturning brave."

Sumpter is almost a circular island, the centre scooped out like a basin, with deep galleries beneath in the thickness of the outside rampart. Inside these walls were chambers sufficient to shelter its three or four hundred defenders. It is a good criterion of the superiority of earthworks over any fortifications of masonry. All the brick work round Sumpter was soon smashed to pieces, but the earthworks and gabions could be replaced in a few minutes, when destroyed or broken by the shot. Indeed, in Sebastopol it would appear that they made use of whatever came first to hand, and rammed in the dead gunners, thus making him defend his post dead or alive. "Bury me where I fall," said a gallant young officer leading a forlorn hope, and so it came to pass. But I doubt if ever a soldier requested that a gabion should be made of his dead body. It was a ghastly sight when at last a Russian fort was taken, and these horrid sepulchres unearthed. A general officer in command at Fredericksburg, told me that the most horrible task he had ever had to perform,

in all his experience in campaigning, was the having to cut a trench through the dead bodies of his own fallen battalion, killed some weeks before in an assault upon the enemy's work, in which they had been repulsed and compelled to retreat leaving their dead. How often must the dying and badly wounded share this fate, abandoned by both sides from the proximity of the guns and continuousness of the fight.

Sumpter stands a proud, defiant, though artificially formed rock, four miles out in the bay, and right in front of Charleston. It is the stern guardian of the city, which, situated on a slip of land between two rivers, is almost an island itself, and almost unassailable, except by water; so, until Sumpter fell Charleston was able to hold her own.

Shells fell all over the city, causing dismay and sometimes death. One came through the roof of the college, where a number of professors were holding a scientific *réunion*, on some supposed vestige of pre-Adamite creation, which had been found on the Ashley River, a short distance from Charleston. The shell struck the table, round which they were gathered, without injuring any of them, went down through three storeys, and buried itself in the cellar, carrying with it the *specimen* and the *débris* of the table. But so long as it could be supplied from the

town (for which there was facility enough during the darkness, and even in daylight), Sumpter was impregnable. One of the exciting amusements of Charleston about this time, was the carrying of provisions into Sumpter, and to enhance the pleasure, ladies frequently joined the excursion to spend the evening with their lovers, brothers, and husbands imprisoned there. Very many parties are said to have come off within these dismal walls, but (like the ghosts) they had to flock home before daylight, leaving behind them, no doubt, a ray of light to cheer their brave defenders.

Charleston can boast of as many handsome buildings as any other American city. One of the finest is the gaol, which is similar to, though not as handsome, as the Calton gaol in Edinburgh. It has a large and handsome orphan asylum, in the grounds of which an armless statue of the great Chatham has found refuge. This house contains three hundred orphans, as well cared for as any in the country, or probably out of it. The children were put through some arithmetical drill for our edification; others added, subtracted, multiplied, etc., with such rapidity, that it might have been Sanscrit for all I could tell. Nothing appears to me so wonderful, as to hear the little children of those charity or normal schools racing away at figures

as hard as they can talk, never making a slip or a mistake. There is also a college where medical students can graduate, and which turned out before the war some of the principal medical men of the South. The arsenal, which is now used as barracks, was formerly a large military school, such as West Point.

The houses in the suburbs are detached, and are surrounded by gardens and magnificent trees. The streets are for the most part unpaved, which renders the city very quiet but very dusty in dry weather, and very muddy in wet. Cars run through most of the thoroughfares, and are the principal means of transit, carriages of any kind being scarce. In fact, it requires some agility in a stranger to ride in a buggy in Charleston streets, the seat being not more secure that that of a dog-cart, while the ruts are both deep and sudden. There is, however, in the buggy a little iron rail, under which you can insert your feet, so that in case of losing your balance, which you continually do, you may still hold on with your toes.

The most wonderfully beautiful tree which attracted our attention in this tour in the South, was what the Americans call the "live oak" (*quercus vivens*). It grows in most of the Southern States, is of great durability, and highly esteemed for ship-building. The tree

has no resemblance to our English oak, except in its full leafy form, the leaves themselves being small and evergreen, resembling those of the prickly holly. These trees grow to an enormous size, and are green through the winter. They are draped also with what is called "American moss," which, however, has no affinity to our moss, but is rather of the lichen species. It is of a silver-grey colour, and instead of creeping and clinging, swings itself from every bough and leaf, and droops perpendicularly towards the earth in most delicate feathery festoons. It shapes itself into the most symmetrical forms, ever keeping a fine point downwards, and draping heavier as it ascends like a stalactite, or icicle. We drove into the very heart of an old forest of these trees, some of them hundreds, and some supposed to be even a thousand years old. Long avenues of them, draped with the grey tillandsia, looked like the interior of an ancient cathedral, the moss hanging in stalactites from the bright, green, leafy, dome-like, pointed Gothic architecture.

If the Pilgrim Fathers had suddenly come upon one of these avenues on landing from the "Mayflower," they would have imagined that Nature had herself built them a temple "in freedom to worship God." Anything more awe-inspiring and impressive can scarcely be conceived than

these giant trees, spreading their leafy arms and dropping a grey fleecy veil over the earth. There is something weird and ghost-like in the swaying and trailing of this fragile lichen. Such forests should be haunted by "goblins grey." An artist's pencil could but faintly portray the thrilling effect of this scenery, and as we traversed it by a long plank road, the hollow echo of the horses' feet was a fitting accompaniment to the scene. It was just such a spot as one would not care to visit alone at dusk, unless on a tryst with a spirit of gloom. I believe if only a squirrel had suddenly sprung from the undergrowth of tangled shrubs, I could scarcely have suppressed a scream. If ever spirits of the air were conjured to descend to mortals, 'twould surely be in these dark forests of pine and oak, with this grey mysterious curtain overshadowing them. The stone pine and cypress tend to increase the grandeur of the gloom. No sight has ever touched my heart with such a mysterious feeling of fear and awe, with the exception of the Egyptian sphinx.

Two-thirds of the population of Charleston were said to be black, or "black and tan," for the shades and varieties are numerous, the mixture of races and the freaks of nature having made such confusion, that there seemed to be quite a population of odds and ends. Long

hair with negro features; light copper-coloured skin with thick lips and frizzled hair, the latter seeming to hold its own the longest. Those who have known the negro in his native country, or in an Asiatic costume, cannot realize his extreme ugliness until they have beheld him, or rather her, in a modern fashionable bonnet, trimmed according to negro taste with a red ribbon, yellow rose, and purple feather, and stuck in ungainly attitude on their black frizzled hair, throwing into strong contrast the sooty face. Certainly modern dress is not becoming to the black race. They look far better with a bright coloured handkerchief bound round the head.

Some of the mulattos are rather pleasing in appearance where the right shade has been hit off, but that is not often the case, and where the skin becomes quite white or yellow, and the eyes remain dark, the effect is startling and repulsive in the extreme. The negro children are funny little round black things, fully realising the word "piccaninnies." They have much the same sort of beauty as little pups, or little pigs, lacking entirely that exquisite loveliness and angelic sweetness, which surrounds the rosy form of a white infant. I saw a curious specimen of a little darkie not over a foot high. It was running and hopping about upon its tiny little

limbs, not thicker than a man's finger, dressed in a single garment of gay-coloured cloth. I could scarcely make out whether it was a gigantic fly, or one of those little creatures we sometimes see seated on a box-organ, and playing cymbals to its master's organ-grinding, it so much resembled a monkey.

The cemetery is about a couple of miles from the city, and was in keeping with its fallen grandeur. In its palmy days it must have been one of the most picturesque of its kind. It had all the adjuncts of beauty and solemnity which nature and art could bestow, and the effect produced by the tilentia drooping over the monuments was as fine as can be imagined. The cemetery was nearly covered with wild flowers, not having been attended to during the war. I thought its beauty enhanced by this floral decoration, but its lavish overgrowth was considerably deprecated by the Charlestonians.

To turn from the sublime to the ridiculous, there was one tomb which struck me as essentially comic, and as such it must attract the attention of all strangers. It consisted of a square of ground railed in, and dedicated to the memory of "Mrs. Maria Wise, wife of Alfred Wise, native of Islington, Middlesex, London,

She departed this life, fifty-one years of age
She was——————————but words
Are wanting to say, what—
Say what a wife should be—
And she was that."

This epitaph was written on a slab of white marble, forming what looked like the front of a miniature temple of Bacchus; the rest of it being built of shells, fragments of a blue pot, and the bottoms of green bottles. The hands of the bereaved husband had placed them there, and perhaps he had consoled himself with the contents of the bottles. On a shield on the opposite side was the inscription,

"True love never fades in this temple:
Raised as a tribute of love and gratitude
To the soul of Maria—
O, sainted Maria!"

In another part of the enclosure was a small ship, also the handiwork of the bereaved. It was erected in memory of an event which had occurred to "Maria," she having nearly been drowned on her voyage to America. On the side of this ship was inscribed, "I had your first and last kiss," but no corroborative evidence was offered. On the other side was the motto which adorns the two cent coinage of the United States, "In God we trust," and at the bows was the French flag. At the main-mast

was the Union Jack, at the stern, the American "stars and stripes." Besides the ship there was an obelisk made of three pieces of wood, nailed together and painted to imitate *lapis lazuli*, on the three sides were written, "Sacred —silence—sleep." It would be impossible to enumerate all the odds and ends that adorned the tomb of the "sainted Maria." More or less they had all fallen into decay. The cruel moral of the story of the "sainted Maria" being that Thomas had married again!

Ruin and despair were the characteristics of Charleston at the time of my visit, and it is very doubtful if the city will ever rise again to the same importance as before the war. The trade which made it one of the proudest and wealthiest cities of America, had been diverted into other channels, and the men whose energy and enterprise made it what it was and at last brought about its ruin, are dead, or have been scattered abroad, poor and broken-hearted as those who cling to its broken pillars. *Væ victis!* is the general cry through the Southern States.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE Negro question, or "Coloured People Interrogation," as they would have it called, had plunged the whole Southern community into ruin and something approaching despair. The sudden turning loose of five millions of savage natives upon civilized society, was very much like throwing open the flood-gates of a place that shall be nameless, although it seems to be a favourite term in America. That such an experiment did not result in the production of five million demons was owing to the fact, that more than four millions of them were yet too imbued with the nature of the lower animals to rise to that of the fallen angel, and participate in his capabilities for mischief. But all the evils which could arise from the policy of freeing slaves, in order to harass the white inhabitants of the

South, have arisen. The first of these fell upon the unlucky porcine division of the liberated negro.

The only idea which the word *freedom* conveyed to his dark mind was that he should then and there step into the position occupied by his late owner, whom he imagined was henceforth to play "nigger" to him: he foresaw no other interpretation and considered this a feasible and proper arrangement. But his late owner not quite adopting this idea, the poor helpless creature being no longer attended to, fed, lodged and physicked, like cattle, and no better able to take care of himself, suffered, and perished like sheep deserted by the shepherd; for though I have likened the negroes to swine, they differ from the practical self-sustaining and philosophical race of American hogs in this particular. The negroes, from the moment of emancipation, have steadily decreased in numbers, from various and inevitable causes, one of which is, that in their affinity to the hogs, they possess very little love of offspring, and take no care to shield their young from infantile dangers. In slavery times, it was to the interest of the owners that every little one born should live, and the attending to their wants was quite a business for the ladies of the household, whilst the negro-mothers would be per-

fectly indifferent in the matter, having scarcely any idea of the duties of mothers or wives.

Before I was initiated into the mysteries of colour, I said to a black woman, very simply—

"How strange that your three children should be of such different complexions—one quite black, another light yellow, and the third copper colour."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, grinning delightedly; "that's 'cause of their *paws*" (fathers). "This one's was a real white man, as fair as you, miss," and so on. She had not been married "yet," she told me, but was going to be, when she could meet with "a nice white man." I told her she could not be lawfully married to a white man, as there was a law prohibiting these unions. She replied, "Oh, I'll get him some way," being evidently very indifferent as to the mode.

Numbers not willing to undertake the cares of maternity, have recourse to the most horrid form of infanticide; and where the law is so loosely administered, and the injured party too feeble to resist, crime can be committed with the greatest impunity. The "attorney-general," or "district attorney," troubles himself little how many small blackamoors are put quietly out of the world. Sometimes some philosophic Northerner will write to the newspapers to say, that this crime among the negro women is reaching

a frightful pitch. The Southerner only shakes his head, and murmurs, "I told you so." And there the matter drops again. The real negro infants thus become few and far between. The mulattos fare better, as the white father is compelled to provide for their maintenance, for some years at least; and thus they are allowed to enter on this wearisome world, though usually delicate, and of much frailer organization than either the pure white or pure black.

I do not recollect ever to have seen an aged mulatto; but many of the real negroes profess to be over a hundred. Their ideas about figures or truth are, to say the least, indistinct and hazy; nevertheless, many of them are very aged. Another reason for the decay of the negro is, that he is an animal devoid of courage of that kind which can only be expressed by the word "pluck." When he is taken ill, he lies down and gives himself up; he has no idea of struggling with pain, and overcoming disease by resistance. In this he resembles a sick monkey, and, utterly bowed down and demoralized, he sinks before the slightest ailment, and dies. In slavery times, the death of a slave was so serious a loss, that the master threw all his energy and medical skill into the balance to counteract the pusillanimity of the negro nature, and, *bon gré mal gré*, dragged him back to life.

Now, left to himself, he is not only more prone to maladies, from his singular inaptitude for taking care of himself, but as he cannot comprehend the necessity of having a doctor, he creeps into a corner and dies very much like a dog, unheeded by his fellows and uncared for by his white neighbours.

When an epidemic occurs, it sweeps the negroes off as a murrain does cattle. A clergyman assured me that in his district, when the small-pox broke out, it carried off seven hundred negroes and only twenty whites. The Southerner points to these facts in triumph, and with a prophetic denunciation that the negro is doomed to speedy extinction. Not that I can see that one party's errors can justify the other's shortcomings, any more than that two wrongs can make a right; but it seems a satisfaction to those who have been ruined, to find that the *canaille* for whom they suffered are in no wise benefited. I agree with the Southerner so far, that I have never witnessed much honest prosperity among the freed negroes.

The males have been employed by government, for which their invincible ignorance wholly incapacitates them, and consequently have had to be summarily ejected for fraud and peculation. The females waddle about the streets of most of the Southern towns in terrific finery — the

transparent livery of their sin. With the exception of the mulatto hairdressers of New Orleans, I have never met with a female of the negro tribe earning, by her own industry and capacity, even decent clothing at the American prices. The female negro is now possessed with the idea (the only one which seems to have entered her angular cranium) that she is a *lady*, and that any sort of labour is *infra dig.* If she has a husband to earn a livelihood for her, she refuses every sort of work, and will loll, half-clothed, about her filthy hut all day long; her children rolling about like so many young pigs. Few negresses can sew, and they scorn to scrub. Even the finery which they worship (when they can obtain it) has usually been contrived by white women. The unmarried ones—or I should rather say those who have no man to support them—will go out as servants, or do washing. I have known instances where a score or so of women, whose husbands were earning on a plantation rations of meal and bacon, refuse to do the washing of the family either for love or for money—compelling them to send it to the nearest town, five miles distant. If the white ladies up at the house would not do washing, such employment, they considered, must also be derogatory to *their* position.

The cabins, in which the whole family live

together, consist of but one room, through the roof of which the water, when it rains, pours in streams. This herding together is entirely *par gôut*, for they have simply to cut down more trees and construct more rooms, and the leaking might be stopped with wood lying close at their doors—land and wood being of such small value in this country, that they can always have as much as they need. But the negro, except in very rare instances, has used his freedom to live in idleness and filth. The "Freedman's Bureau" offered several acres to each negro, with rations for his family for twelve months, on condition that he fenced it round—and forest trees grew there as thickly as asparagus—and planted for the next year, when the land became his own. But to the negro such advantages were offered in vain. That to live they must labour, few could comprehend, and they are still under the delusion that emancipation means sloth and sleeping in the sunshine. To cultivate their own plot, was an effort far too much for most of them; they preferred to live on charity, odd jobs, and thieving. For the negro, like a cat, is a born thief, and where he does not steal, his laziness recoils from the difficulty of the operation. He is also an intuitive liar, and only speaks the truth by accident.

As domestic servants, the negroes are the

most tantalizing that can be imagined—having neither industry, exactitude, cleanliness, prudence, nor obedience.

Some of them show an aptitude for cooking, but it is only by great exertions that they can be induced to practise it. Others show some agility as waiters; but it requires the most stringent regulations to keep them in order, instant dismissal being the only remedy for inattention. No hotel proprietor would hire them if he could obtain white servants. Indeed, you may find in them nearly all the instincts of the lower animals, but little which characterizes them as man, save the power of speech; even that is very imperfect, the tongue being too large to articulate distinct sounds. I am speaking here of the pure blacks. They possess the mimicry of the monkey, the sagacity of the dog, the stealthiness of the cat, perversity in exact ratio with that of the mule, uncleanliness proportionate to the swine, laziness intense as that of the sloth, arrogance emulating that of the barn-door fowl, and vanity which outvies the peacock's. To counterbalance these qualities, so glaringly prominent, you seek vainly for those attributes which distinguish man as the highest of animals.

You find the negro wanting in the sense of right for right's sake; he has no idea of duty to

God, himself, or his neighbour. He is devoid of truthfulness, or any appreciation of it; is incapable of understanding virtue or devotion; he has no respect for justice, no patience under suffering, no fortitude under adversity, no admiration for the good or the beautiful, no milk of human-kindness for his fellows, and no true veneration for the Deity. His worship is made up of grotesque dancing, howling, and vicious excitement—presenting a more debasing and grosser spectacle than that of the dervishes. It was even stated in the public prints that they had, in New Orleans, reached the fanatical pitch of sacrificing young children and practising magic rites, called Houbon, by which individuals indicated at their meeting were secretly poisoned, ostensibly by the arts of witchcraft, but, in reality, naturally enough. This jugglery was suppressed by authority, and they were restricted to more harmlessly profane orgies. Of practical Christianity, the best of them cannot be said to understand much.

They have a natural instinct for "lifting up their voice," and in some places are called to church by the bellowing of a horn; but of the silent prayer of the heart, the love of little children, the charity to their neighbour, the giving of "a cup of cold water for Christ's sake," they have no more conception than their own

hogs. The old and decrepit are left to die, and the children to starve, unless they receive care from the whites. Black mothers will shut their infants in a closet, whilst they go out for the whole day. They have turned a dying woman out into the forest to be devoured by bears or panthers, on the mere excuse that they wanted the miserable pallet on which she was lying. Their cruelty to their offspring is sometimes ferocious. A woman, rather decent of her kind, in the service of a friend of mine, insisted upon beating her child almost to death, the family having frequently to rush to the rescue of the poor infant. Her only excuse was that she wished it would die, and although she was the only servant of the family, they were at last obliged to put her in prison to prevent the accomplishment of her wish.

Of the rights of property the race has no conception. Opportunity is all that is wanted to make them thieves. As domestic servants, they steal the provisions so ruthlessly, and with such audacity, that I have known families in moderate circumstances almost starved out by their incessant plundering. In the country they ruin the planter by stealing his corn, cotton, pigs, poultry—anything indeed that is portable. If they are caught, imprisonment is no punish-

ment to them; they are fed and left in idleness—that is all they want. If anything like civilized law were administered in the case of the negroes, as of white people in other countries, we should soon see as many of them in thraldom for small and great crimes as before the emancipation. Not that this is any argument in favour of slavery, but it is a strong proof that the negro cannot assume the position of a free man and citizen, with the right of suffrage and the right to do as he pleases, unrestrained by rigid laws.

In the more distant States, the Americans, so far as they are governed at all, are self-governed. The so-called court of justice being at best merely a *locale* where they settle disputes among themselves. Occasionally, a planter catching negro thieves *in flagrante delicto*, shoots one or two, and the law is equally gracious to the avenger as to the aggressor. The planter states (if it ever comes to trial) that he warned the negro to drop his hog, or he would shoot. He did not drop the hog, so he shot, and the negro died of it. Such is freedom in the South. The negro is free to steal if he can do so without being caught, and the proprietor is free to shoot him if he can catch him. Thus, in the nineteenth century, in this new republican country, we have come back to

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who's able,
And he should keep who can."

To such creatures as I have described, the right of suffrage has been given; the right of choosing leaders; the right of making laws; the right of swaying for good or evil one-third of the great continent of America! Creatures who cannot sign, and do not even know their own names, who cannot speak any known language intelligibly, and cannot be made to comprehend anything above the animal instincts common to the brute.

An instance occurred, where a black jury had to be sworn, of one of the negroes not knowing his own name. When it was asked, he replied "Dan." "Daniel what?" said the clerk of the Court. "Don't know 'bout Daniel. Used to be called Thompson, when Colonel Thompson owned me, but somehow I likes now to call myself Smith, but 'spects Dan's my name." Nothing more definite than this could be obtained from him. Such men as these were to decide the complicated rights of absentee ownership to property. However, before the Court rose, Master Dan had to be ejected, it having been discovered that he was a notorious hog-stealer. What if we canvassed the jails in England to obtain Members of Parliament!

When the Legislative Assembly was sitting in Charleston, one of the newspapers took the trouble to investigate the private history of each member. When set forth daily, it was little less infamous than the records of the Newgate Calendar, or a police court roll. Such were the legislators dictating laws in the once proud Charleston. An honest upright negro would indeed be regarded as a *rara avis*.

To enumerate instances of their ludicrous ignorance would fill a volume. Two or three illustrations shall suffice. A negro was a member of committee in Louisiana Legislature, where a scheme for a canal was under discussion. "Gen'l'men," said this darkie, probably not understanding either the words "scheme" or "canal," "hold hard a bit. Wouldn't it be better to wait until *de machine* come on from New York, den we be better able to decide about it!" Evidently he had confounded "scheme" and "machine," and thought them one and the same thing.

One of the most practical and intelligent negro servants I have met, was cook and housekeeper to some friends, to whom I was paying a visit. She could read, write, and sew, and studied her Bible every Sunday. She became very much interested in my travels, wishing to know the names of the various places to which

I had been, all of them "Greek" to her. Finding that she read her Bible, I thought she might feel interested to hear about Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs. "Missie been there?" she exclaimed, her eyes glittering with wonder and delight; "I reckon now missie's been everywhere, pretty near." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "I 'spects missie's been as far as heaven now, and seen all de angels, and tell all 'bout it." Rather nonplussed, I remained silent, and she continued—"Warn't de singin' beautiful? and warn't de angels' wings all golden? I 'spects Missie knows all about it." On relating this story to her mistress, she laughed, and remarked that, like the rest, she could never grasp an immaterial idea; but that, as far as everyday life went, she was nevertheless the best negro she had ever had, and far more intelligent than most of them. The profundity of their ignorance is quite startling, though sometimes very amusing.

Some other friends had a negress whose sayings and doings used to cause us merriment by the hour. She was one of the largest and most hideous creatures I ever saw, and as big and muscular as a man. One eye protruded on account of a great cut at the side, the other was blood-red; her blubber lips projected over immense fangs, and her hair was like tangled

masses of grizzled tow. She had been a field hand belonging to a South Carolina family, and had joined the Federal army in its march into Savannah, believing firmly that she was marching on to Paradise, but the unmannerly gibes of the soldiers, who pretended to take her for a man, and made her carry a knapsack and gun, terribly disconcerted her. Footsore, and worn out, she arrived in Savannah, and, like many others, she found no Paradise with golden harps, but only a beleaguered city where famine reigned. She was taken compassion upon by my friends, who put her to rough work and cleaning. They chanced to be Catholics, and some members of the family were about to make their first communion. Noggie—that was her appellation—took deep interest in the proceedings, and her greatest delight was to be allowed to go to the handsome cathedral, where, I fear, her excessive devotion by no means conduced to gravity in the congregation. The statue of the Blessed Virgin draped in white lace, with a wreath of white lilies as an emblematic crown, had particular fascinations for her, and before this she would sit and rock herself, clasping her bony knees, grinning with delight, and showing all her fangs like a laughing hyena. One of the young ladies, seeing her zeal, undertook to instruct her and make a devout Catholic of her.

She would listen by the hour together to these instructions, shaking her shaggy head, and uttering growls of wonderment. She even learnt almost the whole catechism by heart from hearing it repeated; but the distinction between the ceremony of baptism, and that of a first communion, never could be drilled into her cranium. She wanted to do "'zactly as Miss. Maria"—to wear a dress with long train, and a wreath of flowers on her head. When she was told that she was at liberty to take another name in baptism instead of "Noggie," and was asked after which of the young ladies she would like to be called—Miss Lucy or Miss Maria—she declared she would be called "Blessed Virgin Mary," and short of this high distinction she manfully refused to be baptised at all. After much persuasion, and the sight of her long trained white muslin dress and the "reaf" of flowers which she essayed with delight, she yielded the prefix of *Blessed Virgin*, and condescended to Mary. "Mighty sure," she said, "everybody tink, just like Blessed Virgin." Before her toilet was complete—and the young ladies could scarcely accomplish it for laughing—she contrived surreptitiously to cut off the sleeves of the dress to make short sleeves, which she conceived to be fashionable. The priest who performed the ceremony, and the congregation who witnessed

it, were almost suffocated with suppressed laughter, for Noggie, resplendent in her own imagination, put on all the airs of a great baboon, wriggling, and nodding her head, with the lilies upon it, like an old sweep-broom carried in May-day procession. Poor Noggie was quite equal to the feat of imitating her young mistress in wearing short sleeves and flowers in her hair, but deaf, and dumb, and blind, to those inward aspirations of which these outward forms are but the symbols.

CHAPTER VII.

HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

IKEN, South Carolina, is situated on a ridge of sand-hills, covered with pine trees. It is considered one of the most healthy places in the United States, and particularly beneficial to consumptive persons, owing to the turpentine exhalations from the woods. The trees are tapped, and the resinous gum which exudes is eaten by invalids, as it is believed to be highly valuable in strengthening the lungs. Turpentine and resin are also manufactured in great quantities. The place consists of a sprinkling of houses, the cavalry barracks, and a very large hotel, generally filled with invalids, on whose account, however, no relaxation of hotel discipline is allowed. The few respectable houses around are occupied by doctors, who have a fine time of it at Aiken.

The rides and drives through the forest are beautiful; and being the only bit of hilly country

within two hundred miles of Charleston, it is very refreshing and pleasing to the sight—the sandy roads, or rather tracks, answering the purpose of green sward. You may ride through miles and miles of this forest; indeed, the railroad from Charleston to Aiken runs through an almost unbroken line of pine trees. The species is called the fat-pine: it will light and burn like a candle, and is often used as such by the poorer inhabitants. It also supplies the place of paper for lighting fires.

At Aiken, to my great joy and satisfaction, I met once more the old log-fires of France; though not like them in all respects, as the ashes are cleared away every morning as with coal-fires; the result being that the wood, instead of smouldering for a week, goes out four or five times a day, in spite of any amount of vigilance, and any amount of wood consumed. However, such as it was, it was very grateful after the suffocating stoves of the North, and the sulphurous-smelling coal-fires, which at one time throw out a furnace heat, and then give no heat at all. So dreadful and unbearable is the heat from this coal, that it is often necessary, even with frost and snow on the ground, to throw up the window in order to breathe freely.

It is more than probable that the pernicious

overheating of the houses in the North is one cause of the sallow complexions of the Northern people, and of that pallid, dried-up look, which is recognized in Europe as "Yankee." At least, it is a potent ally of iced water and hot cakes. Every office or house of business that you visit is kept so hot, that you must inevitably take cold in returning to the street; and your own room is either freezing, or like a smelting-house; so that you are constantly occupied in swinging the door backwards and forwards, in order to relieve yourself from the sulphur which emanates from the coal, which is principally anthracite. It is quite an American characteristic, that although wood covers the land for thousands of miles, and is more agreeable to burn, yet, as coal has become *the fashion*, coal they will have, even though they have to import it from England. Just as they *will* have ships built in the Clyde, when there are hundreds of square miles of oak and solid mountains of iron under their very hands.

Nothing is esteemed in America for its intrinsic worth, but entirely for what it costs. In some countries a man is estimated by how much money he is worth; but in America it is "How much does he spend?" If he pays the highest price, he is held in the highest estimation. If an American wishes, as he invariably

does, to ascertain your status and position in society, he will not form his ideas from your appearance, your conversation, or your manners; but at once pounces on the heart of the matter, and inquires where you stopped in New York, or any other large city with which he is acquainted. He knows then what you paid a day. If you tell him you staid at such and such an hotel, where your board cost you five dollars a day, and you were half famished at that, and would like therefore to find one where you might pay seven, he at once conceives the highest respect for you, and will show you some civility. Should you ask him to recommend you an hotel, you may be perfectly certain that it will be the most expensive one he knows. But if you happen, yourself, to stumble upon an out-of-fashion, moderate house, which has not the eternal, many-coloured carpet, and the mirrors, distorting you into all sorts of shapes, but where you get comfortably served in a plain way, your friends will make an onslaught upon you to get you away. They would nearly as soon see you lodged in jail as in a house where you are not paying an extravagant price, and which is consequently not fashionable. Indeed, by most of your friends, it would be considered a *casus belli* —a sufficient cause for cutting your acquaintance; unless perchance they were gaining some-

thing by you, when they would content themselves by silently despising you.

I can safely say that out of the hundreds of calls made by strangers upon me in this country, very few occurred at a private house, when I had been fortunate enough to get into one. It would almost appear as though the inhabitants of a city thought it their duty to sustain the proprietor of the principal hotel, by calling upon any guests of distinction he may have, and telling them, as they always do, of the merits of the establishment. They congratulate you on being "well located;" "Very fine house, the Tremont House," is their exclamation. "Very elegant gentleman, the proprietor;" "You will find the clerk a most accommodating gentleman;" "Table supplied with everything the market affords," and they might add, "all served up in greasy water." Prudence, economy, even honesty, seem to be old-fashioned virtues, quite out of date in the country. No one asks or cares *where* you get your money, if you get it. No one cares whose money you spend, so that you spend it. It would be nearly as prudent to admit yourself a pickpocket, as penniless. If a man adroitly cheats his neighbour he acquires reputation and respect as a "smart man." "Mean," "shabby," "cheat," are obsolete words, or not used as terms of disparagement; "mean" and "shabby" denoting only poverty.

At Aiken we visited a negro church, or rather barrack, the sun streaming in through every chink and crevice. The seats were unplaned planks, and nailed on two rough stumps. The preacher was a light mulatto, with very few traces of black blood, save that undefinable monkeyishness which Du Chaillu notes as going far to prove their affinity with that race. When the preacher perceived he had half-a-dozen strangers in his congregation, his antics became most amusingly grotesque. He had evidently been to hear some fashionable preacher, and had copied his gesticulation as nearly as might be in sepia; but the enunciation seemed rather to bother him. Unfortunately, he had hit upon a difficult text; and, as it was the style to bring it in every few minutes, he constantly repeated —"I *heerd* a *wice* crying in the wilderness"— in such a variety of lugubrious and tragic tones, that we, his white audience, overcome with laughter, were fain to bury our faces in our hands. But when he rolled up his nigger eyes, and twisted his mouth until the aperture came in the middle of his cheek, we could control our emotions no longer, and were obliged to retire howling into the wilderness too, whence doubtless he heard our "wice" plainly enough.

It is trying to witness all the shams and make-believes in the grand helter-skelter race

after so-called style and fashion. People are constantly acting parts with which they are not familiar, and which sit ill upon them; but when negroes commence to do the same sort of thing, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROADEST STREET IN THE WORLD.

AUGUSTA TOWN, in Georgia, is built on the beautiful river Savannah. The climate, during the month of February, reminded me very much (in the evenings especially) of similar nights upon the Nile. Not a breath of air stirring; all hushed and still; sometimes hot, and the sky of a deep bright blue. In the day, when the sun was clouded, there was a sort of fog or mist, but entirely different in quality and texture from that which we know by the name of *fog* in England, and more resembling the summer haze, which prophesies a hot day. The climate in Augusta is considered superior to that of Charleston, as it is never visited by yellow fever, although there are plenty of chills and fever. In winter it is charming; flowers were growing in the open air wherever they were allowed, but there seemed little taste for their cultivation.

The town had evidently been laid out with some very exalted idea of grandeur and magnificence as to the future of the city, for, as far as my experience of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America goes, I know of no such street as the main street of Augusta, Georgia. Of course it is called Broad Street, as, with few exceptions, all American main streets are. There would seem to have been a terrible difficulty in naming the new places, for after having called them by the names of those of the "Old Country," American invention apparently came to an end, and the same names in different places have been repeated six or a dozen times over. Augustas are numerous, and I visited six or eight Columbuses, and as many Mariettas. But this Broad Street really merits its name, for it surely is *the* broad street not only of America, but of Europe. It is fully as broad as Sackville Street, Dublin, and more than three times as long. The Causeway, or, as it is called, the Side Walk, also is very wide, and as it is the fashion to have the shops half outside and half in, you may pleasantly walk four miles amid rows of hams, sides of bacon, salt fish, dried peaches, pumpkins, etc. The street is well shaded by a double avenue of trees, which extends for several miles beyond the city, outside of which the only living things we saw were pigs and mules. The latter abound,

and go in droves like oxen, for which, judging from the toughness of the steaks, it might seem they are sometimes mistaken. When my facetious friend gravely asked the attendant if he had brought us the "buttock of a donkey?" I fully expected his grinning reply to be, "He am elegant mule, marm." The pigs are a different race from ours, a long-legged, sharp-snouted, race-horse breed; frisky too, and when young, the merriest little woolly-haired creatures that ever rejoiced in dirt and sunshine. They live at free quarters in the city, and have fine times of it in Broad Street, occupying themselves in rooting up the offal and running races with the dogs, during which pastime any two-legged occupants of the thoroughfare are in considerable danger, if the race-course chances to be between their legs.

The buildings on either side of Broad Street are by no means in keeping with the magnitude of the street itself; they are mostly small, irregular erections of wood, the stores being chiefly pork shops, groceries, and drinking bars. A mile and a half apart, and occupying the central portion of the street, are two market houses; others, which are the private dwellings, all detached, with gardens around them. This forms the handsomest portion of Augusta. Across the river there is a small city named Hamburg, in

which is established one of the largest lager beer breweries in the country.

Augusta is thought to be a thriving town, and has a sort of reputation which it is difficult to account for. But this sort of fabulous repute is enjoyed by many persons and things in America. How it springs up, or why it fades so rapidly, would perplex a philosopher to discover. I imagine that Barnumism has a great deal to do with it. Barnum has dubbed himself "the prince of humbugs," and, like all princes or leaders, he has had his followers more or less successful in his line. I cannot account for the phenomenon in any other way.

A stranger arriving at any place within five hundred miles of this real nonentity, this unformed city, is immediately asked, "Have you been to Augusta, Georgia?"—"No, you have never heard of it." Then follows a flowery description which excites the imagination of the traveller, and induces him to visit "Augusta, Georgia" as one of the wonders of the world. "You are writing a work on the country, ma'am? You must not omit Augusta, Georgia." "What do you think of the society of our country?" "Ah, you ought to see the society in Augusta, Georgia." "Do you notice that very beautiful girl? Think her handsome? Well, she comes from Augusta, Georgia." And until you

have visited this celebrated city with the biggest street in the world and little else, you are crammed by almost every one you speak to about "Augusta, Georgia." But I am unable to say that I discovered anything more interesting in the city than I have notified above.

Augusta suffered less from the war malady than many other Southern cities, yet she was still very ailing and complaining. I begin to be strongly of opinion that it is almost as difficult for a Southerner to get through a sentence without saying, "before the war," as it is for a New Englander to begin one without saying "I guess." But whether I "guess" or "reckon" or "calculate" or "conclude," I certainly believe that the destitution, misery, poverty, and suffering that prevailed throughout the South at the time of my visit was very great. Tales of wretchedness and distress met one on every side. The Southerners seemed to cleave to the English much more than the Northerners, and only with a smile and sigh uttered the reproach, "Ah, you did not behave well to us!" which, on the whole, is somewhat just. Their hopes of assistance or acknowledgment were raised only to be blighted. Whereas there was and is a bitter, vindictive feeling towards us in the North, because sympathy was expressed for the South. They would say with a bitter chuckle, "Guess we'll lick you

English through creation for trying to help those cursed *seceshists.*" The sad story of their woes was generally the theme of the Southerners' conversation. Augusta, although laid out for such a magnificent future, is not likely ever to attain much greater proportions than those which she possesses at present. We had expected to find something infinitely more interesting and imposing in Augusta than we did, and consequently departed rather disappointed. A more extended sojourn in the country showed us, however, that this reaction was inevitable if we allowed ourselves to be at all excited or interested by the descriptions of the natives, and we found that the surest way to attain our object of seeing what was interesting and noteworthy was, to judge for ourselves as to our route and destination, regardless of any mirage, no matter how attractive, that might be conjured up by well meaning but imaginative friends, therefore, contrary to all precedent, and totally without recommendation, we resolved to entrust ourselves and our happiness to the Savannah River, and visit the city of that name at the mouth of it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

ALL that has ever been said or sung of the delights of sailing on a river, floating down the stream, gliding on the bosom of rippling waters, can never out-feature nor over-rate the pleasures of sailing on some of the American rivers, and the Savannah, in Georgia, is one of these. It is navigable from Savannah to Augusta, Georgia. It is not a wide river, but it winds and meanders in every graceful curve that fantastic Nature in her wildest moments could invent, running up and down and round about, rushing forward rapidly for fifty yards, and then turning coyly back, as if loth to leave such pleasant nooks and shades.

The water is of a light yellow, the banks low and swampy, thickly covered with luxuriant verdure, and rich in forest trees. From the larger trees hangs the sweeping grey funeral

moss or lichen, the tilentia, called by the country people the "Death Moss," as much from its sombre appearance as from its growing in low unhealthy districts. It waves over the bosom of the stream like a pall or funeral drapery, but the green cane lent a brightness and cheerfulness to the landscape. On either side, the trees stretch themselves across the stream, as if anxious to twine their boughs overhead, and, with the exception of a few patches of corn, the whole length of the river is embowered in trees like a water avenue, their shadows being reflected in the water, as at the prettiest part of the Thames, near Richmond.

Many of the trees were leafless, it being winter, but the exquisite silver-grey colour of their branches almost atoned for the absence of foliage. Many of them were decorated with tufts of mistletoe, and I am sure I saw more of this much-esteemed parasite in my two days' journey on the Savannah, than I had seen in all the rest of my life. Garlanding from bough to bough, and perfuming the air with its delicious sweetness, the flowers of the yellow jessamine—the pride of these pristine woods—peered star-like everywhere. Sometimes the grouping in the woods, and the soft curves in the river equalled in graceful picturesqueness all that art and ingenuity has been able to achieve, even in

the landscape pictures of the Bois de Boulogne or the far-famed Virginia Water. The sky was more brilliant, and the air more soft and fragrant than either of the latter on their balmiest days.

Everything is estimated by contrast, and smoke-dried, miry-street-tramping people, rush out to Virginia Water, and believe it a paradise, while no one speaks of the beauties of the Savannah River, because there are *two hundred miles* of it. A gentleman of my acquaintance informed me he could not "stand two days of such monotonous beauty," and preferred to go by cars, where he would not be compelled to look at anything more interesting than their usual furniture—the stove and the water-tank.

Some of the landing places, where we took on board wood or cotton, were exceedingly picturesque, and generally situated on some abrupt eminence or "bluff" jutting into the river. A few scattered log-huts were sheltered by magnificent pines as straight as an arrow, and from sixty to a hundred feet in height. Wild duck and wild turkey abounded everywhere, and the river was full of shad and cat-fish. In many of the small inlets, trout was plentiful, not to mention alligators.

Fox-hunting, I am told, is a favourite sport, but I have never been fortunate enough either

to hear of, or see any meet; and I rather fancy that if there ever has been any foxhunting, it must have been "before the war," and I could almost believe that these handsome bloodhounds had been kept to hunt the niggers. The little creeks run far up the country, and are navigated by flat-bottomed canoes, propelled by paddles, which are like spades with long handles. They seem to serve a double purpose, viz., rowing, and baling out the water, for these "batteaux" (the old French name is retained) invariably leak. Our steamer carried the mail, and it was curious to observe the manner in which the almost solitary inhabitants of some of these lone forests would receive a letter—for one letter was usually the extent of the delivery. He looked at it attentively, handled it affectionately, passed it from hand to hand caressingly, as though it were a love token from his betrothed, and he wished to extract some of its sweetness before devouring it *en masse*.

As twilight fell we passed a party bivouacking in the open air. The women and children were seated round a large blazing fire and superintending some culinary operation, while the men were endeavouring to erect a sort of tent. We anchored for the night at a place which had modestly dubbed itself "Little Hell," in contradistinction, I presume, to a larger place of that

name. Owing to the number of sunken rocks in this part of the river, it is dangerous for vessels. It was a curious and novel sight after sundown to see the negroes light fires at short intervals along the river's brink, and load and unload the rude country waggons and the vessels, by the lurid glare of pine torches which they carried in their hands, and which made them look more like pantomimic demons than anything else. Indeed, the dark waving curtain-moss overhead, the lights dancing hither and thither through the forest, following the teams of waggons as they wended their way through the dense foliage, the music of the tree-frogs, and a rustic attempt at Pandean pipes (made of cane-stalks) gave the whole thing more the effect of a grand pantomime at Drury Lane than an ordinary incident of prosaic traffic. And as we stood and watched the strange scene, we half expected to see Harlequin and Columbine come floating in, touching the cotton-bales with their magic wands and turning them into boxes of babies, and the glossy Africans into snow-white lilies, or some such feat. Then again I thought "earth" is a purgatory undoubtedly! Is this, after all, Little Hell?

The curious little steamer upon which we made this voyage was called "The Swan." She bore no resemblance to that majestic bird in the

symmetry of her proportions, for she was a long flat boat, or barge, with a hurricane deck hoisted up on poles, and looking anything but solid or safe. Upon that the cabin was perched, and around it was a little balcony on which to sit and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of life—always provided you had no foolish fears of being tipped over into the water from the breaking of said poles, of being launched into the air by the bursting of the boiler, or that the engine—which keeps repeating in hoarse vulcanic roars, "Going, going, going, gone"—means that you and he are going to your last home, and that his next agonized puff will be the end. If you can disregard all these tokens, then I say you may travel very pleasantly.

To return to the "Swan;" she resembled her namesake in the cloud of white foam which she threw up from her stern wheel, and we enjoyed the sail as much as any swan ever appears to do. Our swan stopped frequently to take in a supply of down in the shape of cotton-bales. Then the clerk of the boat—always a very distinguished personage in America—made his appearance. This one was a tall, well-built young man, with dark flashing eyes, and a mass of black hair escaping from under a broad-brimmed Italian brigand hat; he wore a short black velvet coat, a scarlet necktie, and jack-boots reaching above

the knees. As he sprang from a ledge of rocks on to the paddle-box, he looked so exactly like Fra Diavolo when he appears over the rocks to the revellers, that I really expected the darkies to strike up "*Diavolo! Diavolo!*" and the "Swan" at least to respond "*Eccola* QUA QUA!"

As a rule, these river steamers do not hurry themselves, and the "Swan" formed no exception to it. She was therefore not patronised by many travellers. But the majority of American travellers seem to move about without any definite purpose. It is not for pleasure, for they studiously avoid it; still less for information, for most of them devote their whole time to grumbling, or reading the newspapers, both of which they might do equally well at home. They occupy their time with calculations as to when they shall arrive at their destination, and if they do enjoy any pleasure on their travels, it must be in the anticipation of the happy moment when the journey will be ended, for any unforeseen delay always seems to make them exceedingly miserable. They are in haste to get to the dining-room to take a discontented meal, after which they rush out as fast as possible, only to discover by studying the regulations when the next will be. Paying their bills, I believe, they *do* enjoy thoroughly. I have watched a man tra-

velling with a large family, who never appeared in a pleasant frame of mind except when he stood with his hands in his pockets preparing for a fresh start, and paying out money on all sides.

At none of the landings where we stopped was there a wharf. The "Swan" had to run alongside as close as she could, and a gangway was run out. At one place it took fully twenty minutes to get this gangway settled. The negroes had scarcely got half a dozen bales of cotton over it, when it slipped into the water again, amidst a terrible hullabaloo from the negroes, who yelled in despair, but did not attempt to stop it. Although the water at the edge was only about a yard deep, the captain was compelled to urge them in very vociferous, and not very euphonious language, before they could be induced to get the end of the plank on shore. Finally they succeeded in getting their end so far, that a number of other negroes, who were about starting from the deck of the steamer, went straight into deep water. They seemed, however, to swim or float like porpoises, and were none the worse for their ducking, though the captain declared, in great disgust, that he could get more work done from three pairs of sailor-like hands than from a dozen negroes.

CHAPTER X.

THE CITY OF CAMELIAS.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, is as remarkable for the beauty, as for the badness of its streets. As is usual, they cross one another at right angles, are immensely wide, and are planted with magnificent trees—the evergreen oak, magnolia, and others. Broad Street, in particular, has a double avenue of splendid trees, which gives it a quiet, retired character, and makes it a pleasant and shady promenade even on the hottest days in summer, while in winter, the unfading foliage contributes wonderfully to the cheerful appearance of the city. Broad Street extends from one end of the town to the other, and where the side streets cross it the trees form a handsome square, which is railed in from the thoroughfare. The magnolia, cedar, and camelia, with many other beautiful trees and shrubs, bloom there perfectly

in the open air, and surround the private houses, which are nearly all detached.

Flowers, however, (as in most other places in America) are but little cultivated, or Savannah, with its profusely blossoming camelia japonica, might be much more beautiful than it is. The badness of the streets consists in the want of pavement, the roadways being left in their original loose, sandy state, and the footpaths bricked or planked, the roadway being left to itself.

Savannah is built on a plain of sand, or rather of very fine dust. Not a stone is to be seen there, nor indeed for miles round, and even the bricks are brought from Philadelphia. Vehicles passing along the streets—sinking sometimes up to the axletrees in sand—make very little noise, and the quiet which therefore reigns in the town harmonizes well with its cool shady streets. Of all the towns we had yet visited, the streets of Savannah pleased us the most. It possesses little in the way of handsome buildings or monuments, excepting a noteworthy one in the square, the statue of General Palaski, who, like many other of Poland's sons, died fighting bravely in a foreign land.

Savannah had, when I first visited it, neither street-cars nor regular hacks, but a few very ancient vehicles might be persuaded, under

pressure of a five-dollar bill, to emerge from their seclusion and draw you laboriously through the sand. They were, however, rarely troubled, for when people had not "buggies" they waded along on foot. But a change has occurred in Savannah in this respect, and I found when I was last there, that pleasant hacks might be hired for the small charge of fifty cents per hour. There is another institution which Savannah does not recognise, and that is the postman. As in Charleston, his "rat-tat" is never heard there—a great luxury to those who have suffered from its too incessant repetition in London. Most of the citizens have private boxes at the post-office, and when they have an inspiration, or dream, perhaps, that letters are awaiting them there, *they send for them.*

Quiet and peaceful as Savannah looked, it yet had its troubles; the cry heard in all Southern cities was rife there, viz., the injustice of the North, and there were lamentations over the hardships and suffering which had fallen upon the too frequently innocent victims. The United States government was deaf to all complaints, and refused to redress any grievances inflicted by Northern troops on Southern people, for no other reason than that they had the misfortune to be residing in that part of the country which was in rebellion. When Northern generals

entered a city, they not unfrequently ordered out the only inmates, women and children, who had thus to seek protection elsewhere, to live in the forest, or upon the charity of some one a little less unfortunate than themselves. Almost in every house in Savannah, might be seen a box or barrel full of Confederate bank notes, representing the former fortune of the possessors, but then of no value except for lighting fires—indeed not so much, in a place where pine wood supplies the kindling material, which lights as easily and burns as rapidly as paper.

The first result of the entrance of a Northern army into a city, was, that each family found itself without any servants, and was compelled to set to work and do its own cooking, washing, scrubbing, and ironing. This may not seem such a very dreadful hardship, but to people who had been served by slaves all their lives it was no ordinary trial at first, however salutary it might have proved in the long run. But the greatest evils of that period fell upon the negroes themselves. Bewildered and dazzled by the idea of freedom, and having no notion of it other than that it guaranteed them board, lodging, and clothing, they spread themselves over the face of the country in search of this "El Dorado," and perished by the wayside and in the swamps by hundreds and thousands!! Some returned

to their former homes, and, as may be easily imagined, were not received with much kindness. Others, as I have said, succeeded in joining the Federal army, without very much bettering their condition.

The decrease in the coloured population from the emancipation at the close of the war up to 1866, was estimated at *a million*—statistics fearfully suggestive of misery and privation. The mortality among the children and aged persons was especially very great. The able-bodied men who joined the Federal army were drilled and organised into regiments, commanded by white officers. Jacksonville, on the St. John's river, was the first town occupied by these troops under General Higginson, but there was no fighting for them, the town having surrendered. It is said that on the Mississippi they fought well, but of their bravery I should have considerable doubt, or of that of any other troops whose officers had to stand and cut them down, or run them through when they retreated or refused to advance. With a battery behind and a battery in front—to take which was their only safety—one would think any soldiers would advance rather than mutiny; for the latter more spirit and independence of thought was required than these emancipated slaves possessed.

One of the most cruel and unnecessary inci-

dents of the war was related to me in Savannah. After the occupation of the town by the Northern troops, they commenced throwing up fortifications, and for this purpose most wantonly invaded the cemetery, which in this country resembles and is held in the same regard as in France—the inhabitants making it a continual resort, and decorating the graves at stated periods. In digging the trenches and throwing up earthworks, the dead were necessarily dislodged from their graves, and cast up, some coffinless, in various states of decomposition. The inhabitants heard with horror of this desecration of their dead, and rushed out in frantic excitement either to stop so unnatural a proceeding, or to take their dead again under their own care; and the latter they were obliged to do, for the soldiers were inexorable. The afflicted relatives collected the remains of those so dear to them—mothers, fathers, and children, who had been buried for years. The coffins in the vaults were more accessible and easily removed, but for several days, the greater part of the women of Savannah were employed in carrying away the dead bodies of their relatives to some safer refuge. So few male inhabitants were left in the town that it was difficult to obtain a *man* to assist in this arduous labour. Some ladies told me, that with only the assistance of an aged

negro, they had moved with their own hands, and conveyed to the cellar under their house, the corpses of their father, and the husband and child of one of them. More than a week passed before they could find a suitable place in which to lay their dead. Anything more irritating to American people could scarcely have been devised, than this unprovoked and unnecessary desecration of their cemetery.

Although Savannah is not the capital of the State, it decidedly ought to be from its situation and commercial importance. Situated on the beautiful Savannah River, and only fifteen miles from the sea, it was fast becoming the most important town on the seaboard of the South, and though it did not then compete with New Orleans as a cotton market, yet in wealth and activity it had surpassed its larger and prouder neighbour, Charleston. Cotton continued to be the staple commodity of trade, in spite of the difficulty which the planter experienced in getting negro labour, and notwithstanding the relinquishment of his former enormous profits and the obligatory abandonment of his Grand Seigneurism.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SAVANNAH TO FERNANDINA.

WE left Savannah by the "Betsy Baker," a sort of cross between a river and sea boat. We chose the "inner passage"—the name given to a series of rivulets and lagoons skirting the coast for twenty miles, and joining the sea near the mouth of the St. John's River. The "Betsy Baker" stopped at all the small towns and hamlets on the coast until we reached Fernandina, but that being one continuous marsh or bog, with here and there a clump of evergreen oaks garnished with pendent moss, presented little that was interesting. Once or twice we ran on a sand-bank, and there remained until the tide washed us off. Now and then we passed a fort in a state of dilapidation, and not unfrequently there rose above the brushwood "Sherman's sentinels," viz., gaunt staring chimneys standing alone,

attesting witnesses of the destruction of the rest of the building.

We reached Fernandina in about twenty-four hours, and then came to a dead stop—a misty rain or fog, which had followed us for some distance, becoming so dense that it was considered dangerous to cross the bar that night. So we were obliged to wait for the next day's tide, the captain not daring to attempt the passage owing to the impossibility of seeing the buoys. A large party of Northerners—out on a pleasure, health excursion to Florida—looked upon this as nothing less than a calamity. They had set out intending to tear through the country as fast as steam would carry them, and having reached their destination, to face about and rush back again as quickly as possible. Therefore, to lose twenty-four hours by the way without puffing and steaming—even though it was to breathe the soft sweet atmosphere of Fernandina—in no way suited their taste. Some of them declared that it was an unendurable vexation which they could not and would not bear. However, they had to try, for Fernandina is an island, or rather, is situated on the ancient Spanish settlement of Amelia.

When the next day dawned there was still a heavy fog, which lasted just long enough to prevent us from catching the tide, and so doomed

us all to another twenty-four hours waiting. Of all trying things, to remain in a state of waiting is the most exasperating, and our fellow-passengers seemed to think so. It was vain to tell them they might walk on shore and amuse themselves; that there was an hotel at which they might pay four dollars a day for the privilege of living upon nothing, if they preferred it to living free of expense, as they were doing on board. But this paying of four dollars a day—the principal joy of New Yorkers—seemed to have lost its attraction. In vain also was it to speak of lovely drives among wild roses and jessamine, or of one of the most beautiful beaches in the world—fine hard dry sand—on which they might drive for thirty miles. In vain to point out the interesting fortifications called Fort Clinch, all in a perfect state of preservation, as the fort was taken by *ruse*, rather than by assault, and in the following manner :—

The Federal fleet was lying down the river watching vainly for an opportunity of attacking this formidable fortress, which was bristling with cannon and filled with men. At last a *ruse* was planned. A small cutter belonging to a gunboat contrived to lie *perdu* for awhile, in one of the wooded coves or creeks which abound here. Suddenly she starts forth, is immediately discovered by the fleet, and every boat gives chase

to her, for she carries the Confederate flag. She plies every oar and strains every nerve, apparently making for the fort for refuge. The Confederates seeing their own flag chased, watch the race with intense interest. Thick and fast around the fugitive fall the Federal shot without ever striking her, the pursuers all the time keeping so close in her wake that the Confederates, though waiting eagerly, find no opportunity of firing without risk of injuring what they take for one of their own boats, but which seems to bear a charmed life. The chase grows closer and more exciting; every eye is watching eagerly the fate of the hard-pressed little craft, when in an instant, and within reach of a safe harbour, she suddenly tears down her flag, and with her companions, pours volley after volley into the unsuspecting fort, which, thus taken by surprise, was unable to prevent a landing. Before any rally could be made, the gunboats had steamed up, and the surrender of the fort became imperative.

To return to the "Betsy Baker," the impatience and vexation of our Northern passengers rendered them proof against all the delights which were offered them, as a set-off for the want of those which they had been looking forward to. Even the delight of riding in an ambulance drawn by six mules, and with an

escort of cavalry—politely offered to us by the officers of the fort—they were indifferent to, as well as to the shooting of a pelican for us that day off Cumberland Island, the burial place of "Light Horse Harry Lee."

Pelicans are plentiful in these parts. They are enormous creatures, measuring eight feet from wing to wing. They have a large leather bag beneath the bill, and a long spade-like beak, which gives them a very ugly appearance when flying, but when skimming along the water, with beak pressed in, the pelican looks like a miniature Roman galley proudly breasting the waves. I wished for their quills very much, yet felt remorse when I saw the great handsome creature prostrated by a shot. Gulls of various descriptions abound, also wild fowl, on the swampy banks of the river.

When the fog at last cleared off, and the sun came out, it was as hot as any July day I have ever felt in England, and this in the middle of March. Strawberries were ripe where they had received the slightest attention, peas were fully grown, and the wild, vine-like raspberry made the parterre gay with flowers resembling our English dog-rose, but having a delicious perfume. There was a general air of indolence and carelessness about the place, and we only saw one garden in which the rose seemed under cul-

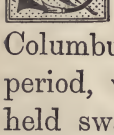
tivation. Fences were broken and ragged, and houses out of repair. Squalor, dirt, and negroes, form apparently a natural sequence, and whatever hope of amelioration there might have been "before the war," all chance of improving his condition died away when the negro became his own master. There were at Fernandina some of that class of Northerners who, in contradistinction to pressing the negro below the level of a domestic animal, seek to elevate him above, and cause him to assume a superiority over the white man. This arises from sheer perversity or fanaticism, but as a natural consequence of it, the negro has become so elated and unmanageable, that he is of little use to himself or to anybody else. Violent changes are invariably hazardous, and nothing can exemplify it better than the state of affairs produced by the late war in this country.

A negro woman coming to ask me for my washing, after establishing herself in the most comfortable chair in the room, and beckoning to a friend who accompanied her to walk in and make herself at home also, inquired first if I was acquainted with a "coloured gentleman," a friend of hers, for whom she had been in the habit of washing so well that he would guarantee her the best laundress in the State. I felt inclined to inquire, in my turn, if her friend was

"fast colour." But she proceeded to say that if the linen was not very large she would do it for the small price of six shillings (sterling) per dozen. Only sixpence for a single pocket-handkerchief or pair of cuffs!

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAND OF ETERNAL YOUTH.



T. AUGUSTINE, Florida, is the oldest town of the United States. Ponce de Leon, one of the companions of Columbus, discovered Florida in 1512. At that period, when the love of the marvellous still held sway, equally over the lettered and unlettered mind, the story was rife, that away to the north there lay an Elysian land, teeming with fruits and flowers, and possessing a river whose waters conferred perpetual youth and beauty on all who bathed in or drank of them. Inspired by this brilliant legend, and hoping to make a discovery far more important than that of Columbus, Ponce de Leon set sail from Porto Rico, and landed at Florida near the present site of the town of St. Augustine. It was early in April, when nature decks Florida in all the beauty of Paradise. No wonder that De Leon

believed the fable of the promised Elysium was realized at last, as he gazed on this lovely land, bathed in clear and balmy light, redolent with the odour of fruits and flowers.

In Florida, not only do the flowers, and shrubs, and undergrowth display millions of blossoms of beauty, but the very forest trees fill the air with the fragrance of their pyramids of flowers. Palmettos spread their fan-like leaves to waft the breeze; the date-palm waves its majestic plumes in the translucent air, while the feathery acacia and chaporell tremble to the gentle kiss of wooing zephyrs. Such is Florida in April. Later in the season the glossy leaves of the magnolia reflect the glowing sunshine, whose rays add yet a deeper tint to the radiant scarlet of the pomegranate and golden hue of the oranges, hanging in tempting clusters among their fresh green foliage.

On the placid waters of the thousand and one lakes of Florida, lilies lie in all their grace and purity, cushioned on velvet leaves, or dance in the air, tightly suspended on their spiral stems, or humbly hide in the mossy nooks and fairy dells. Sometimes the Fleur de Lis of France clothes the "hummock" lands in royal purple, or the gorgeous scarlet trumpet lily decks them in dazzling beauty; putting to shame "Solomon in all his glory." Not only the lily blooms wild per-

ennially in this land of Ponce de Leon, but the eglantine, the rose, verbena, and jessamine mingle there their fragrance and foliage; while round every projecting rugged trunk that needs a shade, the vine twines its delicate tendrils.

Through the "pine barrens" sighs the "best-loved west wind," with a sweet and hallowed tone, like the voices of our loved and lost ones whispering to us from the spirit-land. The red-bird radiates prisms of light from his flaming wings, and when the heavens—always blue—are spangled with the stars of night, showers of fire-flies fill the air, like brilliant messengers of heaven, floating and skimming on the vast expanse of the ethereal vault. If they are not fairies Ponce de Leon might have taken them for such, illuminating the orange-groves, lighting up the dark cypress and the ancient cedars, hung with sepulchral moss, while wood nymphs and forest sprites were holding high carnival.

All this, and more than this of beauty, that pen fails to describe, Ponce de Leon must have beheld when he landed in Florida in April. And he might easily have pictured, in the almost lake-like waters of the St. John's river, the realization of his day-dream. Smooth and silvery it flows through a bankless expanse of luxuriant foliage, draped with "lace-like moss" on ever-green oaks and lined with alternate pine and

orange-trees. Now it spreads out into a wide and placid lake, where the lonely pelican floats at stately leisure; now it narrows to the limits of a shady stream, mirroring in its clear depths every leaf and spray; while here and there the pink crane, in solemn meditation, stands on the brink of the soft, sweet waters.

Ponce de Leon might well have mistaken them for the elixir-bearing flood. Perhaps he drank of them by the quart, in true American fashion; though, alas! he imbibed with them neither youth nor beauty; but only became like the Americans of to-day, very considerably yellower. And indeed, quarts of ice water in conjunction with pounds of steaming hot bread would destroy the beauty of Venus herself. Awaking from his dream, and finding the native Indians fierce and implacable, Ponce de Leon became disgusted with his paradise, and returned to Spain "a sadder, and probably a wiser man." Nevertheless, similar hopes and aspirations continued to be indulged in by more than one of his contemporaries.

The first permanent settlement was effected by the French, in the reign of Charles IX., during the Coligny troubles and after the Saint Bartholomew tragedy. The Huguenots, who then obtained permission to exile themselves to America, are still traceable in some of the

Southern states. These southern states, by the way, in their own hour of discord and disunion, instead of allowing those who dissented from their opinion to retire, endeavoured by pains and penalties to force them into adhesion to the newly-established order of affairs; so true is it that those who have suffered from oppression themselves, are none the less ready to oppress others.

The French had scarcely begun to enjoy the results of their freedom, when Menendez, the Spanish commander, arrived from Spain, with power to take possession of Florida and govern it in his king's name. He surprised the Huguenots by night, during a heavy thunderstorm, and butchered them almost to a man. The few who escaped into the woods were soon induced by famine to surrender. They were then allowed to choose between the renunciation of their faith or death. Unanimously they chose the latter, and were accordingly murdered in cold blood; "Dying as their fathers died, for the faith their foes denied."

This took place at Saint Augustine, on the east coast of Florida, and the blood spilt at its baptism seems to have flowed freely within and around its walls and towers for three centuries of its history. Often it has suffered greatly from the ravages of fire, sword, and famine;

and its inhabitants have acknowledged more foreign rulers and foreign flags than those of any other city in America. Its present occupants bear traces of this, and, indeed, in coming to any ethnological or moral conclusion as to Americans or their character, it is essential to bear in mind the various causes which have contributed to the peopling of this vast and magnificent country.

America is not a country that has been overrun and conquered by a stronger people; the native Indians have *retired* before the white man, leaving hardly a trace behind them. From the earliest date we find it the sanctuary of brave men driven from their homes by persecution, as the Huguenots, whose brethren had sealed their belief with their hearts' blood, and who themselves, the first settlers at St. Augustine, were doomed to be the victims of another St. Bartholomew, in which three or four hundred heroic pioneers were to fall. Persecution—both religious and political—has tended more than any other cause, to establish this great nation. The pilgrim fathers would never have sought the wild New England shore; the gallant cavalier, South Carolina and Virginia, or the Irish and Germans have found their way to the prairies of the west, but for political persecution at home.

The penal laws against the Irish in the last century and the beginning of this have been a prolific cause of emigration, and have done more than anything to depopulate Ireland and colonize western America. Where a man lives under a ban for his religious or political opinions, when hope drops her wings and lies fainting under the spurning foot of persecution, then the human heart casts about in search of a spot where it may be free: free to expand and glory in its thoughts and aspirations, and to worship as it sees fit in a temple or on a mountain top. Such a spot was found in the benignant continent of America, with her fair wide bosom open to take in all who mourned or were afflicted, to gather them into her genial embrace, and make them welcome to her spacious fold. The persecuted patriot who had sought to stem the tide of tyranny and usurpation; the religious enthusiast, who had braved faggot and instrument of torture for a conscientious principle of faith, and bid defiance to inquisitors and hell's power to pain; the woe-begone Irish mother with her brood of starvelings; the sullen father with spirit nigh crushed into bitterness and evil from the long borne burden of his wrongs, have all come trooping with eager footstep to the "Land of the Free;" the land of corn, and fruits, and flowers; the land of every

clime, of every sky, and every temperature for every race.

God's mercy goeth not out of reach and His dew falls on the fevered eyelids of those who weep. Beautiful, generous land! offering to man every gift that man's heart can rightly desire! Surely Ponce de Leon might have been contented with his share in its discovery! Such, however, is human nature: he had set *his* heart upon a particular object, viz., youth and beauty *à perpétuité*, and not realizing that, all the rest availed not to satisfy his cravings.

The same thing happens to this day on the same spot. There where the sweet and the bitter orange still abound; where fig, peach, lemon, and pomegranate refresh the eye and cool the palate, northern travellers grumble every day because they cannot procure dirty *tap water* iced. Drinking ice-water is an American mania, an anti-hydrophobia sort of disease, and it is quite probable that if there is not a good supply of ice-water in heaven, they will all petition St. Peter to be allowed to return to New York. Because Wenham lake ice cannot be "raised" in Florida, they repine, and disregard all those adjuncts which go to make life enjoyable, and in which Florida abounds to a greater degree than any climate I have yet visited.

In 1580 St. Augustine was attacked by Sir Francis Drake, but without success. About this period also the Franciscan missionaries came to Florida, for the purpose of Christianizing the natives. They settled in St. Augustine, where they built their first church. The burying-ground still exists, and many of the old Spanish tombs remain almost perfect. It is a most interesting place to visit. The tombs are constructed of the *Coquina* stone or shell, and bear a strong resemblance to some of the Egyptian sarcophagi, or stone coffins.

The Franciscans were indefatigable in their endeavours to civilize the Indians; but there seems to be something in the nature of the red man incompatible with either Christianity or civilization. After three centuries of missionary effort, the Indian tribes remain as wild and primitive as the trees of their own forests. Padre Corpa, the foremost of the missionary band, rejoiced in the conversion of one of the chiefs with all his tribe; but venturing to lecture his new convert upon the unchristian number of his wives, his doom was sealed. He was barbarously murdered at the foot of the altar, as he was preparing to celebrate mass. The devoted padre stipulated only for sufficient time to perform the service, and whilst he prayed for their forgiveness for the last time, his execu-

tioners lay around, gloating over their prey like famished wolves and glaring upon him with savage hyena eyes. No sooner was the service concluded and he turned to give them his benediction, than they rushed upon him and tore him limb from limb. The missionaries, however, were not discouraged; they steadily pursued their sacred calling, and built over twenty churches and mission-houses through Florida.

The castle or fort at St. Augustine, the most picturesque building in the town, was erected in 1620, principally by the forced labour of the Indians, who for sixty years were compelled to work as servants to the Spaniards. This is more than the Americans have ever been able to make them do even for themselves. The Indians consider it an indignity to labour, and to the present day no argument, persuasive or forcible, has had the effect of inducing them to live otherwise than in the complete simplicity of unsophisticated nature. They will neither construct dwellings nor provide for the future. They will live upon the produce of the land as provided by nature, and upon the animals which come within their power to destroy for food. But they have an utter aversion to anything which we call improvement and cultivation, and when pressed, they only retire farther back into their fastnesses.

In 1681 the famous "Friend," William Penn, obtained from Charles II., of England, a grant of land in Florida, which he strove to colonize; it is to be hoped, from his character and principles, by other means than fire and sword, like most of the colonizers of the period. St. Augustine was visited by a famine in 1712, owing to the non-arrival of the ships from Spain with the usual supplies, upon which the inhabitants depended for their support. So that after one hundred years of settlement, the Floridans were still unable to obtain for themselves the necessaries of life in a land abounding in fish, fowl, game, fruit, and vegetables! Stranger still, even at the present time, a century and a half later, almost *everything* is supplied from the north, and northern energy and capital help to furnish much that is produced on the spot.

Spaniards were never good colonizers, and rarely did more than simply stagnate upon the countries they had conquered. This *dolce far niente* system still prevails at St. Augustine; for instance, the orange-groves having once been destroyed by an accidental frost, the Augustinians have considered that a sufficient reason for never planting or grafting any more.

During the eighteenth century, General Oglethorpe (Dr. Johnson's friend) twice attacked them in great force, and was repulsed. In 1763

it was ceded to the British, and it is only just to say that Florida prospered more in the succeeding twenty years of British rule than she had done in the two hundred years of their predecessors'; the exports of indigo and turpentine rising from almost nil to forty and fifty thousand pounds yearly.

1784 saw this province of Florida, in pursuance of a treaty, given back to Spain. The country was then harassed by the Americans, who were yearning for more territory, when, in 1812, the King of Spain, coming to the sage conclusion that the colony cost him more than it was worth, sold it to the United States for so many dollars.

St. Augustine is by far the most interesting town in Florida; to the moralist from its many and varied vicissitudes; to the antiquary from the old customs and characteristics of Spain that still linger there; from its narrow streets, projecting balconies, verandahs, and ancient porticoes. There is also the old Catholic Cathedral, with its quaint Moorish belfry, and a chime of bells which, if played as in ancient days, would produce melodious sounds enough; but now the frequent call to prayer is produced by the bells being *rattled* with a *stick*.

On Sunday the Episcopalians, who have a pretty little semi-Gothic, semi-gingerbread church

on the opposite side of the square, are at a certain time brought to a summary standstill in their devotions. The minister has usually arrived at the peroration of his sermon when the rub-a-dub-dub commences in the cathedral; the congregation cannot hear another syllable to save their souls, and the ringing or rattling continues often for half an hour.

The fort is of course the chief object of interest in St. Augustine, and there is not a more picturesque spot anywhere, especially by moonlight. As of Melrose, it may be said, "Who would see Fort Marion right, should view it by the fair moonlight." Few places are more mysteriously romantic. The fort was designed to command both land and sea, and has round towers at each corner of the ramparts, where cannon are mounted. The fort is built entirely of the Coguina stone—in itself a geological marvel. It is a concrete of small shells which centuries have massed together so as to form a hard rock, but with each shell perfectly visible and distinct, and sometimes as complete as though they had been glued together but yesterday. The whole castle resembles in material one of those toy shell castles which we purchase for children at sea-ports.

Within the fort are shown chambers without light or fresh air, which are said to have been

used by the Spanish Inquisition, from the fact of a skeleton in chains having been very recently found in one of them. It might have been that of one of the unfortunate Huguenots who escaped the massacre of Menendez only to meet a more agonizing death, for there is no record of any other religious persecution. The chambers have the usual appearance of the vaulted alcoves formed inside fortifications of this period. One of them has evidently been a chapel, for there is the altar-stone still in good preservation, and the holy water vessel, which at the present time is used for culinary purposes. Round the fort is a moat, which can easily be filled from the sea, and a drawbridge and portcullis. This moat is enclosed by a broad wall, which forms a delightful promenade, being always swept by a pleasant sea breeze.

The frowning battlements and picturesque Moorish towers, whence we expect to see emerge the stately dark-eyed Spaniard of Rembrandtish outline; the little chapel where the brown-cowled Franciscan told his beads, regardless of the shrieks of his heretical victims in the adjacent vaults, gave to this castle an air of mystery and romance possessed by no other place in America. Visitors linger in wonderment over the narrow window so high up in the stone vault, from which the wild and romantic Indian chief, Coa-

couchee—whose history is full of poetry, marvel, and pathos—made his daring escape.

Scarcely had St. Augustine been ceded to the United States in 1821, when difficulties arose with the tribe of Indians called Seminoles. The Spaniards and English had lived on amiable terms with the Indians of this tribe, and had allowed them to retain peaceable possession of the best "hummock" lands for their villages. But the number of new settlers from the United States interfered with the savage life of the Indians, who had no idea of being driven out of their forests and swamps, hunting-grounds, fishing rivers, and lakes, in order that the newcomers might grow corn and cotton! Hence feuds arose, which did not end in mere solitary murder and massacre, but brought about the Floridan war, which raged round St. Augustine for five or six years. Treaties were made to confine the wild man within certain limits and boundaries. But the Indian—having ever considered this beautiful country as specially made for *his* benefit by the *Great Spirit*—could never be induced to define any limits or bounds for his rovings, and was very apt to help himself to any crops or produce found ready to his hand. In fact, the problem of the wild and civilized man existing together had to be solved, and the solution could be but one, viz., the disappearance of the former.

Coacouchee, the chief of the Seminoles, had come under a flag of truce to entertain what was called a "talk," or negotiation, but was seized and confined as a prisoner in the stone chamber, whence he made his wonderfully daring escape through a loop-hole, dropping himself some fifty feet.

Nothing can justify bad faith towards any people, but policy and necessity were the excuses set forth for this unjust detention of an ambassador, this violation of the sacred rights of the flag of truce.

The United States had been at war five or six years without making any permanent conquest of this handful of men—the tribe of the Seminoles. It was like warring against the wind: scoured from the land, they sheltered in the trees; swept from the forest, they were heard howling in the cypress swamp; driven to bay, they could swim the river, or paddle their bark canoes across and back like a fox doubling—an army would have to seek a ford, or construct a pontoon bridge. Their unerring shots whistled through the pine branches, and their spears, like the tongues of snakes, hissed through the *hummocks*. There seemed no probability of vanquishing them by fair and honest warfare! A pitched battle was a farce. There was no enemy to be seen after the first round. It resembled

a game of "Mother Bunch," who thinks to drive all her chickens before her, whilst they are all scattered around. Hence treachery as base as their own was had recourse to, and they were finally partly forced, partly trepanned, partly cajoled into going far west, and settling upon the hunting grounds of Arkansas.

As recently as 1836, St. Augustine was kept in trepidation by the inroads of the Indians on various plantations in the environs. The State negroes carried off crops and perpetrated sundry atrocities, in a similar fashion to the Indians of the west at this very day. But in regard to the enormity of these crimes, we should never lose sight of the peculiar position of the red and the white man. The one is the natural inhabitant of the soil, living upon it as his birthright, and, as he believes, by special dispensation of the Great Spirit, using all his gifts for his own benefit and that of his family. The white man he regards as an intruder and encroacher, and the destroyer of his only means of life.

There is far more poetry about the red man than the black. Novelists have done much to idealize him, to associate him intimately with the idea of the dark pine forest and luxuriant *hummock*. Agile, daring, and graceful, decked with the most brilliant trophies of bird, beast, and fish, he could well become the hero of a

theme for poets to sing, or for novelists who write wild stories of the flood and field. So well does he seem adapted to the country, and the country to him, that even at the present day one expects every moment, when traversing the vast and lonely glades of pine, or sailing on the smooth bosom of the St. John's river, to espy his heron-plumed head peering through the branches, to see the brushwood and undergrowth crushing under his agile spring, or to hear his war-whoop echoing through the oak thickets.

The story of Coacouchee, as detailed by General Sprague, in his history of the Floridan war, is full of interest and poetry.

He was the son of a great chief, called King Philip; he was thus an hereditary chief, and besides, possessed, in his own person, all the requisites and qualifications of a great Indian leader. Shrewd, daring, active, and enduring, he was enabled to exercise a commanding sway over his tribe, and he even appears to have won in some degree the respect of his enemies. War to him was a pastime, and he delighted in the excitement of it, as a hunter in the pursuit of game. Often when pursued into a deep swamp, he would turn and jeer his pursuers, who were floundering with their arms and accoutrements in the mud and water, which

his own lithe figure had skimmed easily through. He was fleet as a deer, and as strong and fierce as a wolf. He was about twenty-eight years of age, slight in person, above the middle height, and with a countenance bright, playful, intelligent, and attractive. After many hair-breadth escapes and wonderful feats, he was taken in the manner described, and confined in the fort, whence, as related, he effected his escape, and after that succeeded in giving his captors a good deal of trouble.

When he was again captured and brought into camp, he was informed that he would be restored to liberty only on his consenting to emigrate with the whole of his tribe to Arkansas, that he must send for his family and all his warriors, and that they would be conveyed on shipboard with him. Iron manacles were placed on him, to impress him with the futility of any attempt to escape, and to urge him to influence his own and other tribes to depart. For a time these irons seemed to eat into the very soul of the warrior, and deprive him of all spirit.

His haggard and ghastly countenance bespoke the secret suffering of the wild animal caught in a trap, for to be chained is the deepest degradation which can befall the free limbs of an Indian. Death in the field would be regarded

as a boon in comparison. However, by judicious advice and argument, he was finally brought to understand that his future in Arkansas would be one of freedom, and even more brilliant than in Florida, and that as his own destiny was inevitable, it was his duty to encourage the other chiefs and tribes to join him.

In these views he at length coincided, and messengers were sent, bearing his authority, to bring in the other chiefs, the women and children. He divested himself of his last garment, and sent it to his brother, with an earnest entreaty to yield himself up, and spare him any longer the degradation of his chains. The persuasiveness of this appeal could not be resisted, and the greater part of his people came in. The meeting between the tribe and their chief was touching in the extreme.

His irons were struck off, and he was once more a free man. A vessel was lying in Zampa Bay, ready to bear him to his new home in Arkansas. When on board, he stood in the gangway gazing intently and with lingering regret on the beloved land his foot might never more press—the land of his birth, the haunt of his childhood, the grave of his fathers. As the vessel heaved anchor, and put to sea, two large tears filled his dark eyes, and rolled down his bronzed cheeks. "I have taken farewell,"

he exclaimed, "of the last tree of my *own land!*"

The existence of a Great Spirit was acknowledged by Coacouchee, as by all Indians, and honoured most devoutly by festivals, games, dances, &c. To this Great Spirit they believed themselves accountable for their acts.

Coacouchee's dream, as related to General Sprague, is full of the highest sentiment of poetry and spiritualized love and tenderness, which proves that the Indian, with all his ferocity, has yet the soul for chivalry which has made him the hero of song and story. The Indians are very different from the black race, who are neither graceful, symmetrical, handsome, nor modest, and lack all that picturesque and simple dignity which distinguishes the Indian chief.

Coacouchee's story ran thus:

"The day and manner of my death," he said, "are given out, so that whatever I encounter I fear nothing. The spirits of the Seminoles protect me, and the spirit of my twin sister, who died many years ago, watches over me. When I am laid in the earth, I shall go to live with her. She died suddenly; I was out on a bear-hunt, and when seated by my camp-fire alone, I heard a strange noise, a voice that told me to go to her. The camp was a long way off,

but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy; the wolves howled about me. As I went from hummock to hummock, sounds came often to my ear, and I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached the camp. She was dead! I sat down alone, and in the long grey moss which hangs from the trees, I heard strange sounds again. I felt myself moving, and went above into a new country, where all was bright and beautiful. I saw clear water-ponds, rivers, and prairies, upon which the sun never set. All was green; the grass grew high, and the deer stood in the midst looking at me. Then I saw a small white cloud approaching, and when just before me, out from it came my twin sister, dressed in white, and covered with bright silver ornaments, while her long black hair, which I had so often braided, fell down her back. She clasped me round the neck and said, 'Coacouchee! Coacouchee!' I shook with fear. I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads, in the other she held a cup sparkling with pure water. As I drank, she sang the peace-song of the Seminoles, and danced round me. She had silver bells on her feet, which made a loud, sweet noise. Taking something from her bosom, she laid it before me, when a bright blaze streamed above us.

She took me by the hand, and said, 'All here is peace.' I wanted to ask about others, but she shook her head, stepped into the cloud, and was gone. All was silent; I felt myself sinking, until I reached the earth, when I met my brother, Chilka; he had been alarmed at my absence, and was seeking me."

Coacouchee firmly believed in the reality of this vision.

His subsequent history was not unworthy of his previous career. The same officer who had struck off his chains in Zampa Bay, and seen him safely landed at his new home in Arkansas, chanced in the course of his duty, years afterwards, to be quartered upon the Mexican frontier. One morning, happening to look out from his tent at daybreak, he was astonished, and somewhat alarmed, to see a cloud in the distance, which looked like a body of armed men. The sun's first rays caught the glitter of steel. Summoning his orderly, the officer rode to the crest of a hill, in order to obtain a better view of the enemy, if enemy it was. Here he saw a single horseman advancing with a white flag. He stated that his commander wished for an interview with the general. Presently who should ride up but the Indian warrior, Coacouchee. He was partly, and only partly, transformed into a Mexican officer. He had

donned a plumed hat and military full-dress long-tailed coat, with sword and epaulettes. Then he considered he had condescended far enough to civilization, for the rest of his person was still in the natural state of the red Indian.

Poor Coacouchee! as Burns said of Cutty Sark's garment—

> "Though in longitude 'twas sorely scanty
> It was his best, and he was vaunty."

He met his old enemy with affectionate greeting and upon equal terms, for he was decorated with the insignia of a colonel in the Mexican service. He seemed delighted to prove to his former captor that he was a great chief, in spite of the irons they had placed upon him. And he pointed with exultation and pride to the band of warriors under his command.

In Florida every vegetable, fruit, and flower can be cultivated with the smallest amount of labour. Oranges might be as plentiful here as apples in Herefordshire or peaches in Georgia, if they were only cultivated with as much care. Lemons and sour oranges grow wild, and the bitter-sweet orange forms a most delicious tonic drink, nearly equal to quinine for giving an appetite. St. Augustine is quite free from "chills and fever," the scourge of the south. But the same want of energy and ambition is

observable here and throughout Florida as in most southern states and cities. The same reason invariably given—"the war." "Before the war" everything must, from all accounts, have been in a state of perfection; but the whole South was, "after the war," in a terribly dilapidated condition.

What with four years' ravages of war, six years' ravages of neglect, and a century of Southern laxity and negro laziness, the South appeared to be almost as wild and uncultivated as though, instead of a couple of centuries, it had only been settled a couple of years. The inhabitants were for the most part wretchedly poor, possessing no money, but heaps of Confederate bonds. In many instances they were literally penniless—more especially those called "*the best* people" of the country—and in several small towns in the South there was a system of borrowing and lending carried on, which would have been amusing had it not been so sad. There reigned a listless apathy, a morbid inertness, as of people who had expended their last effort, and a hopelessness very terrible to behold hung over most of the Southern cities. They were crushed, broken, ruined, and humiliated.

The rapid change of climate from mid-winter in New York to the balmy spring weather of Florida, is not one of the least astonishing

results of steam. Persons snowed up in New York, shivering through their furs, having their extremities pinched blue, red, and all sorts of unbecoming colours, tormented with colds in the head, which bid defiance to broths, caudle, Dr. Brown's lozenges, etc., etc., have only to put themselves comfortably to bed in one of the excellent coast steamers, take a rather long nap, and awake in this flowery land, inhaling the perfume of the orange-blossom and beholding the golden fruit hanging in rich, tempting clusters.

Wrapped to the eyes in mufflers, the half-numbed travellers plod on to the steamer-wharf in New York; now over hillocks of snow, now through slushy swamps of melted ditto, while a bleak north-east wind whistles through blocks of buildings, black and dreary as though they, too, were suffering from the bitter cold.

Every one he meets is huddling himself together to keep the little warmth he has in his body from escaping. The steamer when reached is coated, and sheathed, and draped in snow, ice, and icicles. All her spars are slippery with ice, her rigging and ropes stiff with it; she is united to everything around with ice, and when she moves, there will be a terrible crashing and bursting asunder of icy bonds. She looks as dreary as ship can look, and of the captain there

is nothing whatever to be seen or understood but his eyes. A great fur cap joins with his beard in concealing his nose and mouth, and a coat of similar material disguises the rest of his person, and you only discover that this furry, hairy animal is the captain from hearing the clear, distinct orders he issues.

How surprised you are when two days after you are greeted by a pleasant, fair-faced, white waistcoated individual, straw hat in hand, with "Fine day, ma'am ; making twelve knots," and find that he is the captain come out of his shell, or rather his furry skin. You, too, have come out of your fur coat, if you had one, and are watching the porpoises play and bask in the sun as you run past the famous Fort Sumpter. Any one who has experienced this rapid transition will never forget the delights of the sensation ; the sudden relief from all the wearisome precautions against frost, the speedy vanishing of the enemy who has so long held us in durance vile, and fastened his bitter fangs on us ; the release to the respiratory organs, which begin again to exert their functions without conscious effort ; the feeling of exhilaration and happiness, and the sense of enjoyment which transports the whole being.

In speaking of Florida as a slip of land projecting from the American continent, it may

interest English readers to know that Florida is in fact, nearly the exact length and breadth of England and Scotland together. A magnificent river, the St. John's, flows through its length for three hundred miles, and then meeting another, the Indian River, they form, united, a great boat high road through a rich and luxuriant country. It is a "providential highway" which needs no macadamizing or rail-laying, and it supplies gratis unlimited rations of fish; bass, cat-fish, perch, and others swarming in its waters, and wild-fowl crowding over them.

The inhabitants of St. Augustine are entirely different from the rest of the mixture forming the United States. They, too, are a compound, but of other ingredients, consisting of Spaniards and Minorcans, a few original English settlers, and but a small proportion of Americans. They speak a sort of Spanish patois; intermarry among themselves; and live as much apart from the surrounding population as though St. Augustine were an island.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ANIMAL-MAN.

JACKSONVILLE is delightfully situated on the St. John's River. The climate, judging from the heat at the commencement of March, must be considerably warmer than Nice, or the northern parts of Italy. Our principal efforts in Jacksonville were directed to finding the shadiest spots, and the coolest impromptu toilette devices, for we had arrived in moderately warm winter clothing. A violent snow-storm that occurred, as we heard, in New York, at this very time, seemed to us almost incredible, though the details given by invalids rushing southwards at the eleventh hour, after losing all hope of recovery from having remained too long in the cold, were quite refreshing to hear, not that we rejoiced in their misfortunes, but the contrast was so pleasing—streets three feet deep in snow, the trains requiring nine engines to carry them out of it, the

passengers in the meantime being half dead with cold, while we were watching the bright, smooth-flowing river—at this point about two miles across, and fringed with dark green pines, and light green water-oak—inhaling the orange-perfumed breeze, the fragrance of the acacia's golden balls, and experiencing all the soft languor of the *dolce far niente* of this enervating climate. It was a kind of luxury to us to think of the bitter hardships of the frigid zone.

The St. John's river is one of the most magnificent in America, differing entirely in character from the Hudson or Ohio. It has a special beauty of its own in its immense expanse of water, which occasionally spreads into lakes of five or six miles in width, and then dwindles into a comparatively small stream. From the mouth upwards, for two hundred miles, it is from a mile to two miles wide.

Almost every river of any importance in the United States takes a southern course, with the exception of the St. John's, which runs north. The bar of the river is frequently dangerous for vessels to pass, and they will sometimes remain several days at Fernandina, as we had to do, unable to cross the shallows.

Jacksonville had been held and evacuated by both sides during the war. There being no fortifications or defences of any kind, the stronger

party walked in, and the weaker ran out, as the case might be. A battle was fought some fifty miles beyond, at Lake City, in which the Confederates repulsed the Yankees under General Seymour, who fell back on Jacksonville. There are a few insignificant breast-works, which were commenced by one party, and finished by the other, but could have been of little use to either. A short distance further up is the Federal camp, delightfully situated by the river, and overshadowed by immense evergreen oaks, which were just putting forth a most beautiful feathery flower on the top of the dark drooping lichen moss.

The troops were all living under canvas except the General and his staff, who, as usual, had their head quarters in the most picturesque house of the town. In camp there was a young bear, trapped in the neighbourhood, whose gambols with some of the soldiers were quite one of the recognized entertainments of the place. Bruin was strongly attached to the military, and upon one occasion, the pay-day, the soldiers having gone into Jacksonville, and the camp being deserted, the poor beast, unable to endure the solitude, started for the town, and was discovered wending his solitary way along the road, in search of his playmates.

The climate of Jacksonville is capable of pro-

ducing very early fruits and vegetables. In the first week in March there were plenty of peas and strawberries, but the inhabitants do not seem to take the trouble to cultivate them, and scarcely grow any green vegetables—not even salad—while the few that grow naturally are as expensive as they would be in Covent Garden. The rugged open country was thickly strewed with flowers—wild roses and wild raspberry blossoms; but lettuce and asparagus, which require a little artificial culture, though not more warmth, were very rarely to be met with. The explanation given was ever the same: "Before the war." "We can get no work done now." "We cannot afford to pay a dollar a day for the production of articles with which we can dispense." And the presumption is that until negro labour is brought down to negro value, the South must remain in the same deplorable condition, for there is no country in the world where the hirer could afford to pay the rate of wages demanded by these brainless and lazy blacks. Hoping at the same time to make profit and to extend the basis of their operations, these freed men had imbibed such an extravagant notion of freedom, that they consider it derogatory to be hired for labour, and often refused to work on any other terms than *part profits* with the proprietor of the soil, and so long as the

negro is fed and pampered by the North, he will not accept the wages which thousands of white labourers, infinitely superior to him, are compelled to work for. This puffing up of the negro out of the position which he must inevitably sooner or later sink to, is one of the terrible evils of the conquest of the South by the North.

The attempt to force so degraded a race above that of the white man, was one of the greatest political blunders ever committed, and one of the greatest crimes against the law of nature. The negro in his present state is an animal devoid of any sense of morality, religion, virtue, or truth. He was born of immorality, knows nothing of the commandment, "Honour thy father and mother." He never knew who his father was, but "'Spects he was a white man." As to his mother, one would hardly ask him to respect her, for if she have several children, they are only half-brothers and sisters, for whom he certainly cannot have the same affection as he would were they legitimately of one family. It would be impossible for him to realize the sanctity of marriage, even supposing his parents had taken the trouble to go through that ceremony, seeing that his master could dissolve the union at will, and replace the wife or husband at option.

The result of this state of things is, that the negro, male or female, is a coarse, revolting animal, whom it is astonishing that any white lady can bear to have familiarly about her.

Possibly some few negresses, brought up under the immediate care of their mistresses, may have been a little less degraded than the common herd, but generally they are so utterly wanting in womanly decency, as to very much favour the hypothesis of their species being closely allied to the monkey tribe. Southern ladies, from having been brought up among them, doubtless feel less the degradation of being put on an equality with such creatures. It may be assumed that in slavery times they were on a very familiar footing with them, though, as a consequence, they had often to punish them severely, to keep them in proper subjection. The men, however, feel the change in all its bitterness.

To inflict such a race of servants on any European woman, would assuredly be to drive her mad. No white servant in the South will even eat at the same table or sleep in the same room with blacks. I verified their objection very forcibly on one occasion; for having stepped into a street-car filled with negroes, I was only too glad, after a few minutes, to step out and walk. A cattle-van would have been less offensive to the olfactory nerves.

In large establishments, such as hotels, where numbers of servants are kept, they are under the necessity of having the servants in each department of the same colour, as the two races cannot work together. Among the Southern people there is a stronger antipathy towards the mulatto than the black, especially on the part of the ladies, who may be supposed to feel a stronger aversion than the men towards this amalgamation of the races. Although, as I was informed, the mulattos exceed in numbers the blacks *pur sang*, yet I never met with an instance of a white mother owning a black child. There are, however, two or three cases on record of white Northern ladies—who, surely, must have been demented—having married black slaves.

What effect education and freedom may produce on the negro race remains a problem, to be worked out by time ; but the Southerner is of opinion that the negro intellect can be cultivated only to a certain degree, and there it comes to a standstill. In my own experience, I have never met with a thorough black who was even ordinarily intelligent, and in the various black schools which I visited, I remarked that the degree of intelligence and learning among the scholars was in proportion to the amount of white blood in their veins ; and it is a curious

fact that, though born and bred in a land where the English language only is spoken, the negro is yet unable to acquire the pronunciation more perfectly than a parrot. It is not only that he speaks it with an accent, that he transposes his tenses so as to become almost unintelligible—as, "I been gone done it"—but, owing to some physical defect in the organs of speech, he cannot pronounce the *th* at all. Probably, the tongue of the negro being too large, this difficulty disappears only when the white blood begins to predominate. This, then, is the race put upon an equality with the Anglo-Saxon, and lauded even as superior to it!

The feelings of compassion which the horrors of slavery have inspired have caused this overrating of the negro, and with the removal of the cause these may probably die away; for it is noticeable that few of the Northerners who visit the South have any wish to take charge of their protégés. This makes it very evident that their extreme negro appreciation has become a mere political *ruse*.

Bad as the Irish servants are at home, ten times worse as they are in America, yet they are pearls of great price compared with the negroes, and the Northerners prefer taking an Irish servant in the crudest state, wild from the bogs of Ireland, to a negress who has been from

her infancy under the special tutelage of some Southern lady.

The Southerners, for their part, are only anxious to get rid of their blacks; for, being no longer useful in their natural sphere, as "hewers of woods and drawers of water," they are not ornamental in any other. Planters maintain that cotton cultivation can never succeed where it is optional for the labourer to work or not, as he pleases; for at a particular period, if the labour is not assiduous and regular, the whole crop is destroyed. A white paid labourer would understand the importance of this, as he understands the necessity of getting in the harvest, and would require no other incitement to work night and day if necessary. The Tipperary harvestmen, who gather in our English crops, never object for a moment to labour through a moonlight night when the weather is likely to change. I have seen them in the Shannon, middle-deep in water for hours together, rescuing the floating hay-cocks. But the hay and the corn might float till Doomsday, for all the labour a negro, unless he were compelled, would put forth to save it. This want of forethought, of sympathy, and of appreciation of what is right, makes a wide distinction between the black and the very lowest class of white man.

The black appears to have no idea of cause

and consequence. He does not cast back for experience, or forward with any aspiration; his whole world is concentrated in the present. The present is all in all to him; the past and the future, blanks. It has often been a matter of considerable astonishment to strangers, and even to the Southerners themselves, that the blacks did not rise in revolt against their masters, when these had their hands full with the North. The reason, I think, is very apparent. The negro is not capable of seizing an opportunity, unless it be the opportunity of stealing chickens and eating them for his present consolation. Numbers of the negroes, did, indeed, run away; but I am of opinion that it was usually in search of the "flesh-pots of Egypt." The greater number remained at their old homes; for whatever their sufferings may have been, they seem to have had little idea of a remedy, until it was drummed into them by emissaries from the North. The idea of freedom being extremely vague, it was necessary to put it in a very tangible shape for the negro to comprehend its bearing.

Like the Asiatic Armenian converts, whose principal idea of Christianity consisted in the wearing of a straw bonnet, sent out for purposes of conversion—the rest of their persons being covered by the Turkish unmentionables and jacket—the negro's idea of freedom was

donning a pair of buck-skin gloves, such as his master had formerly worn, and having a cart and mule of his own, and somebody else's hogs. Without these tangible proofs, the abstract idea of freedom was beyond his comprehension. Hundreds of half-clad negroes sought the Federal head-quarters, devoutly believing that mule and cart were to be theirs, and invariably providing themselves with a piece of rope or string with which to lead away the animal—harness not entering into their dreams of bliss.

Such are the creatures who are now members of convention in every State, forming laws and exercising civil power, an aggravation utterly unendurable, even to a spirit crushed and broken. To listen to these blubber-lips attempting to make laws for Anglo-Saxon and Norman races, descendants of the bold barons who signed the Magna-Charta, is a humiliation to which history does not furnish a parallel; it is a travesty of the Scriptural phrase, that "the last shall be first, and the first last;" for it would puzzle logicians to discover by what particular virtue the negro has been raised to his present high position. Certainly it is neither for his wisdom nor his humility, they being alike undiscoverable in his composition.

In the white race, true genius springs often from the soil; Burns was a ploughman; one of

the most eminent physicians of the present day was a baker's boy, and innumerable instances could be cited in which native genius has asserted itself, and found its own level. But we have as yet seen no spark of the Divine afflatus radiating from this black foundation, and only when it is tempered down to a very light brown does it approach even mediocrity.

The negro's principal faculty is his power of imitation, and this is sometimes carried so far as to pass for natural and original talent. I once heard a mulatto who could use the *th* preach a sermon, the manner of which was so entirely that of a fashionable preacher, that with closed eyes I might have imagined myself in some New York west-end church. The matter, however, would soon have dispelled the illusion, for greater nonsense I never heard uttered. This man was held up to me as a gem of eloquence by my Northern friends who took me to hear him. It was, however, agreed that we should stand outside the window in order to inhale the pine-tree fragrance, rather than the *Bouquet d'Afrique* inside.

It would be a pitiable sight to the civilised European world to see this self-asserting "greatest country in creation" legislated for, and partly governed by this semi-slave, semi-brute, dark sediment of generations of man's evil passions!

CHAPTER XIV.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

LAKE City, Florida, lies in a pine forest on the railway route from Jacksonville to Tallahassee, and a few miles distant from some sulphur springs much frequented for their curative properties. The whole road from Jacksonville to Tallahassee is through a pine forest, with here and there thick "hummock" lands.

For about twenty yards on either side of the railroad, the ground has been cleared of the trees, probably to feed the engines. These open spaces were covered with grass and wild flowers wherever the palmetto undergrowth had been burnt. In the second year this land will produce a good crop of Indian corn, a field of which presents a totally different appearance from one of our corn fields. The stalks, which grow from six to nine feet high, are surmounted by a feathery white flower, surrounded by handsome broad-green

leaves. The ear shoots out from the side, shaped like the staff of an old spinning-wheel. A bunch of furry silk fringe, sometimes yellow, sometimes pink or purple, droops from the extremity of the ear, which is closely wrapped in the same broad green leaves. A field of Indian corn is in itself a young forest, frequently extending from a hundred to a thousand acres, and when in bloom is a magnificent spectacle.

Lake City is so named from the number of small lakes which surround it. The smallest of these, and the closest to the town, is in form like a jagged crescent. It is about three quarters of a mile across, and is draped round with magnolia, flowering bay, oak and pine. It was evening when we arrived at Lake City. There had been heavy Florida rains, so that the foliage was looking fresh and green, and very cool—a desideratum when the thermometer ranges from 85° to 90°, and millions of mosquitoes are swarming in the air. The sun was setting, and as it burst forth from the clouds for a moment, a magnificent rainbow was seen arching the crescent lake from one horn to another. A more splendid effect of colour and scenery could scarcely have been conceived than that which then presented itself to our admiring gaze. The weird "death-moss" festooning the trees caught the tints of the rainbow, and became resplendent

with bright scarlet, green, and purple, which brilliant hues were reflected in deeper shadows in the water. One pine tree—the top a towering crown of brilliant green, hung round with transparent flame-coloured moss—looked like some high priest, or "Prophet of Korassan," covered with his luminous veil. The effect lasted but a few minutes, but though brief, the magic beauty of the scene could not be excelled.

The other lakes are at various distances, from two to five miles from the town. From the shores of the largest one—which is five or six miles long—rises a beautifully wooded hill, a great feature in the scenery of this part of the country, the peninsula of Florida being almost a dead level throughout. On the hill stood the ruins of a planter's dwelling, which must have been a pleasant abode in its hey-day of wealth, but like everything South, at that time looked picturesque only from its ruin. Its broken windows and hanging shutters denoted a place "where owlets nightly cry."

On the bank of the lake a large alligator was disporting itself in the sun, while a little farther on was a turtle, with its bright eyes peering above the water. The water is so transparent, that—as at Green Cove Springs—every twig and lichen at the bottom can be distinctly seen. It was delightful to remain still in the boat and

watch the fish as they darted around us. We were in great hopes that we might discover in these clear depths some water kelpies, or "jenny green-teeth," or some such mysterious creatures, regaling themselves in their crystal grottoes. This lake abounds with game and water-fowl of every description. The whole estate—of over one hundred acres of corn and cotton fields, with the privilege of shooting and lake-fishing—was to be sold for a few thousand dollars. What a rare opportunity for a family of small means and many sons to settle in this magnificent country! Additional land, within six miles of a central trunk railroad, and in a climate perfectly delicious for nine or ten months of the year, was to be had at an almost nominal price.

The lake is one of those natural phenomena of Florida usually called "sinks." It once suddenly disappeared in the course of a few hours, leaving the fish stranded in the mud. After two or three years, it reappeared in the same sudden and mysterious manner. Sometimes the "sink" is formed by the falling of a large track of land into a subterranean lake, whose waters rush up and fill the void. A few weeks before our arrival, a whole plantation of several acres sank in this way, and a lake appeared, in whose clear water could still be seen the tops of the pines which had formerly grown there.

All through the country are springs of sulphur, magnesia, and iron. It is a pity there are not *quinine springs* in a country where chills and fever are so prevalent as in many portions of the south and west, and where, indeed, they must continue to prevail so long as people persist in living in natural swamps, or cultivating them artificially in the midst of their cities. In twelve months' experience of the different climates of the South, reckoned unhealthy, I was never able to perceive any particular unhealthiness in the air; but I have felt the effect of different waters frequently. But people fit themselves for the reception of disease by the manner in which they live. They rigorously exclude light and fresh air, carefully avoid exercise, and studiously aid dyspepsia by the quantity of hot bread they consume and the rapidity with which they swallow all their food—a half-masticated, horrible mixture of ingredients which would have driven Abernethy mad. Children are also allowed to live in this manner from their earliest years, and they will consume pickles, ice-cream, pea-nuts, preserves, turkey with sage stuffing, and cranberry, game, beef-steaks and onions, fried oysters and cheese, batter-cakes, coffee and mince-pies, steaming hot corn-bread, and several tumblers of iced water for their usual meal. If any man, woman, or child can feel comfortable,

or be healthy after such a luncheon or dinner, there is no truth in gastronomy.

To live on the banks of the river is considered particularly unhealthy; but it is more likely that the unhealthiness lies in the swampy ground and slimy pools around than in the swift flowing river. The waters of the Mississippi flow at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour, and must create strong ventilation; but its spongy, gingerbread banks are frequently overflowed, and retaining a certain portion of its muddy waters, become stagnant pools and swamps, which slowly exhale the pernicious malaria. Many cities are built on these flats for the sake of the advantages they offer for traffic.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

WE reached Tallahassee, the capital of the State of Florida, on the 4th of July, the great American fête day; in fact, the only commemoration day kept throughout the United States. Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, are more or less defunct; even New Year's day is only kept in New York by a series of visits, as elsewhere described. There are no battle days,* birth days, accession days, or commemorative feasts, so far as I have witnessed, except that of the Declaration of American Independence. If this Tallahassean display was any criterion of the kind of liberty obtained, it certainly seemed more like licence.

In the Northern cities no doubt some exhibition like the fêtes of August in France might be

* Except the anniversary of that desperate battle and glorious victory at New Orleans. Loss on the American side *six* men!

witnessed; but at Tallahassee it was a mixture of the grotesque and the disgusting; apart from the military staff and a few Northern men, there was an overflowing slough of negroes, given up to what they no doubt considered enjoyment, but which was anything but edifying to European eyes, and anything but gratifying to European noses. There is something distinctly porcine in a multitude of negroes let loose for a saturnalia, and in their females especially—one shrinks from applying the name of *woman* to these creatures. One cannot say they were lost to decency, for they have never yet arrived at the point of possessing it. Disgustingly fat, grossly proportioned, dark, greasy, sensual, they appear to have no sense of shame; but flaunt and glory in their indecency, from ignorance, of course, and natural brutality, for they are destitute of the instincts of a white woman. Even the most respectable and decent among them do not appear to have the remotest comprehension of the commandments; and in this city of Tallahassee the spectacle of their degradation was especially pitiable and appalling. The public thoroughfares were crowded with them, both on foot and in vehicles; indeed, they seemed to be the only people able to afford carriages. There was what purported to be a torch-light procession, but it would have required some-

thing even more brilliant than pine-wood to have lit up this dark mass. For instruments they had a drum that made a discord with the music of the cicula and tree-frog, which in this climate make night more noisy than the days. They had also a few white calico lanterns, on which were scrawled sundry mottoes, such as, "We are marching on," which was obvious enough, "Lift up your voice to God," which they seemed to interpret *to the hustings*, where they were expected to cheer the speakers.

But even this could only be effected by means of a fugleman who could understand what the orator was talking about. Nor did they appear to comprehend better when addressed by several brethren of their own colour, who, having always lived North, and been educated there, had caught the knack of talking without saying anything, and delivering words without ideas. One of them, a mulatto, had also succeeded in imitating the false shoulders then so much worn in America, and with this addition (for negroes all slope in the shoulders) he presented a really handsome figure. His features also were straight, and the chin not too prominent, though nature in her fickleness burst out full negro in his diabolical rolling eye.

The Governor was entertaining a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were enjoying their

champagne—for when an American does offer you wine, nothing less than champagne is thought of—when suddenly an unbidden guest walked into the room. He addressed some offensive language to one of the party, at the same time placing his hand upon his revolver, which he wore—as is usual with Americans—in a pocket made for the purpose at the back of the trousers. One of the officers immediately sprang to his feet to reach his sword, which stood in a corner of the room; but a lady near to him contrived to seize it first, and playfully withheld it, saying, "Fie, fie, what fight in the presence of ladies?" During the few seconds of this altercation, the unmannerly intruder was seized from behind, dragged out of the room, disarmed, and very much ill-used. But had the officer drawn his sword, he would assuredly have lost his life; the stranger had entered for no other purpose than to shoot one or more of the party, and the first person who had interfered with him would have fallen before his wrath instantaneously, before he could have had time to defend himself.

In spite of this untoward incident, our feast went on, the lady keeping sentry over the high-tempered officer for the rest of the evening.

The 4th of July was also the occasion of the transfer of power from the military to the civil authority, Florida having been at last received

again into the Union, and her senators elected. This event was celebrated during the day by two skirmishes between the civilians and the military, in which one man was badly wounded. The officers also had taken part in a pell-mell fight; shots had been fired, and the town was again patrolled by the military. This was rather a warlike reinstatement of civil power.

On the following day, at a small place called Madison, four negroes were shot in a fight, the original cause being the thieving some corn, though this sort of theft had become so very common an occurrence, that all were surprised it should have occasioned any disturbance at all. Negroes are generally inveterate thieves, their religion not extending so far as a respect for the eighth commandment; it does not even reach the one preceding it. Hogs, calves, poultry, do not enter into their category of "neighbours' goods."

The House of Delegates was in session at Tallahassee when we were there. It is their business to form the State laws, which are subsequently submitted to Congress. The delegates were a motley throng indeed; some were dressed like men from Noah's Ark, some in the Dick Turpin style, and a few were *Cassino*-looking lawyers, with "lean and hungry looks." With the exception of the Governor, who appeared to

be a man of honest sterling parts, and of practical sober judgment, the legislative body of Florida was a burlesque upon similar assemblies in other countries.

You might have listened in vain for the subtle rhetoric, the logical argument, the profound statesmanship, or the fiery stream of patriotic eloquence. The eloquence of this "Modern Athens" (as the Tallahasseans call their town) was very much like what may be sometimes heard in passing the bar-room of a country public-house. One orator, who occupied the rostrum of the "Athenian" capital, reminded me of the showman with the learned pig; he posed all his questions so that the same answer would suit. "Can you forget slavery?" "No!" "Can you forgive your tyrants?" "No!" "Will you vote for any but Grant, your deliverer?" "No!" Had he left out the "any but," the answer would have been the same. There was a great deal of yelling and screaming, but not one hearty cheer, and no real enthusiasm, for the simple reason that the black mob hardly understood a word that was said.

Tallahassee is situated on a rising ground, which is described by every inhabitant as a "*rolling* country." So perpetually is this word "rolling" used, that it finally conveys the impression that the country must be in motion,

and when the traveller arrives at the top of the hill and fails to discover anything resembling a town, it flashes upon him that Tallahassee, being in such a "rolling" country, has probably rolled itself somewhere else.

We were driven up in a "*shandridan*," a tumble-down vehicle called a "team," which threatened every moment to fall to pieces, and at last were set down at a long rambling wooden building, very much resembling Noah's Ark—having a platform encircling round it like the boat on which Noah's Ark is usually represented as fixed—and appearing to float on the sea of sand which rolled around. Opposite, in a square among fine evergreen oaks, stood the capitol, with massive columned portico —looking most imposing in the moonlight, and reminding me of some Italian marble palace; but alas! daylight transformed it into whitewash, with the measles.

If you think you would like to lodge in the town, supposing yourself to be in the suburbs, you walk a couple of hundred yards, pass a large wooden building (the market house) and a few shops, and find yourself again in the suburbs on the other side. It is really difficult to define where Tallahassee is *proprement dit*, as the French geography hath it. A few respectable houses are scattered about here and there, and of course there is for each sect a whitewashed

church; but where the great fashion and aristocracy of the South would bestow themselves, was a puzzle to me. Yet by the hour together a stranger must listen to descriptions of the gentility, the culture, the high refinement of these Southern nobility, who lived *en Prince*, whose hospitality was unbounded, and wealth uncounted, whose dwellings were adorned with the statuary of Italy, the paintings of every school; whose tables rivalled those of the richest nabobs in gorgeous plate and *recherché* china; whose libraries were worth untold dollars; whose ladies adorned themselves with diamonds like Eastern houris. Such were the descriptions. I regretted I had no spectacles *couleur de rose* through which I could see them realized.

Looked at with the naked eye, Tallahassee appeared to me as I have described it. Yet this is the capital of Florida, the seat of all the refinement and intellectuality to be met with in the State. Yet one of the aristocracy observed to me, "We do not patronize literary entertainment here, we are out of the way of it." "You like a good *circus*, with plenty of noise and fun?" I suggested. "Exactly so," he replied.

A copy of E. A. Poe's works was not to be had in Tallahassee, where the *élite* of the South reside. There is not a house to be seen that would rent for a hundred a year in England.

There is no appearance of style, of luxury, or even of comfort. With a heat almost tropical, there are few or no appliances for keeping one's self cool. The windows are without venetian blinds, and for the most part require a prop to keep them open; the houses, too, are without verandahs. You see the everlasting hot and dusty American pattern carpets covering the floors, instead of the polished wood or tiles of other countries. No cooling drinks or tempting dishes; even ice water did not enter into the hospitality of this country. The leaving at your hotel of a soiled bit of card-board with the name of your visitor written thereon in pencil, is the climax of courtesy in Tallahassee, so far as a stranger may be permitted to speak from experience.

The country so much lauded as "rolling," has no very distinctive features. It is prettily wooded and undulating, and abounds with corn and cotton fields. The latter—the plants being young—looked at a distance very much like potato fields, though on a closer view the leaf appeared to be more delicate; the plant also grows higher, and has a pale pink, yellow, or blue flower. But the country in general that is around Tallahassee is just such as might be seen in England, France, Germany—anywhere in fact—a rich hilly country, with nothing sin-

gular or striking about it except its name, which is odd enough.

Tallahassee has, however, one interesting and historical circumstance connected with it, as having been the residence of the Princess Murat, whom the elegant Tallahasseans designate as "Mrs. Murawr." There, in the small one-storey cottage, under its shingle roof, lived and died the son of the great Murat, King of Naples; and there, as if to bear calm witness to the vicissitudes of fortune, and in silent testimony of "How are the mighty fallen," on a broken chiffonier stood the lovely bust of Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples, traced in exquisite beauty by the chisel of Canova, a startling contrast to all around in that mean Tallahassean room, which nevertheless possessed a chair and girandole of the Louis XIV. type, and a good oil painting of the Prince, relics of the better time.

Sermons there may be in stones, but there was a profound and pathetic one in the lovely face which had shared the glories of the fierce Murat, the man who, when told on entering Naples that heaven's cloud was surely about to burst upon him in vengeance, as on that day, the anniversary of St. Januarius, the blood refused to liquefy, replied, "If that blood is not liquid before three o'clock this afternoon, I will blow up the city of Naples, to join the saint in

heaven." Of course it liquefied. Murat has passed away, St. Januarius is forgotten, but the face of the fair Caroline remains intact in all its soul-like beauty, shedding a lustre still over that mean little Floridan room. It was the only vestige of art statuary or painting that I saw in all Florida.

From Tallahassee we drove to Quincey, also celebrated for its refined society. We saw only a very pretty little town, beautifully situated in the "rolling" country, and here we quitted with regret, in spite of the heat, the beautiful state of Florida, and crossed into Georgia.

Next to river travelling, I am in favour of driving in a buggie, for when once you acquire the seat, as in the Irish car, the buggie is the most delightful conveyance in the world for seeing the country, and enjoying the fresh air.

I was preparing for a long night drive, and, seated in the public room of an hotel, was engaged in cutting up some concentrated beef tea. A gentleman walking up and down observed my occupation, and approaching me, said,

"I guess that's a new kind of *chaw* you've got there?"

I looked up at him in amazement.

"What kind of bacca do you call it?" he continued. "I should like to try it."

I handed him a piece. He commenced chewing it.

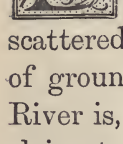
"I guess it tastes like soup," he said.

"Just so," I replied. "We have a ten hours' drive before us, and I shall no doubt feel exhausted."

"Well, if you do, I'll give you some Bourbon whiskey," he answered, quite amiably.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VALIANT WARRIORS BOWED.



AINBRIDGE, Georgia, consists of a square, with the usual four churches of different denominations, and a few scattered houses, extending over a large space of ground. That it is situated on the Flint River is, I believe, its only recommendation or claim to beauty. Land is cheap here, three hundred acres having been sold by auction for thirty-six dollars.

I could not discover that Bainbridge was celebrated for anything in particular, except the semi-savage and wholly lawless character of its inhabitants. As a solitary exception to the rest of America, a lady could not be sure of not meeting with the grossest contumely there, while hospitality was as yet so little known and practised at Bainbridge, that "the stranger within their gates" might also be insulted. Murder and brutal ruffianism are rather fêted

than otherwise. Whilst we were there, a *gentleman*, having sworn to be revenged on his enemy, met him on the market-place, struck him and insulted him; but his opponent, being the more powerful man, seized on his assailant, held him, and called for help. Before it arrived, the *gentleman* managed to draw out his revolver, and shot his enemy through the heart.

The murderer, though arrested, was allowed to go freely about on bail, paying a round of visits to his friends, the men giving him drinks, the ladies sympathy and flowers, for to be arrested by the military and held to bail was to become a martyr, the taking a man's life being a matter not worth talking about.

A friend of ours, chancing to arrive at the city, was taking a drive with one of the inhabitants, who called at a house where the murderer was receiving his tribute of praise. Our friend was introduced to him, and was on the point of shaking the blood-stained hand, when he was made aware of the fact of the murder. Instantly he turned his back upon the gentleman, walked out of the house, and also very soon out of the city, for after refusing to do homage to the pet murderer—the hero of the day—his own life would not have been safe. I need not say that the *gentleman* was not punished, although a form of trial was gone through.

Looking over the balcony one day, I saw, riding down the main street, a handsome one-armed man, with a slouched hat, semi-knit brows, and the war-like moustache which denotes the Southerner. His horse was a powerful grey, and he sat him like a rock. I was just thinking what a fine picture of a highwayman he would make, when I saw him stoop in his saddle, and speak a few words to a passer-by on foot. Instantly the individual addressed raised a heavy stick, and aimed a blow at him. The gallant grey swerved, and with one bound bore his master some ten or twenty yards away, while he, without a move in his saddle, turned his face, in which there was a hellish sneer, towards his assailant. Quick as thought the latter drew his revolver, took deliberate aim, and fired four shots in rapid succession; but the grey was nearly out of sight before the last was fired, and, more fortunate than Tam o' Shanter's mare, she carried off not only her master, but her own grey tail in safety.

I thought of calling "Police!" but recollected in time that there were none, also that the affair was no business of mine, and that I should be regarded very much as the stranger who interferes between man and wife, had I given any alarm. There were others in the street, who witnessed the rencontre, as well as myself, but

none of them took any steps to secure the man, who doubtless went home, loaded his revolver, and waited his next chance. But my acquaintance with revolvers and bowie-knives did not end here.

I had been waited upon by several of the principal citizens, who had in the most courteous way intimated that they wished to make my stay agreeable to me, and were going to initiate me into the manners and customs of "Southern chivalry," and I have no doubt I should have been very favourably impressed by their efforts on my behalf, had it not been for the unfortunate accident of meeting a previous acquaintance in a United States officer, then commanding that post. It appeared that a bitter war was being carried on between this gentleman and the "chivalry" over whom he was placed in military command, and my shaking hands with him seemed to be the match destined to kindle the smouldering embers of their wrath.

Before one could say "hocus pocus, quick, presto," three duels were on the *tapis;* the mayor and corporation were sitting in full conclave; the negroes were assembling in force; the soldiers were under arms, and slouched hats and fierce moustaches loomed nearer and nearer. Round the hotel, which did not admit of being

put in a state of defence—for neither door nor window would shut, and the legions of vermin and mosquitoes that besieged one inside, made it impossible to withstand another siege from without—I could observe the sun's rays glancing back from many a bright substance that was not a button.

The fierce sparkling eyes and knitted brows told me plainly what it was they were handling. Utterly shocked and bewildered by so warlike a demonstration, I sent for the mayor, a towering individual, some seven feet high, and broad in proportion, and who filled up the whole doorway as he came in. There was surely enough of him to afford any protection I might require. I told him, the insult having been offered to me, as well as to the United States officers, I wished the "haughty warriors" to be made to bow, and at least to apologize to me, as I could not fight them, and although I think the mayor would have enjoyed a general skirmish as much as any one, I took such great pains to impress upon him that I had visited Bainbridge with no other object than to observe the "manners and customs" of the place, with a view of putting them in my book, to be published in America and England, that he assured me my name was held in the greatest respect and veneration throughout the South, and that I should have

as many "haughty warriors" on their knees before me as I chose to name.

I stipulated that the hotel should be cleared of armed men for an hour, that I might pass out unmolested to the house of a Northern lady, a friend of the commander. She had written to say she would receive me if I could come to her, but that it was not possible for either her or her brother to enter the city at that moment. If the commandant himself had ventured to come, or had sent any of his people, there would have been fighting at once.

"When will you like to go?" asked the mayor. I told him one o'clock. I packed up everything, for the lady was to send her buggy as near to the hotel as was thought safe, and a servant was to watch for me and conduct me to it.

When I was ready I opened wide my door and stood on the threshold. The stairs and galleries swarmed with armed men. I had overrated my power with the mayor, as he had not kept his promise. I ought to have insisted that he should see me out, but it was too late. To recede before a danger is surely to be overtaken by it. There was only one other white woman in the house, the mother of the proprietor. I had tried her before, but she was too timid to be of any use, and moreover, I had

no means of getting to her without going for her myself, for in few Southern hotels are there any bells.

I resolved, then, to face my foes, and stepped on to the verandah, and stood amongst them. I heard the click of a revolver, and noticed a man cleaning a bowie knife. They all looked at me, and I looked at each one individually; it was no time for shrinking then. It was a cruel thing to try to frighten a woman, and I felt my indignant spirit rising. "You are not afraid?" said a man, with a brutal sneer, handling his weapon. "Not of *you*, coward!" I retorted, my pride getting the better of my discretion, and I walked downstairs amidst them with set teeth, eyes wide open, and so frightened, I could hardly keep my feet. I heard many uncomplimentary remarks as I passed, such as, "She's a right smart devil, she is!"—"She's had a h—ll of a charge!" But I was deaf and dumb to all. Only when they would not move out of my way I tapped them with my fan, saying, "Kindly allow me to pass." Outside the hotel the crowd was thicker than inside, and I had to thread my way through it. As I passed a gentleman said, "She is a Northern spy, you bet." This was dangerous. I turned back, and met the gaze of the speaker. "Do you not see," I said, and raised my hat

from my head to show my Saxon hair, "that I am an English lady?" I stood for a full minute. Not a word was said, but many raised their hats. I bowed then, and passed on unmolested through the dense crowd until the buggy driver signalled me to where he was waiting.

The commander was not far off with half a company under arms, but screened by a small declivity. He did not wish to bring about any bloodshed, but was ready to protect me had they gone the length of violence. I arrived at my destination quite safe, and was welcomed by the whole of the Northern camp, who were dying to have brought me off *victorious*.

On the following day the gigantic mayor, accompanied by two six-foot corporation men, called upon me. It was a misunderstanding he said, that the gentlemen were only anxious to apologize, and that I should have as many haughty warriors, the flower of the Southern chivalry, on their knees as I chose to name. I named three. It was quite a ceremonial. There were the mighty mayor and corporation, the Northern commander, and minor officers. I was seated in a fauteuil, and my lady friend stood like a *dame d'honneur* leaning upon it. The culprits were marshalled in; the mayor took up the parole. He was sure, he said, that no southern gentleman would ever insult a lady and a stranger

wantonly, and that they were only too eager to make ample apology for anything which might have seemed disrespectful.

They were three as handsome men as one could see in the highwayman style. They advanced in succession toward me, bent one knee, raised my hand toward the moustache, but did not touch it. I was appeased. And then, oh, reader! make allowance for manners and customs and the terrible heat, we all took a "drink," mint julep and "sherry cobbler."

Shortly after, one of my pardoned rebels singled me out a little apart from the company. "I trust you believe I am sorry for what I did?" he asked. "Oh, certainly," I said. "Then I am going to ask you to revoke something you said—you called me a *coward!*—I am not one; I would have protected every hair of your head, but I ventured to teaze and torment you. Your eyes flashed such haughty defiance, you could have annihilated a score of men. Will you revoke that word? It rankles in my heart." "I will," I replied. "Give me your hand," he said; "we are proud to be of the same race," and he crushed it until I thought it would be really jelly. I spent many pleasant days under the roof of my Northern friends, waiting for the steamer which was to bear me on my journey.

I must, however, endorse Bainbridge as the poet did Halston—

> "For a heathenish hole is Halston,
> As ever you did see,
> And gin I go back to Halston,
> The de'il may carry me."

CHAPTER XVII.

BENIGHTED IN THE CORN.

NEARLY a score of Columbuses may be found in America. They are named in their infancy, to add lustre to the discovery, but, like many others of illustrious name, they have failed to fulfil their destiny. Columbus, Georgia, set out with the very best intentions, and carried them out so far as the usual main street is concerned. The main street of a small town in America is longer and broader than the largest street of the largest town I know of in Europe; in fact, a Boulevard, usually about three miles long, and the eighth of a mile wide. But somehow these infant city prodigies and giant baby towns, always seem to have been afflicted with some infantile disease that has stopped their growth, and left them less robust than other young cities. Augusta, Georgia, was no doubt the twin sister of Columbus, and suffered from the same epidemic.

Columbus is situated upon the Chattahoochee River, and ought, from its position, to become a town of considerable importance, a natural weir occurring just at the bend of the river, which in consequence is not navigable higher up. This water power was stated by Basil Hall to be the finest in America, or, rather, worth the most money when fully employed. The rapids are very picturesque; the river skirting round beautiful little islands covered with magnolia and jessamine, and forming a natural dam. The scenery on both sides is romantic, and much resembles many parts of South Wales. The River Chattahoochee, rushing over its rocky bed, divides the States of Georgia and Alabama.

On its banks two cotton factories—the first I had seen in the South—had only been recently rebuilt after their destruction by General Wilson's troops when he attacked and took Columbus, where the last shot of the War of Secession was fired.

During the war, these factories had supplied the greater part of the clothing for the army; Columbus was therefore conspicuous for her power in thus helping to carry on the war, and so drew on herself the vengeance of the enemy. Her inland position, and the difficulty of navigating the river, saved Columbus through the first four years of the war; but two or three

days after the general surrender, Wilson and his *well-mounted infantry* made a foray, burning and destroying all in their path.

It was a curious thing, in English eyes, to see one of Lee's bravest generals carrying on these factories and devoting his attention to spindles instead of bayonets; to water-power instead of gunpowder, and vigorously studying the arts of peace instead of the game of war; commanding amidst the rattle of machinery instead of the roar of artillery; moving amidst flying cotton-down instead of the smoke of cannon, but still a soldier, every inch of him, though the "Lost Cause" spoke out from his stedfast and firm but melancholy gaze. Another Garibaldi, he had been as earnest in the battle-field as he was now in the cotton factory.

A cotton factory may not be the most poetical of subjects to discourse upon, but where the cotton is growing all around you for miles and miles, and to be made of any value has to be sent to New England or to Old England, this first attempt at turning it to account on the spot is worthy of notice, for it is the acorn destined to become the oak, the seed which ought to produce a harvest of power and wealth.

The South might have laughed at the North, or any other nation, had she been, as she could have been, self-sufficing, with her vast resources

thoroughly developed—instead of lying dormant, while she depended solely on the cultivation of cotton for her sustenance and revenue. She never need have wanted provisions for her army, or have been destitute of ammunition, for many of her mountains are filled with coal and iron. "Keep your cotton," says a hostile nation; "we will clothe ourselves in silk, wool, and linen." So the South, notwithstanding its thousands of miles of cotton fields, became a land of paupers.

Over the rocks forming the boundary of the river, the iron was glistening like gold, in the greatest confusion.

"Ah! if you had only had that iron in ships," I remarked to General C., who had been gathering specimens for me.

"If we only had!" he replied; and the sad, undaunted eyes gazed intently into the distance, as though he mentally resolved that if it had to come over again it should be.

Thus, the rebuilding of a cotton factory was at that time a sight to rejoice the heart of humanitarians and philanthropists. It was like the first green bud appearing after the cruel winter storms, or the first streak of day beaming on the wrecked mariner; the first germ of hope floating up from the deep gulf of despair into which the whole country had been plunged.

On the opposite side of the river were still to be

seen the remains of the earthworks and temporary fortifications which were attacked by Wilson's "Marauders," who came pouring over the brushwood-covered slopes around. Only a very short defence was made, for there were no fighting men in the town, though the Southerners had then no idea that Lee had surrendered, and that their cause was lost. In Columbus the last shot of the Confederacy was fired, and there the last shell sang its despairing wail, as, bursting, it scattered for ever the hopes of a gallant people fighting for a cause *they deemed righteous*, and than which hundreds less worthy have been fought for. The Southerners did no more than fight for what they believed to be their own; and, apart from the nineteenth century humanitarian notions, in which it must be remembered *they had not been reared*, the negroes were as much their property as are a man's sheep or oxen.

Did not the mill owners fight against the Ten Hours Labour Bill? Do not mine and pottery owners object to the withdrawal of infant labour, though it cripples the little limbs and stunts the natural growth, destroys the happy chirp of childish voices, and shortens life by over-toil and unwholesome air. This, too, in "the land of the free," where slavery must not even be mentioned! Little black children, reared like little pigs on a plantation, were certainly not

worse off than those poor factory, mining, and pottery children, or the thousands of unfortunates raised in St. Giles's and other purlieus of misery and vice.

To judge the slave-owners' case aright, it must be looked at from their point of view as well as ours. The right of such a vast country to form itself into a separate dominion will scarcely be disputed in these days, when nations are choosing their own rulers, discarding their own sovereigns, and electing princes, presidents, and rulers by the popular will, and with the approval of other nations. It would be a singular anomaly if the freest of all nations (so called) could not have the same freedom of choice—so at least it would appear to disinterested spectators. But the policy of such an act is quite another question, and the North showed its wisdom in holding its ground, and in not permitting the breaking up piecemeal of its fair proportions.

The climate of Georgia is very unequal in temperature, it being overpoweringly hot in summer, sharply cold in winter, and rather variable throughout the year. Nevertheless, grapes and peaches grow there in abundance. We visited a most beautiful farm belonging to a Southern gentleman—a lawyer by profession, a farmer by trade, a colonel in the army by rank, an orator and a politician *par goût*. Anomalous

and multifarious indeed are the occupations of the American.

The farm was situated about six miles from Columbus, on a continuously rising ground, three or four hundred feet above the river Chattahoochee, the Alabama hills rising to a similar height on the opposite side. A more beautiful panorama could scarcely be desired than that which revealed itself from the top of this hill. Much of the country around was under corn and cotton cultivation, although the immediate estate was covered with grape-vines and peach orchards. Heavy rains had just fallen, cooling the atmosphere, and leaving the country as green as the Emerald Isle. Here and there were dark patches of pine, evergreen oak, hickory and alianthus—a species of acacia. The Aesquiline Estate—or, according to the Americans, Aesquiline "lot"—consisted of a thousand acres, laid out in peach orchards, the produce of which the owner shipped to New York in the height of the season, at the rate of about 40,000 per week. He could have found easy sale for 40,000 more if he had had them, but the place had not yet recovered from the effects of the war.

The father and his four sons had all been in the army. His beautiful place had been ransacked by the Northern troops, and had run to waste for four years. In this country, where

nature is so luxuriant, a few years, or even a few months, of neglect, renders the best cultivated estate one mass of weeds—but weeds of the most beautiful kind — passion-flower and sweet-pea, for instance. The peaches are of various kinds, some of them very fine and delicious. But the grapes—the Catawba and Scuppernong — I thought sour, and inferior to French grapes. The scuppernong is an indigenous vine, the leaf like that of the hop. The fruit grows in single berries, of a dark, speckled, orange green, and resembling gooseberries or potato berries more than grapes. They are sweet, but have a strong flavour like gas. The wine is rich and luscious.

The Chattahoochee making a considerable bend at this point, you may walk round the Aesquiline hill, and look on a panorama with a radius of one hundred miles, the horizon defined by the Alabama range of hills. The place itself had very much more of an English air in its culture and trimming than anything I had seen in the country. All the recent improvements, in the shape of mowing and raking machines, &c., were in use, and the owner had solved some problems that had vexed me very much during my residence in that part of the States—viz., the possibility of growing turnips for feeding cattle; whether it was necessary for the raising

of a calf to let it wholly monopolize its mother's milk; and whether veal was not good before it was a year old.

At the Aesquiline farm, for the first time since coming South, we tasted cream; canned milk, imported from the North, being generally used elsewhere, through the South. The owner also demonstrated, beyond all dispute, that grass *will* grow and that hay *can* be made in Georgia, and lawn turf as well. This gentleman brought over skilled labourers from Scotland—about fifty in number—with five hundred of them the country would soon present a far different appearance. Land is so cheap that a man might easily buy an estate for himself in a few years, and change his position from a hired servant to that of a master farming his own land. For young, intelligent married men what an opening! Many, doubtless, would jump at it could they only find their way to this country. Growth is so rapid that very little labour would suffice, not only to support his family, but to enrich himself and improve his position in society. Peaches are indigenous to this State, and produce abundantly, three years after budding. My informant told me that he could have sold fifty thousand dollars' worth of peaches per week, and that with ordinary luck and peaceful times, he calculated on making a large fortune in a few years.

The Northerners, especially New Yorkers, have a sort of mania for peaches. They are almost as devoted to peaches as to ice-cream and ice-water. If peaches are attainable at any price, no Northern belle has the smallest scruple in requiring them at the hands of her devoted admirer. Every lady who professes to give any entertainment must have peaches—fresh if procurable; canned if *hors de saison;* but peaches at any rate. If a lady takes *any* fruit she must take peaches. Peaches and cream are considered "food for the gods."

We visited a large plantation of some eighteen to twenty thousand acres, lying along the banks of the Chattahoochee River. The cotton and the corn were finer than any we had seen elsewhere. It was on that spot that Lord Oglethorpe made the first British treaty with the Indians: the Muscogee tribe. We were shown a large Indian mound, supposed to have been their cemetery, but now overgrown with immense trees. These singular mounds are to be found all over the country. In some of them bones, weapons, and pottery have been found, proving them to have been the burial places of chiefs and warriors, if not of whole tribes. These solid earthworks are as impervious to the wars of the elements as to the onslaughts of man.

The plantation we were visiting had belonged

before the war to one of the most wealthy planters in the state. He and his two sons had not been anxious to join in the struggle for what was considered the freedom of their country; but clung tenaciously to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and secluded themselves upon their magnificent estate. At the very commencement of the war the father was seized with a fatal illness, which consigned him to his grave. The elder son, heir to the property, was one day overtaken by a sudden rising of the river, and being overwhelmed by its waters, was cast up a corpse on a little hillock on his own land. The other son, after various expedients to avoid joining the army, at length volunteered to be one of the garrison of some small post where there was not likely to be any fighting. Whilst on duty there he was accidentally shot by one of his own men, and so the family estate passed into other hands. When we saw it, there were six hundred acres of Indian corn, growing eight or nine feet in height. That may appear a small matter to English readers, yet it well-nigh proved fatal to this book and its author.

The thermometer having reached 98° during the day, we waited until nearly sunset before starting for a five miles' ride along the ridge of hills skirting the river. The sunset and the scenery proved so attractive that we lingered

rather longer than we had calculated upon. On descending the low-lying grounds near the river, we found that the heavy rains had washed away the small bridge and filled the roads with sand-heaps, over which our horses scrambled only to plunge into deep gullies beyond, without advancing much in the direction of the plantation. We were thus obliged to change our course and strike into a small bridle-path, which seemed to lead in the right direction. In this, however, we were mistaken, it merely led us into the middle of the tall, standing corn and there stopped short.

Now arose a terrible difficulty. To retrace that broken road, to traverse which, even in broad daylight, had been a sort of steeple-chase, when the twilight was made gloomier by the deep shadow of the corn, was neither more nor less than to attempt to break our necks; while to ride through the corn, whose stems were tall and strong as hop-poles, and had each a bending tuft at the top as large as a moderate-sized parlour-broom, seemed nearly impossible. But one or the other had to be attempted, as night was falling fast.

My little horse voted decidedly for the corn-fields; for besides an objection to jumping, he had a great liking for green corn, which he grabbed at on either side of him, while lashing

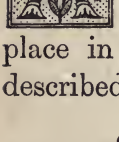
me with the broom-end. For it must be borne in mind that the ears grow out of the side of the Indian corn-stalks, and not at the top. Once the darkness had fallen, to steer our way out of that seven hundred acres of corn would, my guide informed me, be utterly impossible, and to remain in it would be almost certain death, from the miasma, the terrible attacks of the mosquitoes, or the venomous bites of the snakes, which abound in these low, swampy lands.

Having laid this position of affairs clearly before me, my cavalier awaited my decision as to the choice of evils. I decided for trying the corn-fields. So into the corn and swamp we went with a desperate plunge, our horses every now and then sinking up to their knees in the ground, which, owing to the recent rains, had become nothing less than a quagmire, through which it required the most strenuous exertions to force the horses and hold them on their feet. Every moment I was thumped, and lashed, and beaten by the rebound of the corn-stalks, then tickled in the face by the "parlour brooms," then caught by the hair behind. Darkness was speeding on with sable wings. The horses were continually plunging forward on their knees, and the frightful certainty was ever present to my mind, that if I lost my seat I could never regain it.

That exertions might not relax, my cavalier kept repeating, that unless we could see a road before the darkness closed in we should have to sit on our horses through the night, surrounded by alligators from the river and snakes from beneath; that the horses would devour the green corn until they killed themselves, and that if we did chance to survive the horrors of the night we should certainly not escape swamp-fever or congestive chills, "so keep your horse's head and push on." And, indeed, it was a case of pushing; but at last, bruised, torn, and exhausted, we, at the end of above twenty minutes, espied a white road rising over the hill. We made for it, and arrived just as total darkness enveloped us. We rode home much elated at our escape, but very fully resolved not to visit another Georgia river plantation by sunset. My host consoled me with, "Well, I guess you are the first lady ever took that ride; it beats your English hunting all to fits." I had to admit that without reservation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—A DUEL À TROIS.



TLANTA is apparently the most busy and flourishing town in the South, and it is, to my thinking, the noisiest place in the world for its size. It might be described in the words of the poet as

"Noise and dust and hellish clangour,"

for it is the focus of several railroads. The trains go howling, and rumbling, and ringing through the streets with something like fiendish uproar, scaring unwary strangers, and killing misguided boys and children, there being neither fence nor barrier to divide the rail from the thoroughfare, nor is there the usual notice to pedestrians, "Look out for the cars." Suddenly there comes upon you a blast of heat, as from the infernal regions, a yell, as from a dying monster in its agony, and the creature (the en-

gine) is upon you, rushing through the middle of the street, as I have said, without let or hindrance, and traversing now and again the sidewalk thronged with passengers. But if the engine should chance to run off the track—and in America it is scarcely a chance, but a common occurrence—it must inevitably rush into the shop-fronts, and prove a very much worse apparition there than even a bull. I do not think that the entrance of an engine for lunch would astonish any one at Atlanta.

These engines all carry a large bell, which is kept ringing during their progress through any town, and is supposed to warn the inhabitants. But as bells are ringing for one purpose or another every twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, they can scarcely be considered a warning. By some peculiarity of construction, the junction, with all its sidings and switchings, is situated in the very centre of the city, and as no train could either come in or go out without performing, with much hubbub, a zig-zag dance up and down the switchings, I would defy Somnus himself to close his eyes for the first few nights after arrival in Atlanta.

It is not unusual to see passengers jumping off the train at any spot they may consider most convenient, and no less than three lines of railway join—not to say run against one another—in At-

lanta. There is the "Western Atlantic," the "Georgia Railroad," and the "Macow and Western;" besides which another was in course of construction. The town having been burnt by Sherman during the war, the inhabitants had doubtless become accustomed to the idea of destruction, and felt no more dread of the casualties likely to ensue from a locomotive running through the streets, than we should of an omnibus; for it is marvellous to observe how nature will adapt itself to almost anything. Engines in American streets are on perfect equality with horses, carts, and pigs, and people are protected by a code universal in America, "And be it enacted that every man do first take care of himself."

I never heard any one in America censured for selfishness; on the contrary, it is rather considered a fine talent or quality to possess, and the man who has the most of it is called a "smart" man—and this is the ultimatum of American praise.

Atlanta is certainly a wonderful specimen of American "go-aheadness." At the time of my visit it had been built up with houses to shelter thirty thousand inhabitants; it had four or five hotels and as many churches, and only four years before that time the town lay in ashes. An immense opera house, which could never be filled by a city five times the size—had also

been commenced, but had not been finished for want of funds; so it was bought by the State to be used, when completed, as the House of Legislature.

It was almost impossible to form any correct idea of what kind of city the Atlanta of the future would be. It was then scattered about in blocks, here and there forming part of a street, occasionally part of a square, and interspersed with charred heaps of ruins, or tall stacks of chimneys, indicating where dwellings had been. It is a pity that Atlanta, which, from its geographical position, must be destined for a great centre of commerce, should again be built up in brick, whilst there lies within bow-shot of the city such beautiful granite as that of the "Stone Mountain." It rises almost perpendicularly in two hundred feet of solid stone—enough to build all the cities in America—but as yet hardly any of it has been quarried, and—like many other of the vast resources of this splendid country—it lies unutilised. This granite cuts rather soft, but hardens with the action of the air, and is therefore most admirably adapted for building purposes. To observe all the towns or cities built of wood or flimsy brick, is a strong commentary on the American character. "*Après nous le déluge*" seems to be the motto of the modern Americans.

A mighty people cannot rise in a single generation. A man may lay out a beautiful park, and plant acorns in picturesque situations, but his grandchildren only will walk under the shade and enjoy the "ancestral oaks." Fortunately for America these oaks are already grown, but the growth of cities, which, so far as my proposition is concerned follows the same law, has to be originated by the father, completed by the son, and gloried in by the grandson. But for this end he must lay his foundations in stone, and not in brick, nor even in "Brown stone front." If the Americans pride themselves—as they have just cause to do—on the position of their country among nations, they owe it to their British forefathers. They are not of the soil, like the Red Indians, but came to their task of forming a kingdom with ready-made wisdom and knowledge, and the experience of centuries of progressive civilisation.

When Americans boast of the rapid strides their country has made and is still making, they often forget that the first colonists were not wild barbarians, but skilled artisans, poets, philosophers, divines, soldiers, and noblemen accustomed to the highest civilisation. Had they and their descendants continued to do for their sons what their ancestors had done for them, America would, without doubt, be at this

moment the greatest nation on the face of the earth. But a utilitarian spirit of "How many dollars would it fetch at auction?" a dearth of family pride, and an excess of individual vanity have operated terribly to stultify the greatest aspirations towards national greatness. It is worthy of remark, that had Atlanta been built of stone instead of wood and plaster, Sherman would not have found its destruction so easy a matter, and must of necessity have passed on and left it standing. He would not have cared to attempt the burning of Aberdeen, and it took an immensity of pounding to make any formidable holes in Sebastopol. Granite buildings would be tough obstacles to an invading army; but Sherman's work was little more than a continuous fifth of November bonfire. He had but to strike a match to burn a whole town.

It is difficult to account for Sherman having ever been allowed to approach and pass through Atlanta. The complete prostration of the South could alone have been the reason. The town was strongly fortified with earthworks, which, I am informed, could have been held for months against almost any odds; but Sherman seems throughout to have met with little opposition, considering the daring and hazardous march he made. From the information given me on various points of his route, I am inclined to

think that it required much more genius and bravery to plan such a march, than the actual execution of it demanded. To carry a cordon round the seceding States, with a blockade along the coast, was to strangle them in a running noose, which could be contracted until the last breath of life was pressed out of them; and when Sherman took and burnt Atlanta and Columbia, General Lee must have felt that the days of the Confederacy were numbered. Indeed, it is probable that the apple of discord had already been cast among the brave Southerners, and that its fatal seeds had corrupted their once fair prospects. Some enemy had been in the night and sown the tares.

Thus, Sherman was allowed to march on Atlanta without fighting. He gave the inhabitants notice to quit in forty-eight hours, which they did—although there were few but women and children to go out—and the place was then given over to fire and pillage. This Hagar and Ishmael treatment of wives and children of Confederate officers, was one of the most cruel incidents of the war. Helpless women and children were driven from their homes, without money or provisions, into the great forest-wilds, not knowing where to seek even a shelter, and vainly attempting to reach the Confederate lines. Some few succeeded in doing so, others

took refuge in the log-huts of the woodsmen, but numbers perished by the way under their unwonted hardships; and although there never was what is called a famine in the South, yet the sudden descent from affluence into poverty and its privations, brought not a few to an untimely grave. A lady holding a good position in Savannah told me that for two years she had never seen tea, coffee, or sugar on her table, and rarely tasted any flesh meat but bacon. She was ordered out of her house with five young children (as she told me) after Lee's surrender, and hundreds of women and children were sent over the lines, to find their relatives wherever they could. I know of no parallel case in history where a city has been cleared of its feminine inhabitants unless when about to be bombarded; whereas, nearly all the Southern towns were either evacuated or surrendered, the fighting men leaving the town when they found it untenable; and the civil authorities, intimating this state of things to the enemy, they marched in peaceably, and took possession of everything without respect of persons. The North, or the seat where the government was, stigmatized the South as "rebels," for the simple fact of not wishing any longer to be governed by them. The South made no attempt to usurp power from the North or force their propositions on

them; they merely wished to retire and govern themselves according to their own idea—the grand principle of a republic being *self-government.* Nevertheless the North, although branding the others as "rebels," dared not or could not treat them as such; they fought with them on an equal footing, and on the same terms as with any other hostile power. They also exchanged prisoners with them on equal terms as two foreign powers at war; and when the hopes of the South fell, and they were no longer able to maintain the struggle, Lee *capitulated,* and did not surrender at discretion, the soldiers were accorded the honours of war, and they were received back into the Union very much on their own terms, as free citizens.

To return to Atlanta. It is the seat of the Legislature of the State, and there are many ebony Lycurguses there, framing laws for the benefit and protection of the unfortunate whites, but principally occupied in earning their eight dollars per day. Whilst we were there a great mass-meeting was held, to advocate Grant's election as President. A strange motley throng, "black and tan" colour, paraded the streets, some with old muskets and rusty swords, some with heavy clubs, others with hoes—anything and everything, in fact, which could be used as a weapon, except the Irishman's poker, which is

little known in these parts. I presumed they considered themselves an armed body: it was such an one as I would not have cared to meet in Galway, but before evening terminated, my fears were considerably allayed by the stampede which occurred. A great number of them carried *carpet bags*—no doubt as the oriflamme of Republicanism in the South. They were heralded and marshalled by a negro on horseback, decked out in such fashion as would have made the fortune of a circus had he been clown. He was decorated with a large scarf, which, together with his arms and legs, flew out in various directions. The marvel was how he remained in position, and did not go over either the head or the tail of the horse, leading one to suppose that there was some attraction of gravitation between him and his beast, which *pauvre diable* was of the Rosinante breed.

The "carpet-bagger," it is necessary to state, is the soubriquet of a Northern man, who is supposed to travel southwards with no other property than can be contained in a carpet bag, and speculates or makes a fortune in the Southern States. The procession, which was marching to vote for Grant, and had set out in the morning in what might be termed a state of armed neutrality, subsided towards evening into a disorderly rabble, the guns, pistols, and other

weapons being brought into indiscriminate action.

The scene on a small scale was horrible and ludicrous; it was supposed now to be a torch-light procession, and crowds of negroes were bearing brands of flaming pine, which burnt fiercely, and gave a weird, supernatural look to all around. It lit up the glaring eye-balls of the semi-frantic negroes (for they had been indulging in not a little whisky), and lent a fierce lustre to their hideous faces, in character with the unearthly yells, which it seems is their peculiar mode of expressing their feelings. Gradually the waving of torches and the shrieks condensed themselves in front of the hotel, where rockets were let off in the most reckless manner along the streets, so that it was scarcely observable when the first pistol was fired.

But it was followed by such terrific screams, that a general onslaught seemed to take place, though for what or by whom it was impossible to discover. The negroes fled in all directions, like imps let loose from the lower regions, but only fired when they got round the corner. It was said that some white man had interfered with them for burning him with a rocket, and that a negro had shot him. The police at length came in, and did their share of the firing,

for police are all armed with revolvers in this country. A good many wounded were carried off, and two men were killed on the spot. There was no serious defence on the part of the negroes, who rushed round the city yelling in great dismay, extinguishing their torches, and letting off their fire-arms. A few arrests were made, but the prisoners were probably released next day, as nothing more was heard of the matter.

All over the country, where the negro is beginning dimly to realize what he is told of his own superiority, uproars and fights are taking place. 'Tis a frightful exemplification of the old adage, "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." That goal for the negro is very clearly indicated by the present policy pursued towards him.

If Mr. Lincoln, as head of the American Government, had offered to pay the slave-holders in proportion to the one hundred millions (in gold), which the British Government granted, under the fervid eloquence and philanthropy of Wilberforce and Brougham, to free its slaves, then Americans might have claimed a splendid act of humanity and justice, and set it as the most brilliant star on the escutcheon of their young republic; but they lost this splendid opportunity, and spent far more than that amount of money in vindictive rage, to accom-

plish the greatest act of injustice that a nation has ever inflicted on its subjects, let alone "free fellow citizens," for many of these very slaves which constituted the wealth of the South, had been *bought* from the North only some thirty or forty years before.

The fact is, the negroes were set free to cripple and destroy the South, and the system has been continued ever since. The order of nature has been reversed; the negroes have been made lawgivers, to control and regulate university men. The finest intellects of the country have been forced to toil with their hands for their daily bread, whilst brutal instinct sits high on legislative benches, and if there had been a State Church in the country, we should have seen Archbishop Cuffee in lawn sleeves. This state of things in America is an anomaly such as the world has never seen, and a blunder such as humanity has never before committed.

When one nation subdues another by force of arms, it usually sends its grandees, not its cattle, and great men to rule over the subjugated; for asses, however taught to bray, could hardly be expected, by the majesty of their appearance, to impose very long. Although Americans may boast of having the best government in the world, yet to a stranger travelling through the country, it looks very like no government at

all, for the law neither protects the victim nor exacts retribution.

I say with pain that I have scarcely been in any Southern American city where the crime of murder was not perpetrated during my short stay, and frequently under my own observation. I regret to say that on one or two occasions, I have had letters of introduction to persons holding high positions (judges and generals) who were afterwards either the victims or the criminals in such a case. But the word murder is rarely applied; you hear of a man being shot or stabbed, and the phraseology is "shot and died of the wound," although the assassin might have been seeking his opportunity for weeks. Discussing this subject with a gentleman, he said, "Oh! yes; that's so. I watched a man for some time this morning dodging about to get a good, clear shot at the barber." "And did you not stop him and have him arrested?" I exclaimed. "Oh! no," he said; "the barber, you see, had plenty of customers, and he could not take aim at him while he was shaving a man." Nevertheless, had he found the opportunity and shot the poor barber, there is every probability that the act would not have been considered murder, as he and the barber had had a quarrel, and public opinion, in default of redress by law, is decidedly in favour of exacting

life for any offence, however trifling. It occurred to me once to have to step in between the assailant and his victim, and determinedly find myself in the desperate position, to prevent the shedding of blood, the cause being a disagreement about a paltry sum of three dollars. It was a paltry bill of three dollars to a printing firm, and I sent my secretary to pay it. One of the parties belonged to "one of our best families," and was upon social terms with me. Entering my drawing-room, I heard his voice addressing my secretary and using expressions anything but pleasing to me. Looking a little indignant, I said, "What is this, gentlemen?" My secretary repeated the sentence which I had overheard. "You are a liar," said the gentleman of high family, "I never said such a thing!" "Repeat what you did say," I answered. "Madam, if you do not believe me I must wish you good day!" and he bowed himself out, motioning my secretary to follow, and muttering, "I'll make you eat your words." I saw him feel for his pistols, and stepped in between the two angry men; and we passed out into the street, I without bonnet or mantle. "I have *wished* you good day," said the gentleman of the best family. "I entreat you to return to the house," said my secretary; "it is no place for a woman." "There I differ from you, I

think it is," I replied. I felt like the old Scotchman in the story of "Get up and Bar the Door." "What! kiss my wife before my face, and scald me o'er with coffee lees!" "What! shoot my secretary before my face, and cast aspersion on my uprightness within my own room?"

Three gentlemen came down the street, which was a very great one; I accosted them and said, "Would you succour a woman in distress?" "Why, certainly; what is the trouble?" I said, "That gentleman a-head of us wishes to shoot this gentleman behind; he is my secretary, and I cannot spare him." "Why, certainly not!" "And please," I continued, "step up to the governor and tell him that I am very much annoyed, and ask him to call and see me, and put this gentleman of first family under arrest." "Why, certainly." One of the three then came home with us, and talked my secretary into reason; the second took charge of our assailant; and the third went off for the governor, who, being an intimate friend, came to me at once, and made all right. The worst part of the offence, they all appeared to think, was not the shooting of the man, but the aspersion of my character in assuming that I did not want to pay the extra three dollars! Such are the extremes of good and bad in American character.

I think I would rather be shot myself than appeal to three Englishmen in such a dilemma.

Political differences result in shooting, private quarrels for robbing and defrauding, not in action for restitution and damages, but in shooting the delinquent round a corner or over his own counter. Street brawls, instead of ending in broken heads and the lock-ups, wind up with so many killed and so many wounded. The fearful riots in New York some years ago, were only a development on a larger scale of the same lynch law system, which pervades the country throughout. The government is powerless to redress wrongs, and men adjusting their own grievances, wreak at the same time unrestrained vengeance. Statistics show a frightful average of reckless crimes. In the state of Texas alone, the number of murders officially recorded for the year 1868 was *two thousand four hundred* (2400) ! (and the actual number was, of course, greatly in excess even of this) in a population of one million only. If another *unchristian* nation in which they do not eat each other can surpass this, I would advise the sending out of missionaries to it immediately. To equal Texas in "freedom" and "enlightenment," and demonstrate to the world the equality, at least, of "despotic monarchical tyranny" to a "free and glorious republic,"

London, with its population of three millions, would have to produce *nineteen* indubitable murders *daily all the year round*, and even then she would be slightly behind her "go a-head cousins." Twenty per diem all the year round would only leave her one hundred "a-head" of Texas. Debts are extremely difficult to recover by law; and rents almost impossible, unless voluntarily paid; and this difficulty of recovering money creates great distrust in all commercial transactions, and the bribing of judges and officials is said to be a recognized proceeding. I am informed, upon the best authority, that this state of things has only been in existence within the last twenty years, and arrived at a climax within the last five or six.

We noticed that in Atlanta the negro was a few shades more grotesque-looking than elsewhere. A large garrison of Union troops is kept there, and in proportion as Northern money is disseminated, the negro becomes more conceited and comical to the eyes of (to use a Scottism) "decent bodies."

They persist in calling themselves *ladies* and *gentlemen*, and the females wear long-trained, white, transparent muslin dresses, with low bodies and short sleeves, the better to show off those delicate proportions which the garment scarcely veils. It is quite *à la mode* among

the female creatures to wear white tulle bonnets, with blonde veils floating over their woolly heads (so like singed astracan), and their snout-like faces. Fan and parasol of course were necessary to preserve their lovely complexions. A large black pig, arrayed in the same costume, and walking on its hind legs in the centre of a large crinoline (which, by the way, they call a Malakoff), could not look more grotesque than some of these creatures dressed in this holiday attire, frequently stolen from their mistresses. At Atlanta, as elsewhere, mulattoes predominated.

Going west from Atlanta to Chattanooga, the country assumed quite a different character, changing from the dusty plains on the other side toward Macou, to a thickly wooded and mountainous country, with lovely dells and glades, and clear rippling streams traversing them. There was little cultivation, save here and there in patches of corn, which seemed short and scanty, and not at all dangerous to be lost in. We were passing through, as best a railway may, the Allatoona Mountains, a low-wood covered range, and the commencement of the Blue Ridge chain. The air began to be perceptibly cooler, and we enjoyed the fresh green of the oaks keenly after the dusty view from the hotel at Atlanta.

As we advanced, the hills seemed to rise above one another in rapid succession, until they culminated in a grand tableaux round the picturesque Chattahoochee, over which were the remnants of a stone bridge destroyed by Sherman. Above, on the crest of a pretty round hill, we could perceive the earthworks, from which it had been shelled. A fellow-passenger told me that he had been posted on the bridge, with orders to allow no one to pass, the cavalry of the Confederate army being on one side, the infantry on the other. In the night he was startled by a heavy boom from the top of the hill, and a shell burst right over him. He knew then that some of Sherman's army had found their way up there. There were eight guns to defend the bridge, but the Confederate troops were speedily forced to retreat, and a general rush was made for the river. Acting upon his orders, the fugitives were driven back, when they threw themselves into the river. Some were able to swim across, but numbers were carried down the stream, which is very rapid, and sank to rise no more, the enemy's shot pouring into them the whole time.

My friend assured me that he was never better pleased than when he received orders to retreat. All day long, as we traversed the mountains, we found the relics of war—earth-

works and picket-screens and mantlets scattered the whole way from Atlanta to Chattanooga, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. In spite of all this, numbers of sentries and pickets were shot on or off duty, and this beautiful land was strewed with the corpses of these lonely victims.

> "'Tis nothing! a private or two now and then
> Will not count in the news of a battle;
> Not an officer shot, only one of the men
> Moaning out all alone the death-rattle."

He was dumb to his next roll-call, and none knew his fate. Twenty thousand of the more fortunate were gathered up and buried at Marietta—one of the Mariettas—I believe there are fifteen of that name in the United States. This one is a pretty, shady, summer resort for Savannah and Augusta. It had not, however, escaped Sherman, as the bare chimneys, his so-called "sentries," testified. The two great armies nearly met here, and a good deal of skirmishing took place. The Confederates, however, continued to fall back, and Sherman to flank them until they reached Atlanta. With Atlanta fell the hopes of the South.

Everywhere Sherman had gained the day by a flank movement. He was able to meet his opponents in front with equal numbers, and at

the same time flank them with another army as large, holding also a third in reserve. Thus hemmed in, the fate of the Confederates was almost inevitable. They could not fight, back and front, armies numbering double their own. Numerous rivers, the Coosa, the Etowa, the Chattahoochee, and Chickamanga, intersecting the country, otherwise cut up in all directions by ravines, and filled with mountainous ranges, must have made this district a most difficult one for campaigning operations ; but every river and every pass had been the scene of some skirmish or engagement.

One might easily have imagined one's self in the mountains of Scotland, allowing for absence of lakes. Among the trees, oaks preponderated, interspersed with ash, maple, spruce, and pine. In the distance, a pale blue outline delicately traced against the sky, indicated the Blue Ridge of South Carolina. The Chickamanga wound so persistently, that we crossed it no less than fourteen times. Anxious to obtain all the information I could, and the names of the different rivers we crossed, I inquired of a passenger the name of the river we had just crossed. "Chickamanga," was his brief reply. A few miles more, and we again shot over a river. I repeated my question. "Chickamanga," was the answer, still more curtly. "How do you

spell it?" I inquired. He told me. I had scarcely concluded my description of the Chickamanga, when we ran upon a trestle-bridge over a river. I was about to open my lips, but my neighbour, foreseeing the inevitable question, growled out "*Chickamanga*, and it will be ten times more *Chickamanga* before you have done with it," and so it proved.

The rail from Atlanta to Chattanooga is one of the most smooth-running in America, and the country, until you come in sight of Look Out Mountain, is as picturesque as in any day's ride I have taken in the United States.

During the day I was greatly entertained by a fellow traveller, a legislator, I believe, returning home. I noticed that before the train stopped at a station he sprang out, regardless of breaking his limbs, and only reappeared after we had started, coming up with a run, and making a rush at any part of the train, and finding out his former seat by degrees. He always left empty handed, and returned with a package of some sort.

His seat was next to mine, and having accommodated him with the vacant space under mine for some of his packages, we got into conversation.

"I always do a stroke of business on these journeys; there is money to be made, I tell you."

He had just brought in a number of live fowls tied by the legs.

"I'll make ten dollars on them."

The fowls rustled and cackled uncomfortably; they did not seem to approve of speculations. Then he opened for my inspection a large brown paper parcel, containing hinges for doors, of various descriptions. I had been under the impression that he was a "poultry fancier," now I thought he must be an "ironmonger." Not at all; I was wrong again.

"There, put your feet on those—a comfortable footstool. Don't object to the smell, do you?"

It was a large net of onions!

"No," I replied, "not until after they are eaten."

"Wall, I picked those up at the last station. Italia city—pretty place, is it not? They're dirt cheap; my wife will pickle them. I'm uncommon fond of pickled onions, ain't you?"

I said I was.

"Why, that's sensible; I see you're the right sort."

Whereupon, having won his sympathy on the score of the *onions*, he proceeded to unload his pockets, which contained the most extraordinary collection of articles—sprig bits, thimbles, white wax, fish-hooks, curtain-rings, hand lamps, &c.,

&c., which he had gathered at the different stations where we had stopped.

"You see, madame," he explained, "you can notice that there is always a dearth of an article in one place, and a surplus in another, so you buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest. It is the way to make money. If you like to invest ten or twenty dollars, I can make it forty!"

I thanked him, but in truth I did not care to have live chickens and a bag of onions, or hinges to dispose of. But the next station I rather regretted our acquaintance. He bounded in with his pocket handkerchief filled with a gelatinous, moving mass. My eyes fixed suspiciously upon it.

"Don't be alarmed! the greatest catch I ever had in my life! Leeches ten cents! I'll keep them and sell them for ten dollars!"

"Oh, horrible!" I cried. "What, ninety-nine per cent.?"

But I was thinking of a time when I had to ride for fifteen miles through very swampy ground filled with leeches, and when I arrived at my destination, I was streaming with blood, and took off twenty-nine of the creatures from my person, to say nothing of such as had gorged themselves and dropped off. I was so faint, that nothing but the flask of my cavalier had

kept me in my saddle. Fortunately a doctor chanced to be there, and prescribed for me. The sight of leeches makes me nervous, but my travelling companion declared that the loss of one would be the loss of a dollar, and he was not going to throw *that* away. He kept his word, and I was not bled that time.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CITY IN ADAMANT.

IN a wide, bare, woodless valley—now of some historical interest, from the many battles fought there during the "War of Secession"—lies the town of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The houses are so scattered, that they look as if sprinkled over the vast plain. There are no regularly planned streets, each person would seem to have made his own road, or pathway, in whatever direction best pleased him.

The town has a general appearance of having been tossed there by accident, or of having slipped from the mountains in a storm of bricks and wooden huts.

The valley extends for eighteen miles, and is surrounded by several ranges of mountains, rising one above another, the only exit appearing to be where the Tennessee river flows

beneath the foot of Lookout Mountain. This valley of Chattanooga is one of the most celebrated sites in the United States, and to my mind, the most beautiful of any I had then seen. We procured a carriage to take us to the top of the mountain, to the hotel called the "Mountain House." As we ascended the mountain—which rises two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is traversed by a winding road, very much like the passage over the Alps—the view gradually increased in beauty. At first we saw only the ridges of the rocky, wooded hills we had traversed during the day, on our journey from Atlanta. They were covered with oak, hickory, and chestnut trees, fields of majestic waving Indian corn and light graceful sugar-cane covering their base.

At the next turn of the road, which was overhung all the way with verdure, we came in sight of another range of mountains, the Blue Ridge chain. Beyond those, and seemingly higher in the clouds, the Alleghany formed, with the Cumberland Mountains on the other side, a mighty amphitheatre, some hundred miles in circumference, and on which the glowing rays of sunset then rested in deep crimson and purple hues.

Chattanooga town lay scattered about in the valley, looking like a child's toy village, the

river Tennessee almost encircling it, and nearly forming an island, when it suddenly turns aside and hides itself from view, until it reappears in bright silvery curves about a mile further on. We could trace it twisting, turning, curvetting, shining, in such opposite directions, that one could hardly imagine it to be only one river. Finally its streams were lost sight of in the gorge between two great mountains.

Winding up the steep, still higher and higher, we came right beneath a projecting cliff, which rose perpendicularly for several hundred feet, and on the top of which were some buildings. We looked up in amazement, and inquired if that was "Mountain House," thinking that only eagles ever could reach it. But our horses, which were powerful ones, went straight on, only stopping now and then to take breath.

The grand panorama now unfolded itself in all its glory. From afar we had thought the higher chain of mountains reached the sky, but now, away, above, and beyond, a third faint outline was visible, seeming to mingle with the clouds; this was the Smoky Mountain range of North Carolina. As far as the eye could reach, these three chains of mountains formed an immense crescent, as though they encircled half the world. Surpassingly beautiful was the *coup d'œil*, vying with anything we had seen in

America. The foliage was resplendent in gold and crimson. Great eagles were sweeping through the glittering haze of the sunset, and so brilliantly *riante* was the splendour of the whole scene, that it was hard to believe, while gazing in rapture upon it, that strife, misery, and carnage had so lately been rife in that lovely valley.

On the second day of our sojourn on the mountain, it began to rain, and increased to a perfect downpour. The party I had come with declared they could not stand it, and should return ; but *I* felt reluctant to leave the ravishing scenery and invigorating air so quickly, and determined to remain there alone.

"It will rain for two 'tarnal weeks," said one of my friends, trying to persuade me to go down with them.

"Surely not," I said.

"You bet, when once it begins to rain up here, it don't conclude to stop for a while."

And indeed it did not! It rained for two "'tarnal" weeks, as he had prophesied, yet was magnificent the whole time with lightning, thunder, rainbows, and scenic effect of clouds. It was the grandest "wet weather" I have ever seen.

Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable, for it rained in everywhere. I changed my bedroom

—having the whole choice of the house—nightly. But it was no use; the water found me out, and came drop, drop, drop, and always on my nose! In vain I turned my head where my feet should be; it found me out and dropped there. If in despair I bowed my head, then it dropped in the back of my neck; and there were nights when all the beauty and grandeur of the Look-out Mountain appeared as dross, and I wished I had gone down with my companion.

The dropping of water, it is said, will wear away a stone. It wore out my patience, and, wrought up by a fit of desperate irritation, I exclaimed, "Why on earth do I not sleep under my umbrella?" I carried out this idea, for the umbrella was a large one, and, propping it up the next night with pillows, I slept as dry as a bone, and laughed next morning to behold the drippings on the floor. Afterwards I moralized, What fools we are who count ourselves wise! Having turned philosopher, I was enabled to spend five or six weeks at "Mountain House," enjoying the "Look-out" to the full.

The hotel on the mountain is finely situated, and before the war was a very fashionable resort. It is well calculated to become one of the most pleasant summer retreats in the country, only to be rivalled by Niagara itself. The hotel is

capable of lodging seven hundred people. It is divided, for the benefit of families and newly-married couples, into a number of distinct buildings, or small cottages, romantically situated on the rocks, and forming a picturesque ensemble, as well as a convenient arrangement. The hotel was kept by an enterprising Englishman, who, contrary to the practice of American hotel-keepers, spared no amount of trouble and labour to make his guests comfortable; and there is no doubt that in his hands, the hotel has become one of the best and most frequented in the country.

The position of the house is most salubrious. In the summer, the thermometer ranges from ten to fifteen degrees lower than in other parts of the surrounding country. When the inhabitants of the cities of Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, and Florida are stifled by the oppressive heat, a cool, refreshing breeze blows on the mountain. Indeed, after the hot, dusty, noisy pandemonium of Atlanta, with its 90 to 100 degrees of heat, and not a tree to shade one from the sun, or to rest the weary eyes upon, it seemed almost like ascending from purgatory to paradise. Seated at our open window, in the clear and balmy air, the splendid prospect of the valley, the green hills, and mountains capping mountains, spread before us, with nothing

to break the silence but the song of the cicala, we experienced a sense of relief, freedom, and beatitude, almost indescribable.

Hitherto we had not taken account of how much we had really suffered in Atlanta and Maçon from the oppressive heat, and the want of any means in the houses for lightening its irksomeness. Then there was a constant noise and bustle in the hotel, owing to the members of the legislative body generally boarding there, and keeping up a perpetual ferment and fussification. One senator was always running after some other senator, and with such desperate strides as only an American can make, catching him perhaps by the skirts of the coat or by the collar, and holding him so, or pawing him affectionately, whilst he excitedly informed him of the latest congress news, or urged his arguments upon him. There would be groups of senators on the stairs, some in their shirt-sleeves and their legs over the bannisters, but mostly wearing white linen coats and no waistcoats.

Sometimes the body politic, with and without coats, would sit out in the street; one, balanced on a single leg of a chair, his crossed legs high up on the lamp-post; two others would tilt their chairs together, *vis-à-vis*, and keep up a see-saw motion, while they discussed "Reconstruction of the State"—which, by the way,

seemed itself in a rather see-saw condition. Such a collection of aspiring legs and perspiring forms was surely never seen.

You could not approach safely within six or eight yards of these groups, for they all chewed tobacco, and it was dangerous to interfere with the pattern they were desirous of forming on the pavement with the ejected juice. Even in the senate house itself, during the pauses in the speeches, the sound of expectoration was the most nauseating thing conceivable. It would be absurd to mention dignity, decorum, or even decency in connection with this body of law-makers. There is no public body in England to which I could compare them. Of their political morality there is little to be said. Some of the best members resigned, disgusted with the system of bribery; but a great many more doubtless joined, in order to profit by it. The Representative body is formed principally of what are termed "carpet-baggers," "scalawags," and quondam slaves. The "scalawag" is the man who has played fast and loose with his own State and the Government at Washington, siding with whichever seemed to be in the ascendant. The dislike to the "carpet-bagger" is not so intense as to the "scalawag," who is regarded as a traitor. The negro is a man who has probably picked up a little writing and

reading during his slavedom, and has, since the emancipation, been crammed by "carpet-baggers" with the most vague and outrageous notions of his own great importance in the world, and the inferiority of "poor white trash"—his former master now coming under that category.

Such are the legislators of the South, the rulers and guiders of the nation, while men of such intellect as Lee, Beauregard, Clinton, Hardee, Thompson, Stevens, and a hundred others whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, were teaching schools, conducting factories, presiding over railroads, and the like. Surely it had been better policy to have kept the South for a certain time under martial law, and have ruled her through the intellect of general officers and West Point graduates, than to have allowed her to fall into the hands of admitted adventurers and semi-savages, worthy only to belong to the tribe of Nana Sahib.

To return to the mountain—sublime in its natural grandeur, and solemn in the melancholy history of which it stands alone the everlasting witness—far as the eye could reach in every direction, and farther still, Sherman's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men had spread itself through the ravines, over the mountain tops, and skirted the river's bed, and everywhere

they were met by large and small bodies of fierce mountaineers, who everywhere defiantly contested each inch of ground. Both sides had bled for months, until the very earth was drenched with human gore. At every few miles, we saw the remains of earthworks and blockhouses, and at every few hundred yards were subsequently gathered the mangled remains of the Northern soldiers. Sixteen thousand were buried together on one smooth round hill, where the sunshine seemed to linger—a small piece of wood indicating the number of their regiment, their names very rarely being known.

The vulture and carrion-eagle abound in this locality as though they scented more carnage afar off. Upon a single ridge of hills, which seemed low by comparison with the tiers upon tiers that rose above them, and where we could see the timber all destroyed and broken, was fought one of the most bloody and decisive battles of the war. Sherman, marching from Chattanooga, attacked the forces of General Johnson—posted on Missionary Ridge—and after a fierce encounter, succeeded in dislodging him, capturing ninety pieces of cannon, and compelling him to commence his final and fatal retreat. Sherman followed up his triumph from that time forward, devastating the country on all sides, thus leaving it entirely open for other

Northern invaders, and speedily bringing about Lee's surrender.

Away beyond two or three mountain ridges lies the valley of Chickamanga, where, some months before the battle of Missionary Ridge, the Northerners met with a terrible repulse, and retired on Chattanooga, where they fortified themselves. From the results of this battle, another pleasant rising ground has been turned into a cemetery, filled with fifteen thousand graves.

As we passed up the mountain, a man stood there with folded arms and knitted brows. "Is that Look-out Mountain?" he inquired, indicating it with his hand. He was answered in the affirmative. "I have a brother lies bleaching up yonder; I reckon I shouldn't know him if I found him." There was a sense of desolation in the words, which told the tale of many an aching heart in the country.

Our guide told us there had been quite a traffic carried on in searching out the dead among the brushwood in the mountains, the friends being willing to give any reward for traces of their relatives supposed to have fallen thereabouts. The bodies found were generally those who had been on picket duty, picked off, and no one the wiser, the dense undergrowth concealing them from all but the piercing eyes of

the buzzards, constantly sailing over wherever an army was encamped. Look-out Mountain changed hands more than once, and the hotel buildings were made use of as a hospital—a delightful situation for invalids when once they were up there, but it must have been a terrible ordeal for sick and wounded to ascend that jolting rocky road. If it was no better then than at the time of my visit, when our sound whole bones were nearly dislocated in the process of climbing it, what must it have been for broken ones?

Nearly at the top of the mountain is a college, finely situated on a jutting point of rock. It was built by a benevolent gentleman, who still contributes several thousand dollars a year for the support and education of the boys and girls. Some of the scholars (those who can afford it) pay a fee, and the others receive their education gratis. Just where the mountain slopes down and forms a rocky ridge (called The Point) there is a curious piece of rock resembling a reading-desk or pulpit. From this natural rostrum, one of the Confederate generals harangued his troops previous to a battle, which took place on these rocky ledges. The pickets and companies of the contending armies both had possession of parts of Look-out Mountain, and were constantly popping at each other from behind projecting rocks and trees. When an engagement took place in

which the Federals were repulsed, some facetious Yankee officer telegraphed to Washington that an engagement had taken place in the air—that the Confederate General ——— had fought above the clouds, and was still in the ascendant. And this might have been literally true, the clouds frequently lying below the mountain. Occasionally, and when it is moonlight, the whole of the vale and lower mountains are covered with cloud, leaving the higher peaks clear. The moon shining on the mist gives it the appearance of water, and the illusion is so complete, that a lady who had arrived at twilight could not believe that it was not a lake, and wished to test it. The mountains seemed to rise as clearly and distinctly out of the sea of mist as they do from the actual ocean. It frequently rains in the valleys below when it is fair on the mountain.

Look-out Mountain is the highest peak of this chain. The whole is historical as the geographical centre of the Confederacy, and the spot where its fate was virtually decided. Here, among these verdure-clad mountains, where the wild thyme blooms to the very summit, and in these valleys enamelled with flowers, lay opposed to each other for more than a year, two of the greatest armies that the world has ever seen engaged in civil war.

Upon another portion of the mountain may

be seen a curious freak of nature, "The Rock City." This natural formation perfectly resembles a city built in solid rock, or rather a petrified city. There are the streets with, seemingly, rows of houses on either side. There is the main street or Broadway with tall city gates at the end, formed by two solid masses of rock, very much resembling the entrance to an ancient fortified city. There is the old castle and round tower, like a prison; the old Norman church and conical spire. There are also smaller streets intersecting the main one, and smaller houses in them, and on the slope of the hill behind, are scattered blocks of rock-like suburban villas. There are monuments also; one rock is a miniature sphinx with a handsomely cut profile, another a mighty elephant. It is a marvellous ramble through this petrified semblance of a city, all overgrown with the most luxuriant verdure, wild flowers, creepers, and vines of every kind. Here are found also most beautiful varieties of fungus resembling large branches of white coral, requiring to be crushed to discover that they are only fungi, bright scarlet cups, clear and polished as carved red coral; the same in yellow; but they drooped before we got them out of the city. Pink, orange, and brown were also there in every variety of shade and shape. All were ex-

quisitely moulded, and the colouring of the fungus was as brilliant as that of the autumn leaves; indeed, if the fairies use them for their dinner-service, as they tell us in fairy legends, no monarch is served on a more dainty.

There was something awe-inspiring in the lonely giant rocks, standing like warning sentinels over the sunshiny valley that spread in waving verdant beauty beneath. It seemed as though some arrogant, defying beings had built a splendid city here in days of yore, and that for its wickedness and folly, a petrifying rain had fallen upon it and turned it into stone as it stood. Stiff, frozen, and cold it remains, a monument for wondering eyes to gaze at and for wondering hearts to pause over, and consider how many living cities are turning to stone for lack of "Christian charity," and how many living hearts are petrifying for want of love and kindness. Geologists will perhaps tell us that mighty waters rushing with rapid wave, have quarried and cut these thoroughfares of rock, and formed the streets and shaped the rocks into such familiar forms. But "how long? how long?" we cry, since the great floods were up here, three thousand feet above the sea and five hundred miles away from it. Was it at the deluge or before? Perhaps they will say it was in some mighty upheaving of the earth,

when fire and rocks were tossed into the air and stand now as they fell. Geologists no doubt have their theory, but whatever the scheme may be, the facts are none the less marvellous, grand and mysterious.

Travellers should also visit the mouth of a cavern which extends under the mountain. Already five miles of it have been explored, and its outlet is said to be twenty miles away in Georgia. It is very similar to the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, although not yet so fully explored or so accessible. Thirty years ago this mountain was the home of the Red Indian; he is now far back beyond the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.

THE route from Chattanooga to Nashville lay through most exquisite scenery; the rail skirting the river and running close under Look-out Mountain; so close, indeed, that you might almost touch the rocks with your hand on one side, whilst on the other you might drop a stone from the carriage-window into the river. From the banks rose other ranges of mountains, from which a large supply of soft coal is obtained. Several of the shafts were visible. So precipitous were the mountains that hemmed us in, that it was difficult to understand where we were going to find a road out of them; for there were mountains on the right, mountains on the left, mountains sloping away behind us, and mountains rising perpendicularly before us. Yet there were not many tunnels, as in Eng-

land; we appeared always to make a *détour*, except once, when we ran under a mountain with three hundred feet of rock above us. Another time we crossed a bridge, a hundred and fifty feet above the stream, and formed only of wooden trestle-work. It looked terrific, and the more so as there was not the slightest parapet to the bridge.

Sometimes the train would scramble through a gorge in the rocks, so narrow-looking in the distance it seemed impossible that we could get through; but on reaching it we accomplished the feat, not, however, without almost scraping the sides. It felt like running into Dante's Inferno, where the solid rock closes in nearer and nearer, until the victim is wedged fast and the breath is crushed out of him. But that victim was not an American locomotive, which would assuredly go ahead through all creation, Dante's Inferno not excepted. We ran along a creek for about twenty miles, crossing and re-crossing it *thirteen* times. By-and-by the sun set in crimson glory, and the light faded away into silver moonlight.

There is something marvellously fascinating in travelling through a mountainous country by moonlight, in gazing on the dark shadows and silvery tints, the ghostly grey of the trees and the glitter of the dimpling water, the soft

gleamy white of the cottages, and the ruddy glow within, when for a moment the door stands ajar. The mountains take a dim, shadowy outline, towering higher and higher, until they seem to reach the very stars in heaven.

We struggled up a portion of the Cumberland Mountains, at an acclivity of a hundred feet to the mile, when our engine appeared to become quite exhausted with puffing and blowing, and, unable to climb any farther, dived straight into the centre of the mountain for about half a mile. When we emerged into the open air, we had left the mountains fairly behind us. Our engine then stopped, wiped the dew from its brow, and took a long drink; for American engines, like American men, are often wanting a "drink," and when they get it both make a somewhat similar noise or sigh of complacency.

Sometimes, on these cars, the conductor will come and entertain himself and others (that is, if the study of human nature under various phases should please you) by a little conversation. He usually begins by "concluding" you are from England. He "guesses" so from your complexion.

Then commence his interrogatories, which are very much after the style of a Scotch "precognition." If you bear all this amiably you may subsequently obtain a good deal of information

by "precognizing" him. Having served my apprenticeship to Scotch law, I naturally put it in practice, and turn it to account when opportunity affords.

The conductor on the railroad cars in America is a totally different functionary from the English guard, although doing the same duty, with the exception of sometimes collecting the fares. They are invariably civil and obliging to ladies, and it is quite customary to receive a formal introduction to them, as to the captain of a vessel. And indeed they occupy very much the same position on board the cars, taking command and exercising the same sort of authority.

CHAPTER XXI.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE—HIDDEN BEHIND THE DOOR.

ONE of the prettiest cities of the South—if South it can properly be called—is Nashville, Tennessee. It is built on a rocky plain, surrounded by pleasant wooded hills at the distance of some five or six miles. The immediate neighbourhood was not picturesque, for the trees had all been cut down to make fortifications, and facilitate the movements of the army encamped around the city during the war. It also supplied firewood for six months for an army of twenty thousand men. The prettiness of the suburbs was therefore greatly diminished, and one had to ride several miles out of the city, before the hills presented themselves in wooded beauty.

The glory of Nashville is its capitol, a chaste and classical building, constructed entirely of

very white limestone, almost rivalling marble. It is an oblong structure, surrounded by a colonnade with Corinthian fluted columns, reached by a flight of steps. The capitol is built on a rocky eminence in the centre of the city, presenting from all parts a most striking and imposing appearance, but particularly so from the river—the Cumberland. The centre of the building is a square tower, surmounted by a cupola. The interior arrangements are carried out on the same handsome scale. The Senate and Representative chambers are of solid stone, quarried within a quarter of a mile of the city; the columns are of a beautiful porphyry, found in Tennessee. There is a library, and the usual chambers for the use of the senators. A magnificent hall or vestibule extends the whole length of the building, and there is a splendid staircase, also of porphyry marble. The reading-desk, or daïs, of the speaker in the senate chamber is, like the columns of red marble, intersected with white. The building was in perfect good taste throughout, a rare circumstance in America, where display is almost everywhere the dominating feature.

We were astonished to observe, placed in a straight line down the centre of the magnificent hall, and quite out of keeping with it, about two hundred small ugly wooden boxes. The explana-

tion was, that even on that classic floor visitors could not refrain from the very unclassical habit of squirting tobacco-juice about, and these boxes were to preserve the cleanliness of the floor—as a notice, drawing visitors' attention to the only too obvious boxes, set forth.

It had been originally intended to build a low stone balustrade round the slope of the eminence on which the capitol stands, and to lay out the rugged rocks in gardens and parterres. But war—inexorable war—intervened, and the space was used for fortifications, while the tower became a look-out station. The whole surroundings are in a rough, dilapidated condition, very much as the army had left them. This is a great pity, as the situation is fine. The building is equally so, and is worthy of a prominent place among the architectural achievements of America.

The architect was a Mr. Strickland, who has since died, and is buried in a niche which he had himself contrived for the purpose, in the glorious monument he thus erected to his own genius. The view of the country from any part of the building is very pleasing, overlooking the town and the Cumberland River, which, like nearly all American rivers, is picturesque and winding, taking a snake-like course through the surrounding country, and the hills en-

circling the rocky plateau on which the town is built.

In Nashville the dwelling-houses and shops presented a better appearance than those of other Southern cities. They were in better repair, the paint was fresher, the gardens were neater, and the windows cleaner. Altogether, Nashville had more the well-to-do air of a Northern town. All the houses are built of brick, the building of wooden houses within the city limits being prohibited. Some are stone-fronted, but none are wholly built of the beautiful stone of which the capitol is constructed. Nature has paved the streets—the solid rock having in most of them been merely smoothed down, presenting an appearance very like that of the Via Appia, leading out of Rome. Thus the main street, being on an acclivity, will never wear or require mending. The pathways are formed, like the roadway, out of the solid rock, only raised a little above it. Those streets, however, that run transversely to the slope were fearfully rough and rugged, and a great deal of macadamizing was needed to make them tolerable for walking or driving.

There are four Catholic churches in Nashville, and three different establishments of nuns, two being Dominican Convents for the education of young ladies and the care of orphans. Both

had beautiful houses in opposite directions in the environs of the city. The academy of St. Cecilia is a most desirable school for young ladies; its situation delightful and healthy, the house commodious, the grounds beautiful, the lady superior a benevolent and talented person. The ladies wear the white cashmere dress of the order. They informed us that the vow of seclusion had been absolved, and they do not now keep any cloister, but visit the town whenever they find it necessary. This is the case with most religious orders in America, where they find it more convenient to lay aside mediæval discipline for modern utility, and with true charity and devotion to do whatsoever good their hands may find to do. The institution in question has now fifty young ladies, who appear as happy as peace and kindness can make them, *autrement* "as happy as a convent girl." There is a home-like feeling about the place which is quite delightful.

On the opposite side of the town, and on another wooded hill, we visited the orphan asylum, superintended by four sisters of the same order of Dominicans. They had under their care seventy little orphan children, to whom they gave every attention, feeding, clothing, and teaching them from morn till eve. One of the sisters remarked to me, "But we put

them to bed very early, we find it such a relief when they are all asleep." It certainly must require earnest devotion to spend all one's life with little *stranger* children, varying in disposition and character, but all equally tiresome to manage. Mothers, of course, enjoy the naughtiness of their offspring, but in strangers it must certainly require heaven-born patience to endure it year after year.

In both these establishments everything was scrupulously clean and well kept. There is nothing to equal the monastic system for neatness, order, and regularity. When the orphans are old enough, they are placed out in situations, according to their ability. The four sisters at the Orphan House had only two servants to assist them, and as most of the children were under ten, it will easily be seen how much labour these devoted women must go through in the course of a day. Divine charity is of all climes and seasons, and these sisters represented four different nations—German, French, Irish, and American. At St. Cecilia there was a French sister, from whom the young ladies acquired pure French, and a very able German pianist was also engaged from Nashville for the benefit of the more advanced pupils in music.

In a large brick building near the capitol,

some sisters of mercy had a poor-school of six hundred children, day scholars; and a large house opposite the Catholic church was held as a boarding-school for an intermediate class, who paid a small fee. So that the hand of charity was extended to all ranks and conditions.

We went to visit the show-place of Nashville, a residence about a couple of miles from the town. In point of situation it was charming, and the grounds tastefully laid out, such as one might see in a thousand English country homes —fine green lawn, and pretty flowers, green-house, etc., etc.; but the whole beauty was destroyed by a Cockney display of plaster casts and iron statues. There were two enormous lions at the foot of the steps leading up to the house, and two stags at the top! My horse took fright at them, and nearly threw me on to their uncomfortable-looking antlers. A couple of yards away there was a plaster cast of a spotted Dalmatian coach dog, and, crouching in the grass, lay a tiger, painted yellow. Dianas, Apollos, Neptunes, etc., abounded; in fact, a small plaster of Paris mythology was distributed about the grounds, which covered some eight or ten acres. The house was a square brick building, moderately large, and painted to represent brown stone.

The interior was so profoundly dark and so

crammed with furniture, that I made a most ungraceful entrée over a *petit Samuel* at prayer on the floor. Fortunately, as we afterwards discovered, there was no one in the room. The negro servant having left us, we groped about for a seat, afraid of sitting in some one's lap or getting impaled on the antlers of a stag. When the negro returned to announce that his mistress would be with us directly, he let in for our benefit a glimmer of light through one of the windows, which were richly draped with the heavy Algerian-striped damask, lined and deeply fringed—this *in June*, with the thermometer at 90°! The greater part of the furniture was in the Louis XIV. style, and had evidently been brought from Paris. It was fit only for mid-winter, and its stuffiness was painful to contemplate. The walls were covered with pictures and family portraits, consisting of the mistress of the house, her various husbands (she was said to have had four), and their children. Some of the copies of Italian masters were nearly as bad as the family portraits, Beatrice Cenci looking capable of every meanness under the sun. The rooms were rather small, and the pictures so large and in such tremendous gilt frames, that they had the effect of a house insecurely built of pictures.

Such was the specimen shown to me of

Southern wealth and luxury; and no doubt a great deal of money had been wasted upon it. It was an attempt to rival the splendour of a nobleman's mansion, the result being only an imitation of a lavishly-bedecked Cockney villa.

I at once recognized in it the original of a gorgeous dwelling I had just been reading of in a novel, which described the wealth, refinement, and Oriental splendour of Southern homes. The marbles and pictures were said to be in the style of the Borghese Palace, near Rome, or the Dorea Pamphile, or the Corso. But as compared with these, or any other European mansion, the place I had been visiting was a mere burlesque. Yet, wherever I went in Tennessee, I was sure to hear of this beau ideal of splendour, and until I had seen it, I imagined that the novelist who described it had dealt in the wildest fiction, for which she had not the slightest foundation, or had mistaken her *locale*, placing it in Southern America instead of South Italy.

I had traversed most of the Southern States, and was ever on the *qui vive* for objects which I heard constantly lauded, statuary especially. But until I went to Nashville, I had seen but one really good piece of marble sculpture—namely, the bust of Caroline Buonaparte, Queen of Naples. At Savannah they have, on a lofty

column, a statue of Pulaski, the famous Polish general, and at Charleston there is one of Chatham, minus an arm. Walking one day in the streets of Nashville, my attention was directed to a dwelling-house, surrounded by a small garden of about half an acre. The owner of the place, I was told, was a man of great taste, and had embellished his residence with sculpture. There was little need to tell me this, for in this one half-acre were gathered together about twenty-five casts in plaster and iron—lions, tigers, Phyllises, Esmeraldas and their goats, Moseses and their bulrushes, stags, hounds, etc., etc. It looked to me like one of those statuary depôts in the New Road, London, where such articles are exposed for sale. It struck me that when Tennesseans do get a taste for statuary, they become gluttonous, and are not easily satiated, but pick up all the trash they can find, perfectly indifferent whether the article be a sham or real.

The complaints at Nashville of the Northern army were both sad and ridiculous. One lady had lost her velvet cloak, another her best boots, another her jewellery, another some family pictures, and so on. Of depredators it is often said, "nothing is too hot or heavy for them;" and so it would appear to have been with the Northern soldiers. For a lady, relating her

grievances, amongst other things, said that the soldiers came and carried away a new stove, which she was just going to have set up.

"Oh, that is nothing," exclaimed her friend, "they carried off mine, which was already up, had the fire lit, and the dinner cooking upon it."

I said that, under the circumstances, I would have asked them to stay to dinner, and got my share of it.

Another lady told me she had lately been to New York; whilst there she was invited out to dine, and about to sit down, when she descried her own silver on the table, and threatened to call in the police to her host for possessing stolen property.

Upon another occasion a lady, not too devout, discovered when at church her own shawl on the shoulders of a Northern lady. One may better imagine than describe the "scrimmage" for the shawl which took place in the church.

I was amused very much by the description a lady gave me of her flight from home on the approach of the Northern troops. Her husband was in the Confederate army, and she had sent off her children to various places for protection, having resolved to remain on the homestead herself to protect it from the spoliation of the invaders—a plan which was usually successful.

She had, however, as she informed me, overrated her courage, for immediately on the sight of the blue coats she determined to abandon the premises, and began to pack up her valuables. Before this was accomplished, the army arrived, and she fled wildly into the pine woods, carrying away with her only the cradle, her guitar, and her father's picture.

Before she had fled very far, she found the picture so cumbersome, that she tore off the canvas and threw away the frame, and thus, a little relieved, she hoped to gain the Confederate lines. At nightfall her despair was brought to a climax by encountering a mounted patrol from the enemy's lines. Feeling sure that he would destroy her life, and being unable to escape, she threw herself on her knees, and, guitar in one hand, cradle in the other, implored him for her baby's sake to spare her life. She told me how greatly she was relieved when the horseman, noticing the guitar, said, "Well, give us a tune then." He was not such a demon as he had appeared to her to be. He presented her with some hickory nuts which he had in his pocket, and offered to convey her either to the enemy's head quarters, or to the probable Confederate lines. She chose the latter, and was some time after picked up by Confederate patrols, having had to abandon the cradle *en*

route. The baby for whom the cradle was intended came duly to hand, and was well cared for.

When the Federal troops marched into the town of Savannah, the inhabitants kept to their houses, and little or no violence of any kind was offered. A friend of mine, who resided in one of the handsomest houses in Savannah, soon received a visit from one of the commanding officers, who coolly requested to be taken in as a border, or that she should give up half of the house. The lady—a bitter rebel—told him she would not live under the same roof with him, though it were of golden shingles, and that if *he* came in, *she* would walk out. He expressed his regret at her resolution, but said he intended to stay, and that she could carry away with her whatever she thought proper.

She had previously, anticipating this invasion, packed all her jewellery and silver into one trunk, which was carefully stowed away behind a door, that when open concealed it as in a closet. A dray was procured, and the lady, praying backwards for the Yankees, departed with her luggage and furniture, to seek a new home. Scarcely had she settled down in her new abode, than she suddenly bethought her of the trunk with all her valuables, which she had left behind the door. She rushed back to her

house, but on her way beheld the precious trunk mounted on a military baggage-waggon. In vain she appealed to the escort, in vain she implored the commanding officer ; he merely bowed his regrets, and said she was, as he had already told her, at liberty to take anything away from the house, but he could not stop baggage-waggons, that she might select from them any object she had a fancy for.

When Rosencrantz's army entered Nashville, the best houses were selected for officers' quarters, and the families had so many hours allowed them to go—in American vernacular—" where they d—n pleased."

One day there would be a levy on all the waggons in the city for ambulance service ; another, everybody would find himself minus his carriage horses for troop service. A poor woman told me, with tears in her eyes, of the loss of her only steed, Dobbin, by whose aid, in bringing eggs and butter to market, she had contrived to support herself and children during the absence of her husband. She chanced to be in town on the unlucky day when the ukase for horses was issued. Dobbin was meekly standing, bearing her stock of provisions, while she was engaged with a customer, when she saw a number of soldiers surround him. She rushed to the rescue, and threw her arms round his

neck, entreating to have him spared to her, as the only support of herself and family. The soldiers only jeered her, and declared that Dobbin was a "d—d rebel," that he must thenceforth work in a loyal cause, and bidding her cut short her embraces, they relieved Dobbin of his butter and eggs. She had no heart to attempt to sell them, she said, and trudged home with her load, weeping all the way.

There is little doubt that although most of the Southern cities were surrendered or evacuated, they were treated much in the fashion of cities taken by storm. The women and children were invariably respected, to the honour of American men be it said, although a thousand and one instances were brought under my notice of every sort of license imaginable. The soldiers would come and demand their rings, watches, and brooches, and even frighten them by pointing pistols at them to make them deliver up their valuables, yet their persons always remained sacred.

This manliness of feeling towards the weaker sex is characteristic of the American, and in this he is superior to his British ancestor. One never hears of the horrible brutalities so common in England, of kicking a woman to death, or throwing her down a flight of stairs. Such deeds in America would call forth the Lynch

Law. The offender would find himself swung to the first convenient tree or lamp-post, and the authorities would not trouble to ascertain who were the perpetrators of this summary act of justice. Thus, even in a large army, that was under no great discipline, and in which, in the natural course of things, there must have been ruffians of the very lowest type, they yet respected women. Even when General Butler issued his notorious mandate that all women insulting the Union flag or soldiers should be regarded as "common women," it had not much more result than exciting almost universal indignation, and amongst the officers there was not a man who would have dishonoured himself by taking advantage of such license.

Edgefield, a small village, is a suburb of Nashville, but on the other side of the river, which is here crossed by a beautiful suspension-bridge of five hundred feet span, also by an iron railway bridge, which opens to let ships pass through. The centre turns on a pivot, and revolves with the greatest ease, requiring only the strength of one man to turn it. The pedestal or shaft on which it is worked is built on solid rock, in the bed of the river. It is an interesting sight to see the great bridge with its iron frame go slowly sailing round, till it stands "fore and aft" in the middle of the river, like a slender

rod. There are also some pillars, the remains of the bridge destroyed during the war by the Confederates themselves, in the hope of preventing the enemy from crossing. It was, however, unavailing, for before the enemy presented themselves, the importance of the bridge was gone, by the fall of Fort Donaldson, on the Cumberland River.

The Confederates, having been routed, fell back upon Nashville immediately. The scene must, from all accounts, have been one of the most terrible of the war—the panic-struck army rushed into Nashville spreading terror and dismay on all sides, their only endeavour being, to put the city between them and their pursuers. Every horse and conveyance was seized to carry them beyond the city. Some were so desperate as to propose setting fire to the town, and so destroy it rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. The unfortunate women and children were alone left in it. Nashville had been the depôt for commissariat stores, and immense buildings along the river-side were crammed with all kinds of provisions and clothing. Upon the approach of the enemy it was thought best, in order to prevent these stores from falling into their hands, to throw them open to the people, who were to come and help themselves to whatever they pleased, and enor-

mous quantities of edibles were thrown into the river. It must have been curious to see the poor and the rabble of Nashville rushing into these buildings, and carrying off whatever they could lift. One old woman, who had scarcely been able to walk for years, distinguished herself by carrying off a whole pig. Other women staggered under numberless pairs of pants, doubtless under the hope that their sons or husbands might some day return from the war. Everything that had a wheel was put in requisition to carry away a load of provisions, and terrible it was for those poor wretches who had been living on short commons for so long, to see them shovelled into the river, when after every effort they could not succeed in carrying them away in time.

On the other side of Nashville, from a place called Bowling Green, another portion of the Confederate army had to retreat, fearing that they could not maintain their position after the fall of Fort Donaldson. It will be remembered that these "forts" were only earthworks, fieldworks hastily thrown up, and not like those on Portsdown Hill for instance. General Rosencrantz came in a few days afterwards, and immediately threw up fortifications all round the city. No attempt was made to dislodge him, until after the fatal disaster of Missionary Ridge, when

Hood made an inroad into Tennessee, hoping to get into the Federal rear. He came within sight of Nashville, which at that time was held by not more than ten thousand troops, and many a weary war-worn soldier caught a glimpse of his home, and it is said that if Hood had marched upon the town at once he would have stood a very good chance of taking it. But he delayed for a week. The Federals had got their reinforcements and marched out to meet him, and one of the most disastrous defeats which the Confederates ever sustained ensued—out of thirty thousand troops, only eighteen thousand answered to the muster-call afterwards, and they were ragged, shoeless, and starving.

CHAPTER XXII.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

I MUST here be allowed an Hibernicism, as far as the title of this chapter is concerned, for in the whole course of my travels I never discovered that there were any American *children*. Diminutive men and women in process of growing up into big ones, I have met with; but the child, in the full sense attached to that word in England—a child with its rosy cheeks and bright joyous laugh, its docile obedience and simplicity, its healthful play and its disciplined work, is a being almost unknown in America.

The little people of that country dress like adults, talk like their fathers and grandfathers, eat like their mothers and god-mothers, and keep the same hours as their grown-up brothers and sisters. A little American boy, almost before the age when an English child can only lisp (they never lisp in America, for the lisp is

too much of a childish attribute) "reckons," "guesses," or "calculates" he'll have five dollars made up by next "Thanksgiving," and he "reckons" by that time "Seth Washington H. Smith will let him have that horse-velocipede he wants seven dollars for now." If you think to amuse him by putting a watch to his ear, he immediately pulls it away and asks what it cost, and why you don't sell it and get a dollar more for it. If you ask him why he does not sell his knife or pencil, he at once jumps at the chance of striking a bargain, and asks "what *will you* give?" eager to obtain more than he knows the knife has cost.

This spirit for over-reaching and taking advantage of his neighbour is rather encouraged than otherwise by American parents. He is "right smart," they say, "and will make his way in the world." It seems to me that the principles inculcated (if American parents inculcate any) are those of the Scotchman to his son. "Make money, my son—honestly if you can—but make money." Never being taught obedience to their parents, the American children are therefore considerably more ill-mannered and disagreeable than European ones. They show no childish timidity or shyness, and no sense of respect for their elders, or deference to strangers; but on the contrary, they regard you with

considerable suspicion, and frown upon your most amiable endeavours to please them.

If a sugar-plum be offered to one of these little men, he will snatch it, and eat it up with a jeering laugh, thinking how cleverly he has "sold" you. "I guess I did that pretty smart." One beautiful little fellow with fine dark eyes, who had been standing eyeing me with a frown on his fair soft brow, I endeavoured to propitiate by telling him I would show him a picture in my book of a little boy just like himself. He turned his fierce little eyes upon me, and said, "I guess I was four years old last February, marm, and *now I am nearly six*—yes, marm." And off he marched in high dudgeon at being considered a little boy, kicking my dress out of his way as he went. Presently I heard him talking with another boy somewhat older than himself, and was greatly amused by the tone and style of the conversation. They stood with their hands in their little coat pockets, and with their little legs apart, and addressed each other as "sir," as I had been "marm." The proverbial "extra twopence" is evidently always paid in this country, for the "sir" and "marm" are never omitted.

"If that locomotive, sir, had dashed into our cars, we should all have been smashed up, sir," said the bigger boy.

"No, sir, my mother read in the paper that the cow-catcher dashed into some other cars. It smashed them all to bits, and wasn't hurt itself. Yes, *sir*."

They continued the argument like two old men, regarding each other with a steadfast seriousness utterly grotesque in two such small children. The very babies have a solemn contemplative look, as though already pondering what "ticket" they will vote, and what new amendment to the Constitution they will propose in Congress, when they have cut their teeth and can walk and talk.

Mere children turn out in the world on their own account; seek employment, obtain it, and keep the wages. On one occasion I was in a shop where a ticket for "a boy wanted" was displayed in the window. A boy of nine or ten entered, and, singling out the head of the establishment at once, said, "Want a boy?" "Yes." "How much do you give?" "Two dollars a week." "Oh, you go to h—l!" was the reply, and he turned on his heel and marched out of the shop. There was no humble setting forth of the services he could render; no timid but earnest promise of doing his best if taken on trial; no anxiety as to his services being accepted or rejected, but a cool defiant refusal.

Another child I met with, and whom I shall

never forget, was in speech and manners the reverse of the above picture, though they were equally characteristic of the American small people. He was a boy of twelve, with exquisitely symmetrical features—one of the most beautiful faces I have seen in America. He had large, soft, hazel-brown eyes, and a profusion of silken, wavy hair of the same shade; his complexion was a soft, creamy white, and his manners were those of a "*grand seigneur de la cour*"—in this respect differing from most other American children. But then it was impossible to regard him as a child. He introduced himself to me, professing the great interest he took in making my acquaintance. Our first conversation related to the Gulf Stream and the mineral springs of various countries, on which subjects he seemed to be perfectly informed; also on Biblical history, quoting from the learned researches of Professor Stowe, and offering to lend me the volume if I had not read it. This charming small personage was living at the hotel, entirely independent, and I should not have been surprised to learn, on his own income—for he had his own room, of which he kept the key like any other man; hired his own carriage, took his drive, and dressed in the most elaborate extreme of fashion, wearing always the most dainty of cambric shirt-fronts, with

diamond studs. His hair was dressed every morning by the hair-dresser; I cannot say whether he went through the farce of shaving, for his delicate chin was as smooth as mine. He dined at the public table, and ordered his own dinner; but that was no feat for a boy of twelve years, as I have seen infants of five do the same daily.

When the gong sounds for a meal, the small people find their way to the dining-room independent of the escort of parents or servants, and order the waiter in the most imperious manner to supply them with pumpkin pie, ice-cream, pickled cucumbers, floating island nuts, grapes, and other dainties they may fancy, washing all down with three or four tumblers of iced-water. If these children ever arrive at maturity with a sound liver, it must be by a peculiar dispensation of Providence, as in the supervision of the "lame and lazy."

But my handsome beau (for he soon began to pay me marked attention, he not seeming to recognize the disparity of years) ate and drank like a reasonable man, took his coffee, and read his newspaper. "No, madam; I don't smoke," he replied, with a graceful bow, to my query: "I think it a bad habit, that often interferes with a gentleman's cleanliness." The ends of a fine cambric handkerchief peeped gracefully

from the pocket of his coat. His cuffs and his hands were speckless, and his nails, like those of most Americans, were beautifully shaped and well kept. I have seen numbers of American boys of this class, *c'est a dire*, young dandies of the age of thirteen or fourteen, but none so perfect as my young friend. When I inquired if he had a little pony, he turned upon me a half-amused, tolerant smile (that seemed to say, "You Britishers do make awful blunders, but we bear with you"), and replied, "I have not a pony, madam, but I have a very pretty mare. She does not stand very high, and, though a little skittish, I shall be happy to send for her if you are fond of riding." This conversation was of course in an early stage of our acquaintance. I soon learned to treat him as he desired, viz., on perfect terms of equality of age, which position he sustained admirably.

How fond I became of this little miniature man I will not say, but I coveted him very much as a charming little companion, and if I had had any right to him, should certainly not have left him in an hotel alone. He was almost the only pleasant specimen I met of American young people, who, as a rule, are insolent, unruly, and rude, as young things brought up without any discipline must naturally be. From their earliest infancy they follow pretty much

their own inclinations, setting the parental authority at complete defiance.

If a girl of nine or ten chooses to use powder and cosmetics, making a carnival-mask of her face, the mother or teacher have no authority to prevent it. "I am bound to have it," she announces; and accordingly she has it. If a boy of the same age wishes to smoke or "chaw," he gives—if, perchance, rebuked—the same reasons, and continues the habit. A child will ask for the breast of the chicken, or the best piece on the table, and refuse to eat anything else—the mother merely remarking, "He never would eat any other part."

In a family where they were always complaining of biliousness, I suggested that probably eating hot bread three times a day might have something to do with it. "No doubt," replied the lady; "but you cannot persuade a Southern child to eat bread at all unless it is right hot." I remarked that if the child were in an English nursery, we should not even try to "persuade" him. This want of discipline in youth naturally develops itself into ill-mannered selfishness in after-life, for "the boy is father to the man." "Oh, ma! I am so tired!" exclaimed a youngster. "I'd like you to give me up that rocking-chair."

American boys and girls do not amuse them-

selves with toys and games, like children in England; they prefer lounging about, by laying on sofas, or rocking themselves in chairs. Numbers of children, both girls and boys, lie down on their beds after dinner, and take their siesta like any old fogies. No doubt the indigestible food they indulge in makes this lazy habit as essential for them as for adults. But such habits of indolence contracted at that early age, must become almost ineradicable in after life. The duty of self-sacrifice or self-restraint is the last thing impressed on their minds, while to any unpalatable suggestion the unruly offspring generally replies, "Ma, I won't!" Nowhere else in the world, that I am aware of, is it recognized as a settled thing that no effort should be made to correct or improve unruly and vicious children.

I remember being in an hotel at Brussels, which was suddenly thrown into a state of horror and dismay by the advent of a family of American children. They smacked long whips through the house, rode downstairs on the banisters, stood up on their seats at table, and snatched the fruit and flowers from the épergnes; caught at the table cloths and pulled over the glass and dishes, sat with their feet outside the windows, and threw the whole establishment into such consternation, that the hotel-

keeper was under the necessity of requesting them to vacate. The mother of this lively brood could scarce bend her fingers, so bedizened were they with diamond rings; so that it was no want of means to educate the children that had produced this terrible state of things. I thought they were some eccentric, exceptional specimens of American children, but have since had to learn that such specimens are the rule, not the exception.

Mothers in general exercise *some* sort of surveillance over the health of their children; but not much of that with an American mother. If a child should choose to eat green plums, buttermilk, and pickled mackerel, she would merely remonstrate, but would not *prevent* him. If she saw him standing on the brink of a well or precipice, she might wrangle the point with him, but, having no authority to *restrain* him, would remark, "I guess he *will* stand there." Tops, hoops, skipping-ropes, football, hockey, skittles, are little known to or appreciated by the young folk of America. They lack the energy which such games need, or, if they have any, display it in a more old-fashioned way. Many will cultivate vegetables or fruit, and sell them at a large profit; in fact, they begin to trade and make money as soon as they can understand anything. This gives them the

serious and careworn look which the getting of money, I have observed, ever produces on old and young. A want of energy is easily accounted for in Southern children. From their babyhood they have been surrounded by slaves, who crawl about them, ready to flatter, cringe, and toady them to their full bent, with a view to currying favour and avoiding punishment. A domestic scene more saddening and revolting could scarce be conceived, than that of two or three children surrounded by their special slaves, over whom they have supreme control—beating and cutting them, rating at and venting all their evil passions upon them, without the least check to their tyranny, or any attempt of their parents to restrain the bad passions which spring up even in the earliest childhood. A number of young negroes were always crouching around, ready to relieve these children from, and to supply them with, a butt for every ill humour. Thus pampered and enervated from infancy, instead of growing up robust, earnest, self-reliant, energetic men and women, they became demoralized before they had really attained the use of reason—contaminated by the close intercourse with the depraved and bestial natures of their black dependants.

To some Southern youngsters the war was a godsend in bringing them to their senses, and

teaching them the hard lesson of how each human being must depend on himself. Many, however, were too old to learn it, too selfish to grow wise, too inert for steady self-sacrifice, without which no great cause ever prospered. The heroism displayed was in most cases a dash, not sustained endurance. The exception to this was shown by the few graduates of the military school at West Point, who chanced to be in the Southern army.

I was told by one of the most sterling general officers of the Confederate army, that recruits joined from most of the families *as privates* (being ignorant of military affairs), bringing with them trunks containing every imaginable comfort and convenience, also a servant to wait upon them; so that to one regiment of ten companies there would be, at first, two hundred waggons, and as many serving-men as soldiers. Of dash and enthusiasm the young planters had enough and to spare. All were eager to leave their homes and stake their lives for the great cause, but few had the sustained courage to remain and to stand by that cause, let the time and sacrifice needed be what they might.

There was much of inconsiderate valour with little of steadfast purpose. Some brought their wives and families with them, intending to fight their battles during the day, and pass the night

in domestic comfort. All were eager to meet the enemy in the field, but loth to take a spade to dig trenches and throw up earthworks. They were willing to carry a knapsack and gun, but indignant at having to cook their own rations.

The Southern army was composed of thousands of gentlemen (or at least of those so designated in America) occupying the position of private soldiers; and it became, therefore, a problem with the army, as difficult to solve as that of the Spanish grandees saved in a boat from a wreck. "*I* señor, *you* señor—who, diavolo, is to row the boat ashore?" The Southern youth had never been taught to bear any inconvenience or accident, much less real privations and trials, with fortitude. The war discipline made men of the best of them, but these were too few to sustain so great a cause; of the greater part it made rowdies. The negroes were the only really disciplined class in the South, and they could not then be made use of; and when the North had succeeded in disciplining her mercenary troops—and mercenary troops frequently make the best soldiers—the balance was not long in turning in favour of discipline against erratic bravery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMERICAN HOTELS, AND WHAT OCCURS THEREIN.

THE American hotel is a *peculiar institution*, occupying a position in the country totally different from that conceded to hotels in Europe. The hotel proprietor also holds a rank in American society not accorded, in other countries, to landlords of similar establishments. In the United States a man of education, fortune, and good position—for instance, a general, a doctor, or lawyer ("solicitor-general" perhaps), would think it no disparagement to go into the hotel line, at the same time retaining his former rank, his official or other title. It is not unusual when a stranger inquires at the hotel for Major-general So-and-so—to whom he has letters of introduction—for the gallant major-general himself to step out from behind his own bar to receive his guest.

I was once introduced to a gentleman, said to be of high culture but fallen fortunes, who

spoke with bitterness of the vicissitudes of life, telling me of his former wealth, his carriages, horses, plate, and innumerable servants. Not having met with any one living in that princely style, I was beginning to regret this one lost opportunity of seeing an American grand seigneur in full glory, when he observed, as a climax, "I assure you, madam, I kept one of the largest hotels in the United States!"

I sincerely trust that he did not observe the shade of British prejudice which must have passed across my face; for no doubt it was a prejudice, like that which excites the conventional sneer when a wealthy tailor or tallow-chandler is mentioned. Very little of this prejudice exists in America. Being a tailor was very rarely rated against President Johnson, and the having worked as a tanner never against President Grant; indeed, all the societies organized to support the candidature of the latter adopted the leather apron as a badge of honour. To keep *a* hotel (they aspirate that *h*) is considered, then, quite *comme il faut;* to live in one is a mark of fashion; as it denotes a certain degree of wealth and recklessness in its expenditure—two qualifications indispensable for those who would rank with the *haut ton* of America.

In Europe, hotels are establishments for the

accommodation of travellers, whether bent on business or pleasure. In America, they are institutions for the accommodation of the wealthy inhabitants, to enable them to display their riches to the greatest advantage, and make as much show as possible for their money. These hotels are always large, in proportion to the city, and every place with any pretensions to the name of city has one or two monster specimens, containing several hundred rooms. When a settler aspires to the dignity and fame of founding a city, he commences operations by building a monster hotel, which generally fails, and buries his hopes in its ruin. The system of living in hotels, though vaunted as the *ne plus ultra* method, must be qualified with *chacun à son goût*, the two portions of the globe differing very widely as to this one.

To a European, American hotel life savours too much of school discipline. Nailed up behind your door, you find a yard and a half of printed regulations, prescribing every movement of domestic life. This, surely, is utterly opposed to British notions of liberty, and would be indignantly rejected by every Frenchman.

To have the hours for sleeping and waking pre-arranged by your landlord—or the proprietor, as he must be called—is very hard, when you pay for your bed and your room

exactly what he demands. To be made to eat when you are not hungry, and to fast when you are famishing, paying all the time for a *recherché cuisine* and an amply-spread board, is very conducive to unevenness of temper. If you do not eat your meals at the hour and place fixed by the regulations, you must go without, but pay for them all the same. No matter what your appetite or habits may be, you must pay for eating fifteen dishes for breakfast, whether you like it or not. But should you have no inclination for rising by gaslight to eat before seven your breakfast of succotash steak, onions, bacon, beans, Irish stew, apples, eggs (broken into wine-glasses, no egg-cups having been yet imported to this country), pickles, treacle, and iced rain-water, your neighbour probably sucking his fingers after manipulating each and every one of these savoury morsels, you can remain in your own room. Then, by patiently pulling at the bell (if there is one), you may attract, if you can, the attention of two negroes—one called the "bell boy," the other, more briefly, "boy," without the "bell." One or the other will bring you, after waiting an hour or so, a cup of coffee—cold, or, if hot, in a tea-pot, which communicates to it a flavour more strange than agreeable. And this one cup of coffee is charged in your bill of extras one dollar, as "meal in room."

The rule of the hotel is, as written up behind your door, "Food on table at a certain hour." You navigate your way down among a crowd of people, and eat your food, if you are successful in the scramble and like it. But if you do not like what is there, you may not choose anything else. If you fancy a boiled egg for breakfast, and the *chef de cuisine* has ordered the eggs that morning to be "scrambled," as they call the mess, then you must, like a refractory school-boy, eat them "scrambled" or go without.

If it is the hotel rule to give tea instead of coffee, or coffee instead of tea, your fancies on this point are of no shadow of consequence. If you venture any remonstrance about not liking tea, the generalissimo of the establishment tells you sententiously, and with his hands thrust into his pockets, "We *drink tea* in this house."

Dinner is equally according to law. In most cities, with the exception of New York, the dinner hour is from twelve to one. At some places they insist upon your swallowing that meal at half-past eleven. In one of these hotels I confess to having incited the boarders to rebellion by the banner-cry—"In England we eat when we please, if we pay for it." The first day of the revolt the gong sounded in vain; no one went to the dining-room until one o'clock, when we found the door locked, and the cook and all

the negroes gone home. The second day of the insurrection we got into the dining-room at one o'clock; but as the dinner had been standing there since a little after eleven, and the negroes were all asleep, the result was anything but successful or comfortable. We then resolved unanimously that the eleven o'clock meal should be considered *déjeûner à la fourchette,* and dinner a myth.

Dining one day at the same table with an English gentleman, he said to me, in a confiding tone—

"These people are barbarians!"

"In what respect?" feeling sure he had made some dreadful discovery in the culinary line.

"Do you not perceive they always cut off the head and root of the celery, and bring the branches *only* to table?"

I had already noticed this, and wondered at it frequently. Resolving to ascertain the reason of it, I spoke to a negro, whose hand was always open for *douceurs.*

"What do they do with the heads of the celery?" I said.

"He cook, he chop dem off; trows dem away —good for him hogs, ma'am!"

"Well, can you get me a few?"

"Quite easy. Ma'am like to eat pig's meat!"

And he presently brought us a plateful of the

roots, which he sat down, grinning broadly, for every Yankee eye near regarded us and the celery roots with amazement, and every Yankee mind "concluded" within itself—

"These people must be Britishers; they are eating the wrong end of the celery. What barbarians!"

Indeed, with the exception of a cup of coffee, I have never had breakfast but three times during the eighteen months of my travels, the dinner serving me as *déjeûner à la fourchette*, especially when they would give me coffee with it.

Dinner, socially and scientifically understood, with its courses, conversation, wine, and dessert, is one of those organizations which I had great pleasure in once more realizing. I may have *dined* in twelve months at most six times, always excepting three or four delightful weeks I spent with an English lady in Georgia.

An American dinner so called is a curiosity of indigestion, so much so that Americans have nearly always to retire to their beds after eating it, and bear unmistakable tokens of it in their sallow, lean persons. The manner of serving it, and the multiplicity of bits and scraps, resembles more the Turkish style of dinner, than anything I know in Europe. You are served with *one plate*, knife and fork, and around are placed

from one to two or more score of small dishes or saucers, resembling those in a child's toy dinner set. In each dish there is a bit of something—a spoonful of turnip, a boiled potato, ditto mashed, a sweet potato, a parsnip, a few leaves of cabbage, a stewed tomato, ditto unstewed, a slice of beet-root, onions raw, onions cooked, cold cabbage, and warm sauer kraut, pickled beets, boiled beets, and celery; in short, an endless variety of vegetables, all *cuit a l'eau.*

The fish, flesh, and fowl, are as various as the vegetables, and as badly cooked, but they make a grand bill of fare for the eye, there being a list of from sixty to one hundred different dishes, said to be all cooked with various sauces, but to *the palate* all owning a close relationship to each other. It requires frequently a good deal of discrimination to distinguish beef from veal, pork from mutton, turkey from "chicken," "Ham, with champagne sauce!" is one of the delicacies set forth, the ham being somewhat less tender than Wiltshire, while the champagne might have remained in its native country for all the ham has seen of it.

"Cocoa-nut pudding with wine sauce," "Sherry wine jelly," and "Brandy pudding," so called, are in reality compounded on the strictest teatotal principles, and repudiate the approach of intoxicating liquors of any de-

scription. These dishes all being set down together, and not "to follow," are necessarily (all but one) cold before you can eat them.

Americans make the best speed they can, and with knife and fork (alternately) literally *shovel* down the various viands indiscriminately, terminating their repast in about ten minutes, and saving themselves from immediate suffocation by copious draughts of iced water.

The discipline of the hotel does not allow of any beverage more generous, and would frown down severely any apparent leaning towards ale or wine.

In England or France we should as soon seat a person down to a repast of dry bread as cold water, but in America, and especially in the east, there is a very determined *make believe* of total abstinence. I say "make believe," because there can be no doubt that there is more drunkenness in America than in any other country. I can safely say that I have seen there in one twelvemonth more men, in a respectable position of life, intoxicated, than in all the twelvemonths of the rest of my life put together. (Police statistics do not touch the question at all.)

In a country where grapes, rye, and barley abound, it is false policy to make men drink muddy river water or sooty rain water caught

from the roof. In St. John's the water placed upon the table is so thick and yellow, that on my arrival I believed all the company to be drinking café-au-lait in tumblers.

Hotel prices vary from ten to twenty shillings a day for board and lodging. The price varies not according to accommodation, but according to the size of the hotel; in fact, the amount of dollars charged per diem is according to the amount of dollars it has taken to build the house. I have as frequently had to put coals on the fire with my hands, and stir it with my umbrella, when I have been paying three and sixpence a day for coal, as when I have been paying one and sixpence for the same. Fire-irons do not seem to have been largely imported into this country, and are rarely to be met with. The hotels differ only in the number of dishes they give, and the size of the entertaining rooms. If a dining-room exceeds fifty feet in length, the probability is that you will have to pay over four dollars a day; if under fifty feet, the charges will be moderated to three or three and a half, and there will be only about fifty dishes to choose from and to partake of if you please, provided always you can succeed in devouring them in a given space of time.

Upon one occasion a party of us dining together, and attempting to make a European

dinner, by taking an hour to discuss it, the waiters turned down the gas, and began to fold up the cloths and sweep the room. Such vagaries as sitting over dinner could not be tolerated under hotel discipline.

Tea or supper—whichever they think fit to call it—is generally what is termed in Scotland "a heavy tea," consisting of tea or coffee and cold meat; sometimes hot steak and sweets, with an infinity of hot cakes and hot bread, such as whoffles and muffins, dough-nuts and crumpets, pikelets and buck-wheat cakes, biscuits and rolls (which are not rolled, but are square, doughy substances), corn-cakes and pan-cakes, bread-cakes and fritters—in fact, an avalanche.

Americans never eat cold bread if they can avoid it, and if you are resolved not to become dyspeptic, as they are, you have to ask for *cold bread*. If you said "bread" alone, you would bring around you a shower of the above-named varieties.

It is noticeable that when the meal is called "tea," you cannot get coffee, but when it is called "supper," you may have either or both. The hours vary from half-past five to six and seven, according to the prevailing fashion. As in the old country, the latest meals are the most fashionable, and the provinces regard New York

with something like veneration and awe, because the New Yorkers are so fashionable as to dine at five. New York is quite as much the ideal of all that is grand to the American, as Paris is to the Frenchman.

Much as I approve of discipline, regularity, and exactitude, yet I must confess that my very soul revolts from the sound of the gong of an American hotel. How terrifically does it burst upon one in that mysterious time between waking and sleeping, startling the happy slumberer from delightful morning dreams, and leading her to suppose that the town is on fire. Infinitely, also, do I abhor that persistent chamber-maid, who with the most doggedly impertinent of raps, expresses her wish every half hour from six till nine, to "get through your bed."

During these morning hours there is neither peace nor comfort. If a train is about to start you are rapped up, whether you want to go or not. If your door is not carefully bolted it flies open with a dull thud and a splash like the entrance of a small cutter or gig, and an individual appears under a yoke, with two large buckets of water. "Want water?" he growls, "concluding" you have drunk the two gallons he left you the day before. Next comes a rattling and scraping; this time it is to take up the

ashes, a portion of which you are under the necessity of swallowing, unless you prefer suffocation under the bed-clothes. You are pondering the question, whether you will rise and dress or take another nap, when "knock, knock, knock" (imperatively this time). It is the "fireman" as he is called; but his business is not to *put out* fires, but to light them. I had noticed that these "firemen" were dashing, dirty, devil-may-care sort of individuals, very much above their business, and generally fresh out from the old country. Building a fire is no doubt the first step towards building a fortune. I have often seen men lighting my fire who had worn dress-boots in their own country. Once, in particular, I asked the fireman if he had ever lighted a fire in England. He said, "Not often." I then asked what had been his position. He coloured and answered, "A valet." I made no reply, feeling that he had spoken falsely. "You do not believe me?" he inquired. "No." "I thought you would not. Good morning," and he left the room with the air of a high-bred gentleman, with a coal-box in his hand.

You will probably receive yet another visit; this time from the laundress, or from a waiter seeking stray dishes and cups. Having been your own porter and attended to these indi-

viduals' various requirements, you think you may as well get up and attend to your own dressing.

But the American *beau monde* having by this time finished its breakfast, goes paying visits, and long before your toilette is accomplished, "rap, tap, tap" at your door, and like the worried porter in Macbeth, you are inclined to say "Who comes there, in the devil's name?" It is a gentleman's card. Not knowing his name, and not being dressed, you desire him to call again or make known his business. You then proceed with the arrangement of your back hair; but before it is settled into the legitimate chignon, "rap, tap, tap" again, and the bell-boy shouts through the key-hole, "Gent wants to take your photograph." "Tell him he cannot." Or perhaps it is the chambermaid with a lady's card. "Say I am sorry, but I am dressing." Chambermaid returns with message from stranger lady, "No consequence, she will come up all the same; she has read a good deal about you in the newspapers, and wants to see you." Answer again, "Tell her she cannot."

Hotel bedrooms are furnished with no regard to comfort, but altogether with a view to effect. Most things required in a bed-room are wanting; several things not required are there in great state. An immense mirror, placed so that

you can only see one half of your face, the other being thrown into quite Rembrandt shade. As it is impossible to dress your hair alike on both sides, when you have to use the sense of sight for one side and are entirely dependent on that of touch for the other, I comforted myself greatly under these circumstances, upon being informed by a French *artiste en cheveux* that "for the present mode the hair need not be *coiffée* alike on both sides," a fortunate coincidence, indeed.

Your bedroom constitutes the whole of your private establishment; your sitting as well as dining-room being open to the public. It must also be understood that once a lady or gentleman is cast into one of these bedrooms, he or she is thrown entirely and completely on his or her own resources. You need not expect help from any member of the establishment, either to brush your boots, your coat, your dress, unfasten hooks and untie the string of your veil, fastened in your hair, or any of those little civilities ladies usually require, and so much appreciate. You are in a republican country, where no one will give you a pin unless you pay so many cents for it.

Servants are beings unheard of, and good-nature in *any one* very scarce. All repudiate the notion of being *servants*. They will tell

you, "My business, or profession, is to sweep rooms, or make beds, or attend to the table; and if you want any one to brush your dress you must find some one whose business it is to do it." I have never known a lady have a maid or a gentleman a valet. Gentlemen get their boots blacked by professional shoe-blacks, and ladies have their hair dressed by professional hairdressers. But if any accident happens to shoes or hair you will have to remedy it yourself, as you best can. As American ladies only occasionally wear their hair in a style artistic or tidy, I dare say they are generally reduced to dressing it themselves.

Amongst other regulations nailed on your door, you will find:—

"Ladies occupying this room are strictly prohibited from doing any washing in it.

"Gentlemen are requested to spit in the spittoon and not on the carpet.

"It is positively disallowed for visitors to carry away this album.

"Persons occupying this room are desired to turn off the gas each time they leave their room, or an extra charge will be enforced.

"Breakfast is at 7 o'clock, dinner at 1 o'clock, tea at 6;" (as the case may be), "any meals outside of these hours will be charged extra.

"Visitors asking for anything not on the bill of fare will be charged extra.

"Ladies taking fruit from the table will be charged one dollar.

"By act of congress, etc., etc., etc. The proprietor is not responsible for any article stolen from this apartment. Those occupying it are therefore desired to place all their valuables and money in the charge of the clerk in the office."

The gas, to begin with, is usually suspended from the ceiling beyond any natural arm's length, and to reach it you have to mount a chair, and often the table. Then, having plunged yourself into darkness, you must scramble from your elevation and grope among rocking-chairs, spittoons, and marble-topped tables (usually with about eight very hard sharp corners) to find your bed or the door. Upon returning to your dark room from the bright light without, you have again to practise a little gymnastics; to mount your table and grope for the gas-pipe, like a benighted Macbeth, the difference being that you neither "see" nor "have" what you want. All this time you must not forget another of the rules behind your door, "Visitors are earnestly desired not to strike their matches against the wall," although, no doubt, they may strike their heads against it in the dark as often as they like.

Then, for a lady to place all her valuables and jewellery in the charge of the clerk, would be

rather like living with your trunks across the street. When a lady takes off her jewellery in the evening, how is she to carry them to the "gentlemanly clerk" in a public office surrounded by the loafers of the city, smoking and spitting? How is she to regain them in the morning? Such is the idea of accommodation and comfort in an American hotel.

At Cincinnati I was unfortunate enough to comply with part of the regulations, by placing my money with the proprietor. When the bill had to be paid he helped himself to what he thought he would like, and sent me up the remainder of my money with the bill receipted. It turned out to be double the amount that, according to his own prices, he had the right to charge, or I would have paid. But with the money in his pocket, and his receipt in mine, there was an end of the matter. This sharp practice showed clearly why travellers were advised to place their money and valuables under the care of the proprietor, especially when he is the proprietor of the Burnet House, Cincinnati. I need not say that for the future I preferred taking care of my money myself!

The "parlour" is also furnished with immense mirrors, where you may see yourself at full length. Sometimes half as large again, sometimes half as broad again, so that really, to

know your natural size in America, you have to get weighed.

You never feel free or at home in an American hotel, for you are always under surveillance, always under discipline. If you receive a guest, a friend, or man of business, it is with great difficulty that you can have any private conversation with them. People who are strangers to you have no hesitation in walking up and standing near to listen to what you are saying, whether on business or friendship. They will even take a seat near enough to hear, and if they lose a word, will stretch out their necks to listen.

Your conversation must therefore necessarily be confined to such phrases as could safely be uttered on the market-place, or repeated to the whole parish. Thus all social chit-chats, all the happy friendly communions, all the pleasant hours passed in genial society, are discarded from this hotel and boarding-house life. For boarding-houses, which abound, are merely small hotels, where the mirrors are smaller and still more defective, the carpets a little more worn, and the prices somewhat less; but the discipline system is the same, gong included.

In Great Britain every man's house is said to be his castle, although it consists only of a garret.

No such independence exists in free America, for, as I have said, you never can call a room—not even a bedroom—your own, whatever you pay for it. Everybody expects to be allowed to come in at all times and seasons. To exclude them is to be sent to Coventry for a disagreeable Britisher. Your chambermaid walks in (without knocking, of course) and takes a seat, examines your books, or whatever you have on your table. Your laundress opens your door, declares it is a warm day, throws herself into your rocking-chair, and fans herself with your fan.

Arbitrary rule and custom in America forbid you to assert your right to the exclusive use of your own property. But Americans will say, "Oh, we don't pretend to be governed by the rules and regulations of so-called polite society. We are a free people, and do as we like." But there is the mistake. There never was a country under any despotism where people could do *so little* as they like as in America. The discipline is stricter than in any boarding-school except a convent—worse than in any regiment not governed by a thorough Martinet. Everybody is bound to do a certain thing at a certain time, or be cashiered *au diable*.

If you wear a boot or hat of a different shape or colour to that in vogue, every eye will fix

upon you, and dismiss you then and there for your intolerable audacity. If you do not see any one calling for wine at dinner, have a care, it would be better for you to choke than ask for it, for you will be stared at, and perhaps talked *at*, until you rush to your mirror to see if you are growing incipient horns or a whisker.

"If you wish to indulge your disgusting habit, confine yourself to your own room," is telegraphed at you from a dozen pair of eyes, as you modestly sip your claret or cider.

I may conclude this sketch of hotel life with an anecdote, which does not much exaggerate the inexorable determination of hotel-keepers in this country to extort, with or without reason, all the money they can from their guests.

A foreign prince was travelling through the country, and of course "a sensation" was got up, for which he was made to pay. Arriving at a small town, where he was merely to change horses and take some slight refreshment, the landlord, in great trouble about what he ought to charge for entertaining a prince, applied to the driver to inquire what was charged at the last hotel. One hundred dollars was the answer. He returned to his books, but by no ingenuity could make out a bill over fifty. He had put down—

To preparing parlour for Prince - - - - -	$10
To lighting fire in same - - - - - -	5
To sending message to Mayor and Corporation of arrival of Prince - - - - - - - - -	5
To saddling horse for messenger - - - - -	5
To buttering toast on both sides for Prince, thinking he would like it - - - - - - - -	5
Refreshments—as pea-nuts, etc. - - - - -	5
To whiskey-punch supplied to Prince instead of wine -	5
To stabling Prince's horses - - - - -	10
	$50

Vainly he sought for the other fifty; but at last, scratching his head, a bright thought occurred to him. "There has been," he said, "a mighty fuss made about this prince in the country, and I have done my part in it." So he seized his pen and wrote down—

To raising the devil in general - - - - -	$50

Then, as he presented his modest account, he felt himself worthy of being an American and an hotel-keeper. The bill was paid, devil's expenses and all.

If an individual should be taken ill in an American caravansary—misnamed an hotel—he will be left to himself to die or get better, as though sickness had overtaken him in the desert of Sahara. He pays four or five dollars a day for his room and his board. If he can manage to walk down to the great trough and wash at

stated hours, he may do so, but if he feels too ill to rise, *tant pis pour lui*, the chambermaid will make her daily inroad upon him with a view to "getting through the bed," as she terms it, but as to rendering him any service, no matter how trifling, "it is not her business," as she speedily informs him. If he is fortunate enough to possess a bell in his room that will ring, it will assuredly be placed in the remotest corner of the room, but by perseverance, hard pulling, and patience, he may possibly bring the bell-boy to his door.

But the bell-boy is sure to be an imp of mischief, after the Flibbertigibbet style, and will bounce away before the sick man has half finished his message, reappearing in a short space, with as many quarts of ice-water as his size will permit him to carry. Having done this, the sum total of his duty, it will require considerable force of character to make him do anything else. If hot tea, coffee, bouillon, or any other invalid preparation be needed, this Flibbertigibbet of the New World will recite at what hours fodder can be had below.

In despair, the sick person desires him to inform the housekeeper that he is ill, and that she will oblige him by stepping to his room. Away goes the imp, leaving the door open, and as it opens on a public passage, every passer-by

curiously looks in, surveys the invalid, "reckons that he or she is real sick," and goes on.

Meanwhile every approaching footstep is supposed to be that of the housekeeper hastening to render assistance. Vain delusion! Exhausted and suffering, nevertheless for the tenth time an effort must be made to crawl out of bed and shut that door, that is (if in the South), the nigger chambermaid, not caring to take the trouble to turn the handle, has not forced the lock, by putting her shoulder to the door. Some time in the course of the evening the housekeeper may perhaps walk in. Her first inquiry is, as to whether it is correct that she was sent for, her face and whole demeanour expressing the utmost astonishment at such audacity. If the chambermaid was indifferent, the boy impracticable, the housekeeper is utterly callous; and when the sick person, greatly humiliated by this treatment, and weakened by long fasting, meekly states how ill he has been all night and all day, she refuses to interfere in the case, says that a doctor and nurse can be sent for, or that the bell-boy will bring up the waiter, to whom the orders can be given, and that all extras will be charged for one dollar. For my own part, I never succeeded in inducing a chambermaid to bring me either a cup of tea or even hot water.

The hotel "parlours" are spacious according

to the prices fixed at the hotel. At four or five dollars a day, there will be a drawing-room and a dining-room capable of seating four or five hundred persons. In these rooms one may study men, women, and manners, and under a very novel aspect to those accustomed to the refined usages of society.

A lady takes her seat near you on the velvet sofa, and forthwith enters into conversation.

"Do you calculate to stop here any long spell?" she asks.

"A short time," I reply.

"You are a stranger, a Britisher, I calculate, from your queer trunks? I saw you arrive this morning. Why, one of them looked to me like a coffin."

I respond affirmatively.

"What are you going to do with that trunk?"

"Have myself put into it if I die; but while I live, put in my dresses at full length, to avoid creases."

"Is that so?" she exclaims. "Well, if that isn't a notion!"

I bow acquiescence to the implied compliment. My inquisitor surveys me from head to foot, and then remarks—

"I calculate your hair is uncommon heavy?"

"No," I respond, "very light," supposing she means the texture.

"Why," she exclaims, nodding significantly; "why, I thought so; I thought it was all false."

"Indeed, madam, it is my own," I reply, rather stiffly.

"Why, certainly, if you have paid for it," she replies, laughing.

I withdraw one of the main hair-pins, and hold out the lock to its full length, with a little defiant jerk.

"Why," she exclaims, "it *is* right heavy; just what I said at first."

"You mean thick," I said.

"Thick *you* may call it; *I* say it is a right *heavy* head of hair, and I don't know how you manage to keep it. What do you do to it?"

"Nothing," I answer, and turn away.

There is always music in these "parlours;" often a great deal of flirting; little girls beginning at the age of ten and twelve card-playing and dancing, so that it is like going a great deal into society, except that you pay so much a day for it, instead of taking it by invitation, and also that when you are tired of it you have no HOME to retire to except your bedroom.

These "parlours" are also the stages on which are enacted some comical scenes. I had arrived in a city, neither Southern or Northern, in the debatable land of Kentucky, and was busily engaged in settling my wearables and papers in

convenient position—my packing, in fact—when the black chambermaid appeared, and handed me the following letter:

"ADORABLE MADAM,

"Do not bid me despair! I am transfixed with love at first sight under the awning at the drug-store opposite. I have watched you ever since you arrived this morning, whenever I could see you, though you keep walking about. What is the trouble? Pray tell me to hope. Look out of the window. I am the gent who has been standing all day against the drug-store dressed in a black frock-coat, blue tie, white pants, embroidered front, coral studs, and a cluster diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"He is your most devoted slave,

"B. P. S."

The girl stood, grinning from ear to ear, waiting an answer. Feeling half amused and half indignant, I replied, "There is no answer; I do not know to what it alludes. Leave the room."

I chanced to be very much occupied during that day, and soon forgot the matter. I had sent out a great number of letters of introduction through the clerk of the hotel, who had

favoured me with a short biography of the various personages to whom they were addressed.

On the following morning a card was brought to me—B. P. Smith. I remembered at once that this was the editor of a newspaper to whom I had brought letters; I therefore went down to the parlour, and accosted my visitor with my most gracious bow and smile. He responded with equal *empressement*, and we got seated. He was a tall and exceedingly handsome man, with those dark grey, bewitching Southern eyes, shoulders fit for a dragoon, and a bearing which would have been remarkable in any salon.

We chatted pleasantly about all sorts of things, and I was becoming quite satisfied with my editor, when—

"You arrived yesterday morning by the nine o'clock train," he said. "What have you been doing with yourself ever since?"

"Nothing at all but unpacking my things," I replied.

"Oh! that accounts for it," he said. "Do you admire diamonds?" he then asked, and held out his hand, on the little finger of which was a splendid cluster ring; the finger had also an exquisite filbert nail.

I noted both, and said, "Beautiful!"

"Don't you want it?" he said, insinuatingly.

I shook my head.

"I do not covet such valuables."

"You are coy," he said; "but you won't refuse a buggy ride?"

As that is the proper thing to do in America, I at once assented, and we were just arranging time and place, when the waiter came in and gave me a card. B. V. Smith had called to see me.

"How is this?" I exclaimed aloud. "I had only *one* Smith in my letter of introduction. Who can B. V. Smith be?"

"A darned scalawag!" growled my guest, "and the editor of the *M*———. I would shoot him if I met him on the stair."

"Oh" I cried, "I thought you were the editor?"

"You did?" he exclaimed, with a laugh; then taking up his hat he bowed, and made his exit as B. V. Smith entered the parlour. Then for the first time flashed across my vision "black coat, white pants, blue tie, 'broidered front, cluster ring!" It was my lover from under the drug store awning, to whom I had been making myself amiable.

If ever a patient woman felt inclined to stamp, I did at that moment, as the other Smith walked in, looking sourly on the owner of the cluster ring. The real B. V. Smith was a short, thick-

set man, without any attractions whatsoever. He had a brown tie, a drab coat, and grey unmentionables. His first remark after we were seated, was,

"That cuss who has just left you is the greatest rebel unhung. I would like to see him strung up to-morrow."

"I was under the impression, until just now, when your card was brought in, that he was the Editor of the *M*——. I mistook the initial letters, P. and V."

He looked upon me with as much contemptuous pity as his Southern rival had done.

"I tell you, madam," he said, solemnly, "there's a mighty difference between P. and V. If you travel much in our country you'll have to learn that. Now, are you disposed to take a buggy ride, for that is what I came to ask you?"

I was disposed, so I went off in the buggy with B. V. instead of B. P. Smith. I noticed, as we drove away, that no one was under the awning at the drug store opposite.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAN'S GALLANTRY AND WOMAN'S FREEDOM.

AMERICAN men are certainly the most civil and obliging in the world to women, though they have not the politeness of Frenchmen, nor the real veneration for the sex that may be found amongst Englishmen. A woman is secure in America from any unforeseen insult, at all hours and in all places. I believe that a woman might traverse the wildest as well as the most civilized parts of America, with as perfect safety as she could walk in her own grounds, if only she had common sense and virtuous principles to protect her. Without them a lone woman would very soon meet with trouble, as American morals are peculiarly lax.

If a woman were lost in a forest at nightfall, and should meet an American, he would, with the greatest gallantry, escort her to her own

door, carry all her belongings, and her, too, if necessary, without one word or look to offend the most timid and modest of her sex. But it is quite within the range of possibility that if she expressed her gratitude to him, or rewarded him with smiling approval, the same chivalrous individual would not scruple to endeavour to penetrate to her room at an undue hour, though she had given him no encouragement beyond thanks for his civilities. But such an intrusion would not certainly be regarded in America with the horror it would inspire in Europe.

A lady complained to her hostess that the plaster on the ceiling of her room had given way, and that the gentleman overhead stamped about so heavily, she expected every moment to see his feet come through. The landlady shook her head and replied,

"You will be far more likely to see him come through the door, if you don't bolt it, for I observe he sits next you at table, and pays you great attention."

This bolting the door seems to be absolutely necessary, for there is usually a printed notice in every bedroom, "Be careful to *bolt* your door," which means that chambermaids have duplicate keys, that may be exchanged for dollars, and as this renders the locking inside of no avail, the *bolt* has to be used.

On one occasion we had quite a "White Horse" Pickwick scene, with the exception of the ladies (there were two of them) being young and fair, and without yellow curl-papers, and that the gentleman did not mistake his door, but entered by the window on the balcony.

I occupied the adjoining room, and my slumbers being disturbed one night by terrific shrieks, I jumped up, unlocked the venetian shutter, rushed out on the verandah, and was just entering my neighbour's apartment by the window, when I came violently in contact with a male being, who was as hurriedly rushing out of it. He dashed past me without uttering a word, whilst I, exclaiming, "What is the matter?" bounded in.

"A man! a man!" was all the reply I could obtain for some time. A man I knew it was to my cost.

"What has he done? stolen your watches?"

No! the watches and jewels were safe; nothing was taken. The whole house, however, had been aroused by the screams, and women and men, in *toilettes de nuit*, poured in by door and window. "No," was the answer to all questioners. They were not murdered! and nothing was stolen! They had seen a man enter the room, and were frightened, that was all, and the two girls began to laugh. Strange to say,

there was no investigation of the matter, and it never transpired who was the Pickwick of the situation. No further notice was taken; no one was ejected.

In a fashionable hotel in New York, a gentleman was actually locked into the room of a lady moving in "first-class society," by a mischievous friend, and kept there until a late hour the next morning, when the whole hotel became aware of the fact. There was a good deal of joking and talking about the affair; but the lady's reputation I believe did not suffer in consequence.

It is curious that in America scandal should set a less venomed mark on the capital offence against morality than upon some minor transgressions. You will rarely hear in society of a woman being tabooed for an indiscretion, magnified by whispering tongues into a crime. A lady will declare that she believes her friend Mrs. So-and-so got her diamond solitaire from Mr. ——, while her husband was away; yet she has no idea of dropping her acquaintance for that.

A certain gentleman—one of the leading men of America—who was tried for murdering his wife's lover, and acquitted on the ground of the terrible provocation received, some time after, having received his wife back again, took her as before into society! It appeared to be the

general opinion that the principal misfortune in the case was, that the husband discovered the intrigue. The eleventh commandment—"Never be found out"—seems to be the one most highly venerated in this country. It is equally certain that if the conventionalities of English society are too arbitrary and cruel, and that many an innocent woman has been "done to death by slanderous tongues," many a sensitive, pure-minded one, incapable of the misdeeds imputed to her, is driven mad—

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery,
> Swift to be hurled,
> Anywhere, anywhere,
> Out of the world"

—they are too much the reverse of this in America.

The splendid steamers, making from ten to twenty hours' passage on the rivers and round the coast, have tastefully-fitted private cabins for the use of lady and gentleman; these can be secured, and no questions asked, by paying a trifle extra. By this means many an intrigue is carried on. Only when some accident occurs—the ship being burnt, or some such catastrophe—does this state of things come to light.

The railroad cars have also, on many lines, set up private sleeping cars, for which also an extra charge is made. The hotel system, too, conduces as little to purity of morals as to good manners. The wife is left alone for the greater part of her time, with no occupation but that of dressing and displaying her various toilettes. Most of the rooms communicate with each other by folding-doors, which are rarely found fastened, and conversation can be distinctly heard and carried on even when they are closed.

A lady is under the necessity of going into the public dining-room at least three times a day, and has each time to make an elaborate toilette. Naturally enough, she likes to be observed. Probably the gentleman sitting at the next table *does* observe it, and admires it too; for gentlemen in America usually admire a lady's dress as much as the lady herself, and American husbands never grudge any amount their wives may spend on dress.

Young girls are brought up in these hotels, and even little baby-girls commence the system of display ere they can lisp their own names. A little girl's time and thoughts are almost as much occupied with "what she shall wear down to the dining-room," or "ladies' parlour," as those of her coquettish mamma, who conducts her thither, and makes her fussy chaperonage a

means for the greater display of her own attractions.

Nevertheless, there is a code of honour which protects a woman, if she wishes to be protected, more effectually than all our laws and actions for breach of promise. If a man should bring about a girl's ruin under promise of marriage, and afterwards refuse to marry her, her brother, or nearest male relative, would track the offender for days and months, and, without warning or compunction, would shoot him down like a dog wherever he met him. Even though tried for murder, the jury, under the circumstances, would certainly bring it in, "justifiable homicide." Under this system of summary justice, the crime of seduction and reckless abandonment is not so common in America as in England. The man acts there in a more manly spirit, and does his best to shield his unfortunate victim. Indeed, it is only in cases where the offender is a married man that any tragedy occurs. For it is rare that a woman turns on her lover, even when he has ruined her life for ever, and very few indeed will avenge themselves by putting the bloodhounds on his track.

American newspapers contain most startling reading to strangers, unaccustomed in Europe to such public *exposés*. In England or France

they would soon be suppressed by law. Their effect on young minds must be most pernicious, and destructive to all purity and innocence. I was informed that an Act of Congress was in progress to restrain this wholesale exposure of vice. Notwithstanding all this, ladies pretend to faint if they hear the words "bull" or "donkey." There are houses, certainly, where newspapers are not admitted into the family, but these are exceptional cases.

American ladies scruple as little to display their legs as do the Boulogne *matelottes*; but to mention them greatly shocks their sensibilities. They are particular even to straitlacedness in what they say, but not often in what they do. There is scarcely a poem in my *répertoire* which in some portions was not considered unfit for public utterance. I was gravely asked if it was not to be supposed that Tennyson's "May Queen" was talking from her bed, and, if so, the situation was objectionable. Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" was demurred to on account of the word "bull," which I was advised to omit, substituting the words "gentleman cow!" Let my readers essay the purified edition—

> "She struck where the white and fleecy waves
> Looked soft as carded wool;
> But the cruel rocks they gored her side,
> Like the horns of a *gentleman cow!*"

What the noble-minded poet would say to this interpolation I do not know; but I repeat the words of one of the Lord High Chancellors of England when I say that a more high-toned and pure poet never put pen to paper. Yet these would-be Dianas absolutely revelled in Mrs. Stowe's account of the Byron scandal; and that clever authoress knew they would, or she would never have set it forth.

There are no lines of social demarcation in America, no status, no rank, no society in which refinement and education exclusively hold sway. I have visited in a few dozen cities, and have met with many refined and educated people, both ladies and gentlemen, but with no society where vulgarity and coarseness would *necessarily* be excluded. It is the terrible mixture which destroys in America any attempt at society. The uneducated ill-bred woman displays her bad taste, and lords it over the intellectual lady. The commonplace "shoddy" mingles with, and takes precedence of, his more cultivated fellow-citizen. If a vulgarian creeps into good society in England, he has to observe a good deal of reticence, after the fashion of the man with the Shaksperian head, who had succeeded in getting an invitation to the table of Lady J., on the condition that he would not open his lips. He was very much admired by

the company, who imagined him to be some great philosopher, until, in an unlucky moment, some dumplings were brought on the table, and he exclaimed, "Them is the boys for me." This would have elicited no astonishment in American society, though the Americans pique themselves on speaking the English language in all its purity, both as to grammar and accent. They find great fault with English travellers and public speakers, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Sketchley, Siddons, and others. According to the Americans, they only speak pure English, and the English a Cockney dialect. We on this side of the Atlantic return the compliment by supposing that all Americans speak with a nasal twang, which is no more the case than that all the English misplace their h's.

In the South, and even in some parts of the North, I observed no trace of the nasal sound. Well-educated persons speak as pure English as the same class of persons in England. Yet on joining in their conversation your ears will be tortured with the most execrable of accents, and with grammar to which "them dumplins" is nothing. The Southerners particularly pique themselves on their pronunciation. One of them told me of a Virginian who met with an Englishman travelling, and after some conversation, remarked, "You are from Virginia I pre-

sume." "No," replied the Englishman, "I am from England." "Indeed," said the other, "that is curious. You speak the English with so much fluency and purity of accent, that I should have said you were from my country." I once made a similar mistake; the gentleman was a South Carolinian, and it inadvertently slipped out that I had taken him for an Englishman. He evidently felt and accepted my mistake as a compliment.

Americans have an infelicitous way of fixing upon vulgar, unharmonious words, such as "skedaddle," "luggie," "squash," "skunk," "sink" (for a lake), "fire-bug," "fire-fly," and so on. Slang phrases are in fashion everywhere, and I have rarely heard any one speak without this vicious habit, which gives a plebeian tone to the most intellectual ideas.

The American press also indulges in low vituperative language, such as could not be met with in the lowest publication in London. Actions for libel are not nearly so frequent, nor are the laws on that point so stringent as in England. But this latitude tells both ways. A scoundrel is not so free to carry on his villainies unexposed, but it breeds in the press a greater laxity and carelessness of phraseology.

Personalities, too, are freely indulged in, both complimentary and otherwise. When com-

plimentary, the adulation is fulsome, and the flattery coarse. I wonder what Belgravia would think to have itself described in the following style, copied verbatim from a New York Sunday newspaper, in which some three hundred ladies, married and single, can each Sunday have their charms advertised for the benefit of those who have not seen them. The wonder is that so very little beauty is seen in New York :—

"Miss Mount, of Philadelphia, at present staying with Mrs. Appleton, is the reigning belle of that city. She is a splendid girl in appearance, of medium height, with bright laughing eyes, rosy cheeks, and pearly teeth; her wealth of hair allows her to arrange her coiffure in an endless variety of styles. Her neck and shoulders would serve as a model for a sculptor. She was greatly admired at a recent ball."

"Miss McCarthy, of Syracuse, spends her winters in New York. She is a little above the medium height, with light brown hair, liquid blue eyes, and fair complexion. Her contour is very fine, though she barely escapes embonpoint."

"Miss Westcott, of Thirty-second Street, is a beautiful girl. Her complexion is very clear, and her lustrous eyes flash like diamonds. She has a magnificent head of hair, and when dressed

in full evening costume, she is positively bewitching."

"Miss Higgins, of Fifth Avenue, is no less noted for beauty than for varied talents. She belongs to an extremely fashionable set, and the elegance of her wardrobe has attracted much attention."

"Miss Jones, of Ninth Street, is one of the brilliant beauties whose portrait adorns the gallery of Kelly, on Broadway. She is a magnificent blonde, with peach-like cheeks, a marvellously beautiful nose, a mouth like a crimson shell, a luxuriant contour of chin," (query double or treble) "a swan-like neck, most exquisitely-pencilled eyebrows, a form modelled in the most symmetrical proportions, animated grey eyes, and an expression at once dreamy and intelligent. Arrayed in all the sovereignty of her charms, Miss Jones is a most lovely and attractive creature."

The names above quoted are genuine, as copied from the journal, and the ring of them will strike every one as eminently patrician, no doubt appertaining to the "first families."

The vaunted accomplishments of these ladies strike me as being equally mythical as the charms they are in such good taste credited with, for though I mixed for two years among the better educated Americans, I never met with a really

good lady pianist, nor even a tolerable artist. They excel more as vocalists—good voices being not at all uncommon. Their voices, which in speaking are shrill and loud, in singing are fine-toned, clear, and powerful, though not sweet. A young American *débutante*, whom I heard at the academy of music at New York, had a clear, penetrating soprano, which with due cultivation would no doubt become brilliant and sparkling. They usually shout at the full pitch of their voices, without modulation, pathos, or artistic effect. They make a dash at the most difficult passages like an untrained hunter at a fence, and scramble "through somehow," as they phrase it.

As linguists they do not excel, few speaking with any fluency French, German, or Italian, unless where members of the family are natives of one of those countries, or that they have been sent to Europe to be educated. It is rather astonishing that the Americans should be such poor linguists, in a country whose inhabitants derive their origin from so many different nations.

The American ladies are very indifferent embroideresses, and poor horsewomen, and, on the whole, though possessing an equal amount of intelligence, are far below the average European women in accomplishments. English women

are, at least, excellent horsewomen, good linguists, and often splendid musicians, but on the other hand, there are more ladies in America who know something of Greek, Latin, Euclid, Algebra, than could be found in England. So much for the vaunting of accomplishments in Sunday newspapers.

To return to the matter of beauty, as above set forth, I think it will be freely granted that Americans, as a rule, have not good complexions. It is rare to meet with either a decided blonde or a decided brunette. They are invariably sallow, and only the very young girls, up to fifteen or sixteen, have any pretensions to freshness. The ladies of Baltimore alone form a singular exception to this rule.

They are, except what the mantua maker accomplishes for them, poor figures—angular and flat. Many of them are so diminutive, as not to exceed in size children of twelve years old. Their shoulders are narrow and spare in flesh. Girls of eighteen or twenty have lean, lantern jaws, the skin stretched over them like parchment, and as if to enhance their plainness, they had one and all adopted the male Chinese style of dressing the hair, in other words, scraping it up to the top of the head.

Few faces, however beautiful and symmetrical, could bear such treatment, and only an exceed-

ingly small round face could look well with a cone or pyramid on the top of the head, adding eight or ten inches to the length of it from the chin upwards, which, when the face and chin are actually long, amounts to a positive deformity. Many of the children have a bilious, unhealthy look, probably from the unnatural life they lead, as well as injurious food and late hours.

At about thirteen a girl begins to exercise her vocation as a young lady, to devote herself to dress, to look out for flirtations, to promenade with gentlemen, and to read novels. It is almost needless to say that when once this state of things has struck in, learning and accomplishments are struck out. They are courting and marrying, whilst English girls are deep in the mysteries of German, Algebra, and Beethoven. They do not give themselves sufficient time to complete a thorough education, however solidly it may have been begun.

The highest perfection in music and painting can only be obtained after the mind is somewhat matured. A child, up to the age of fifteen, may have all the mechanical skill necessary for a complete artiste, but she can infuse into her performance neither soul nor depth of pathos, until her own feelings are more matured, hence the want of finish observable in all American lady musicians.

A girl marries so young, that she has no time for the cultivation of her mind, and her good looks fade proportionately early. There is among them little of that matronly beauty so common in England, but they are wizened and haggard before they are even of matronly age, so that the advertising of personal charms, which all must know do not exist, and the self-asserting of accomplished perfection, which they know they have not attained, are merely characteristic of American manners and customs, but may well lead observers astray as to their general vulgarity.

The expression "finely modelled," or "moulded," is very *à propos*, considering the great variety of finely "moulded" appendages of every part of the female form exposed for sale in "dry goods stores." If "finely modelled" forms can be purchased, there can be no impediment to these ladies possessing them, and surely no credit in wearing them. In the Old World we have been under the impression that beauty was a gift of nature; in the New World it has become an article of commerce.

All those to whom these remarks apply will no doubt deny their correctness. The many to whom they do not apply will admit their truthfulness.

An author writing of men and manners holds

up the mirror to nature, but human nature seldom cares to see itself reflected therein, unless the glass flatters a little. Burns would have few to join him in the wish—

> "Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

If Americans do not prize suavity of manner, do not let them be offended when told that they do not possess it. If they think it *comme il faut* to sit with their feet out of window or on the table, to chew tobacco and squirt it across a lady, for heaven's sake let them indulge their preference in their own "free country," leaving others free to rejoice that such manners are not etiquette in Europe.

If ladies also in a "free country" deem it womanly to advertise in public newspapers the brilliancy of their complexions, and the exquisite contour of their forms, a traveller must be allowed to remark that such publicity given to their charms would not be considered feminine in England, and would be looked upon as *très mauvais goût* in France.

Charles Dickens was almost universally condemned because he drew life-pictures of men and manners. It was strongly argued that he had received so much hospitality, eaten so many good dinners (to the *goodness* I demur), and

that the Americans generally had made such a fuss about him, that it was black ingratitude to go home and narrate their short-comings. I think that any dispassionate person will admit that, as a writer, he was bound to narrate faithfully and without disguise what he saw and heard; and no one can doubt that in point of policy, Dickens made what is called a decided hit.

He humorously abused America—not *all* America, only the grotesque side of it, which he was so fully capable of appreciating; but having piqued American vanity on the first occasion of his visit, they rushed *en masse* to idolize and lionize him on the second, and stood in the streets all night, with the thermometer at zero, merely to see him, and gave him twenty dollars a seat, when he modestly asked only two.

Nevertheless, if he was to give a correct account of them, could he have said that he never saw a row of square-toed boots, with legs attached to them, projecting over the balconies? that he had ever walked Broadway without stepping into pools of tobacco juice, deposited there from the lips of passers by? or that he had never seen gentlemen, holding high position in the State, in the army, &c., *sitting* with their hats on in the presence of ladies, and in private rooms?

He no doubt saw individuals helping themselves to preserves with their knives, and the dishes being distant from them a yard or more, dropping some portion of it at each journey to and from their mouths.

Even in families where the polite usages of society are in vogue, republican liberty precludes the possibility of their being generally practised, for a lady, however refined, cannot exclude from her circle all those who have not good manners. Her husband's position, political or commercial, may forbid this exclusiveness; and though Mr. A. would not be guilty of a breach of good manners, yet if his friend Mr. B. should feel inclined to sit with his feet upon instead of under his friend's mahogany, who is to prevent him? Not society, for he is wealthy. Not public opinion, for that sets forth that every man may do as he likes, and most Americans *do* like to put their feet on tables and mantelpieces, or in the air, tilting themselves back on the legs of their chairs.

As public opinion allows the feminine gender to walk about in cloth pantaloons, and unencumbered by other skirts than that of a paletot, it certainly cannot interfere with the mode of disporting the most in favour with the masculine portion of the community. It is the custom of the country for men to sit with their feet higher

than their heads, and if they choose to *stand* on their heads, what then? would that prove them savages? If a man chooses to roll his knife in his mouth, and thereby cut his tongue, he does not on that account become a monster. His heart may be pure, and his head clear, but we should not consider him a polished gentleman, as custom associates great intellect with courtly manners, and superior education with courtesy.

Social conventionalities must not be grossly infringed as the world stands at present. Therefore, Americans who run to France for fashions, for style, for cookery, should not feel so sore and indignant when Europeans observe that they have failed to import also the manners and customs of civilized life. If a "free citizen" condescends to wear a French hat, he ought to know when to take it off, and if a free and independent *citizeness* submits to cover her arms with French laces, she might at the same time contrive to keep her elbows off the dinner-table, and endeavour to refrain from picking her teeth with her fork.

If an American lady dresses to look like a Parisienne, she should not stand with her arms akimbo, or she will more resemble a *poissarde*. I have met with American ladies who were simple and natural in manner, quiet and ladylike in their dress, having bestowed their atten-

tion, as it seemed to me, on the cultivation of the intellect rather than the distortion of the body. They reminded me much of Scotch ladies, being frank, unassuming, unpretending, homely.

I would not wish to depreciate the polished elegance and courtly refinement of the old French *noblesse;* but a burlesque of it in everyday life, morning, noon, and night, becomes exceedingly tiresome. It is better and wiser, therefore, for those who cannot attain it, to be satisfied with the dignity of simplicity, which is within the reach of every well-ordered mind. Though emulous of the pageantry of European royalty—which would seem to be somewhat out of place in a republic—the solid virtues are neither imitated nor appreciated; while hospitality—they say it once existed—is now defunct. Great Britain expends her warmth of heart in good dinners, offered to every stranger, friend, and almost to her foes; nor does it end with the dinner, for where the guest dines there he must sup, and often sleep. The shelter of the roof-tree is with us an institution only next to the dinner, and there is scarcely a family that is above daily want whose visitors' chamber is not the best kept in the house.

The French display their good nature and good taste in *petits dîners* and *petits soupers.* The Italians offer wine, fruits, and flowers. The

Turk sets before you his chibouk, coffee, and sweetmeats. Every nation, almost tribe, of the four quarters of the globe, has its distinctive mode of showing hospitality; but the only people I know of who offer their guests *a glass of cold water* only as a mark of their friendship and respect for them, are the Americans.

In *very stylish houses*, a handsome silver jug filled with water is placed on the table, and from this guests may freely help themselves *sans gêne*, for the big jug will be replenished when it is empty. Hospitality outdoes itself in the water line; but no matter how numerous the drinkers, the supply of glasses is limited to two, so that the coral lips of beauty must not be particular about obliterating the marks of the bearded lips that chew tobacco. In *less stylish* establishments a pewter-rimmed wooden ladle does duty for a glass.

Some ladies give what they call "receptions," and they are neither more nor less than receptions. The lady of the house receives her guests, and expresses her pleasure at seeing them, after which they are at liberty to return home or to stay, as they feel disposed. This is the whole of the entertainment, unless they choose to examine each others toilets. Balls, too, are not unfrequently given, at which ladies dance from nine o'clock in the evening till three or four in the

morning, without any refreshment but iced water. Is it surprising that young girls who indulge in this violent exercise, fasting so long, should at so early an age become cadaverous, lean, and unhealthy?

The water-jug is conspicuous even at full dress weddings, which generally take place in the evening, and are followed by a ball; the Americans having very wisely done away with those restrictions on marriage which the law so vexatiously imposes in Europe. In America marriages can be solemnized any day and at any hour or any place, the license having been procured. They do not even regard it as unscriptural to bid you to a wedding-feast when the wines are wanting, so completely have they emancipated themselves from forms and ceremonies which would trench on their pockets.

As in France, friends are only invited to join the procession at funerals, wine and cake not being given. Few people, indeed, possess wine-glasses; not needing them at dinner. The few occasions on which wine was offered to me, it was poured into liqueur-glasses, this conveying to a stranger the idea of stint and parsimony, quite opposed to our notions of hospitality. On the other hand, if a gentleman wishes to show particular attention to a lady, on going an excursion with her, he offers her champagne; but

this is done as a sort of bribe, to win her good opinion of his gallantry and liberality.

There being few country seats, and the Americans not being sportsmen, gentlemen do not assemble for the shooting or hunting season as in England; indeed, a pack of hounds or a stud of hunters is not an American institution. Fine bloodhounds there are all through the South, but not in packs, and they were used I fear for a purpose that may sound very shocking to British ears, viz., hunting runaway negroes.

Another obstacle to visiting in America is, that very few families, comparatively, have houses of their own, and if they have, they take in boarders.

Ladies visit a great deal amongst each other in their bedrooms, very much in the Turkish fashion; often spending whole days in gossiping, eating sweetmeats, and lying on couches or beds. These visits, or visitations, are made at all times and seasons; before you have risen, during your toilet, and after you have retired for the night, and you are thought very churlish and British if you seem to object to it. Sometimes *picnics* are given, each person providing his or her own basket of provisions. *Soirées musicales*, or *dansantes* take place every week at different houses, in rotation, the gentlemen guests in turns bringing ice-cream, cakes,

fruits, etc.; and this is done commonly in "good" society. However, some of the best-bred people I met in the country assured me, when alluding to this custom, that although it frequently happened to them to be present at such a party, yet they never suffered any guest to bring provisions into their house. Wealthy people delight in living in the monster hotels, where the ladies can dress and display themselves, eat, drink, and do nothing; but where, as they only rent a bedroom, it would be impossible to entertain guests. The less wealthy prefer to live in boarding-houses, where they can yet enjoy the luxury of gossip and idleness, though on a less extensive scale. The still less fortunate, who cannot afford to board, endeavour to participate in this style of life by taking boarders themselves. Few attempt, or would appreciate, the sociable and comfortable *réunions* of Great Britain, with the pleasant guest staying in the house, for whom each member of the family delights to contribute his quota of amusement.

When it happens that a lady, either for business or other purpose, wishes to go to a certain locality, where she has friends, she will board with them, or go to an hotel in the neighbourhood, a breach of hospitality that would, in England, be regarded with horror.

I was informed that, before the war, any traveller passing near a plantation in a part of the country where no hotel existed, would be hospitably entertained by the planters. But this custom has been quite broken up, and with it the last remains of hospitality in the United States. It may, perhaps, be again imported from Europe as a luxury, but the real spirit of hospitality, viz., good-nature, does not exist in the country; of real good-nature I met with very few specimens. Making presents is not at all usual—even children "trade" with their playthings; but it would be difficult, if not impossible, to persuade any of these little urchins to give away anything. Ladies will barter and exchange with each other articles of dress, and the greatest surprise be expressed if the coveted article should be offered as a present.

The way in which attention is principally shown to a stranger is to call and leave cards, no offer being made to escort the visitor round or to point out the beauties of the place, although the letter of introduction expressly states that the bearer is a traveller seeking information, with the view of writing a work upon the country.

Possibly here and there one will take the trouble to tell you, "You ought to see the cemetery," etc.; "the cars do not go quite so far,

but no doubt you will get there somehow, and it is well worth your while to see it." They will conjure up a dozen excuses as a cover for their inhospitality—they regret that they are only boarding, or they would have asked you to stay with them; they are thinking of going into the country almost immediately, and their house is all packed up; they are re-furnishing their house, and are in a state of disorder, and they cannot receive you in the style in which you ought to be received; they have just returned from the country, and have not yet had their house "fixed up;" their wives are sick, or have just lost relatives; they cannot get servants to serve the table, etc., in a splendour befitting your position; they are expecting all their children home from school, and the house will be so noisy, and "of course you would like to be quiet."

In some sixty or seventy cities which I visited, the exceptions to the general rule were the officers of the United States' army, who, one and all, seemed to have a more European notion of treating strangers than the rest of their countrymen. Wherever I had letters of introduction to them, they took care I should lack no civility it was in their power to show; and to their courtesy I am indebted for the opportunities afforded me for the purposes of this

book. Otherwise, I had to undergo, like other foreigners travelling in the country, the usual amount of victimizing, my abundant letters of introduction not serving as any protection.

The American maxim is the converse of the French—*bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée;* for if you can sport a golden belt, no one will care what sins it encircles. Renown of any kind has little merit in the eyes of Americans, unless it be the renown of being rich.

When Miss Burdett-Coutts visited America, her reputation for being the richest woman in England of course preceded her, and, although she sought no publicity, crowds assembled everywhere to gaze at her, even to crowding the stairs of the hotel and the entrances to the theatres, to the great discomfort of this unostentatious lady. So with Mr. Dickens; when it was understood that he was visiting America to give readings, it was somehow suggestive of needing money, consequently Mr. Dickens was reviled and sneered at everywhere. But when, after due perseverance, and half a dozen readings, it was boldly and broadly asserted that he had made a hundred thousand dollars, then, for the second time, the whole population fell down and worshipped him, in spite of his satirical quizzing of their smaller foibles. However, it was not really Mr. Dickens or his fine reading

that they worshipped, but the golden calf in the shape of the hundred thousand green-backs. Wide-awake as Jonathan is supposed to be, he was so fascinated with the ring of "hundred thousand," that he never stopped to calculate and ascertain that it was beyond the range of possibility that Mr. Dickens could have made more than one thirtieth part of that sum.

Letters of introduction, therefore, unless they assert boldly that you are a millionnaire, are of little use, the recipients seldom even troubling themselves to call, unless you call on them first, and date your card from a fashionable hotel. On the other hand, it must be said that, without letters, it is easy for any stranger to be introduced to whomsoever he pleases. No American ever stops to inquire who or what you are, what your position may be, or your antecedents. In fact, it seems to be the etiquette to introduce a stranger to all persons within hail.

Upon one occasion, when stopping in one of the largest and most fashionable hotels in Kentucky, I was told that a gentleman had called upon me. On entering the room, I saw about twenty persons standing and sitting about. A gentleman approached and introduced himself to me as the proprietor of the hotel. He then turned to a lady near him—"Mrs. T., Mrs. Y.;" then he turned to another, then to a third—

"Mrs. F., Mrs. Y.," "Mrs. G., Mrs. Y.," and so on, until I found myself bowing all round, like a mandarin. I afterwards ascertained that some of these ladies were boarding in the house; that others were residents of the city, who, hearing of my arrival, had done me the honour to call upon me. I returned the calls in due course, and that was the only result of the introduction.

In England, no person would call from simply seeing a stranger's name in a newspaper; but having once called, the stranger would certainly receive some attentions and civilities, and an endeavour would be made to render her stay interesting and agreeable. When they have left their cards, the Americans believe they have complied with all the duties of hospitality. They rather expect to be lauded for their *empressement*, and are very angry when they discover that a stranger, bearing letters from their intimate friends, and accustomed to be received with kindness and attention, is disappointed at finding that an empty compliment is the only result.

END OF VOL. I.

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